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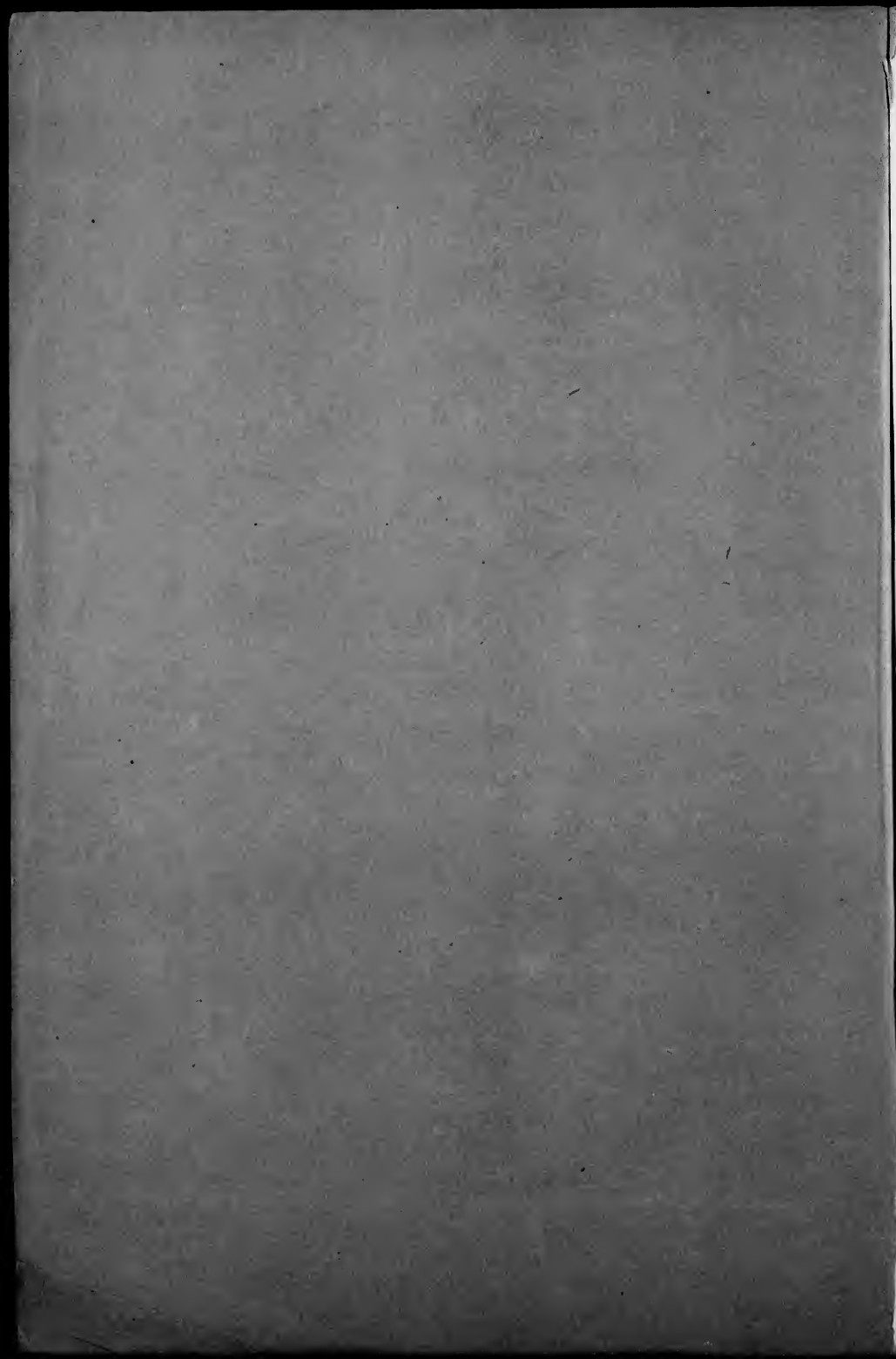
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No. 1.

A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

ON sped the *Argo*, laden with life and joy and beauty. If, amid so gay a company, any two could be said to be the central figures, the life of the party, those two were Mabel Harlow and Dick Reynolds. The brilliant and ready wit of the one, the irresistible humor and contagious laughter of the other, were an unfailing source of entertainment and a guarantee against dull sobriety. Jokes and stories alternated with swelling choruses until, to the reflecting Arnold, the little yacht and its occupants, on the blue waters, bathed in the glorious sunshine, borne onward by fragrant and propitious breezes, seemed the symbol of happy, reckless youth, undisturbed by thoughts of disaster and woes to come. But he was the only one to whom came such reflections as this, and by him they were not long indulged. Before they passed away, almost unconsciously he

repeated in a whisper a few lines from Campbell:

"And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow;
But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's swiftness ere it dash below."

Having reached the center of the lake, an oblique course was taken, leading to a quiet cove on the north-eastern shore. Only a few rods distant from this cove, a brawling stream came tumbling down rough steepes, over huge, jagged rocks, "forever shattered and the same forever," and forming a combination of precipitous falls and noisy rapids. No excursion up the lake would be quite complete, without a visit to the moss-covered rocks and wild scenes of Macdonald's Falls. Soon the cove was reached, and the excursionists disembarked on the sandy shore. With many a shout and burst of glee, which echoed and re-echoed among the

"gloomy hemlocks," they traversed, in single file, a narrow foot-path leading toward the falls, the sonorous sound of whose waters pervaded the wood.

"Straight from the forest's skirt the trees,
O'erbranching, made an isle,
Where hermit old might pass and chant
As in a minster's pile.
From underneath its leafy screen,
And from the twilight shade,"

our merry party emerged at once into full view of the "wild torrent, fiercely glad," whose onward plunging never ceased, and whose wild roar might always be heard by the huntsman on the mountain, and the fisherman on the lake, long after the summer drouth had silenced the music of the waterfall and the murmur of the brook. Less than a furlong up the hill-side, the river lost its level course by a gradual bend toward the west, and plunged directly downward, in a steep fall, to the distance of thirty or forty feet; then it went tumbling, dashing, whirling along over huge rocks, filling the air with moisture. Just before its entrance into the lake, there was another fall nearly as large as the first. It was by the side of this latter fall that our party stood on emerging from the wood, and so near were they to it, that their faces and clothes were wet by the springing spray. They could scarcely hear each other's shouts above the deafening roar, and the world of waters, as it came thundering and leaping along, seemed

every moment about to seize them in its whelming embrace. They lingered in this delightful place nearly an hour, and then wended their way back to the *Argo*, and were soon bound, as Mabel Harlow quoted, "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea," for the quiet grove where they proposed to spread their dinner cloths.

"Hurrah, here we are!" shouted Reynolds, as, amid a chorus of voices and the creaking of cordage as the sails were lowered, the *Argo* neared the destined shore. He stood on the forward part of the boat, with one foot on the bowsprit, waving his hat in the air. "All hail to the fays and fairies, the satyrs and satans of yonder wood!" Here the ardent youth, as the boat's keel struck the sands, lost his balance, and, after a wild grasping of the *tenués auras*, made a long step toward the shore and found himself knee-deep in the clear water. A loud outburst of laughter accompanied him in his descent.

"Small craft under our bows; starboard the helm!" cried Mabel Harlow.

"Here, Arnold, where are you?" shouted Winslow. "Plunge to the rescue, my gallant diver! Another chance to distinguish or extinguish yourself!"

Himself vociferously calling for rescue, Dick waded with long and rapid strides to the shore, and stood there lugubriously watching

the slower and safer debarkation of the others.

Once within the resounding arches and grateful shadows of the grove, sheltered from the now burning rays of the sun, the real object of the excursion began to be realized. Games, songs, stories, jokes, brief and pointed discussions passed in quick succession, until the old wood rang with the pleasant sounds.

Noon came, and the dinner cloths were spread upon the ground. During the course of the merry meal, an incident occurred to which is due the writing of the present chapter. Our party had nearly completed their repast, when, suddenly bounding from the hidden recesses of the forest, with a joyful bark, came Sir Point, Miss Harlow's dog. He had not accompanied them on the voyage up the pond, because, when they started, he was not to be found. All greeted him with cries of welcome—all save Mabel herself. She, as Arnold alone noticed, uttered not a word, but, turning slightly paler than usual, glanced around the grove apprehensively, and with a look of anxious inquiry in her large black eyes. Suddenly her gaze became fixed, and with a quick cry she started to her feet. Arnold first, and then the others, looked in the direction of her gaze, and discovered, standing not far away, a young man, a stranger, dressed in light clothes;

—a stranger, and yet before seen by some of the party. It was the mysterious Bronson.

"By George, Phisto himself!" exclaimed Dick, half aloud.

"And who is Phisto?" inquired Winslow.

"The devil, or one of his delegates, I think," muttered Dick. "Look at Miss Harlow," he added in a quick whisper. That lady, with a dark and troubled look on her face, was earnestly motioning the stranger to retire from sight. Mr. Harlow sprang to his feet with a sharp exclamation. As he did so, the strange visitor retired into the thick woods. There was a slight rustle, and Mabel Harlow also disappeared. She was instantly followed by Sir Point, and then by her uncle.

The rest of the company looked at each other for a moment in utter silence. "Well, what's the meaning of this?" asked one of the young men, whose name was Addison. A brief conversation followed, during which it appeared that though several, including Reynolds and Arnold, had seen the stranger before, none knew who he was or what was his occupation.

The mysterious circumstance above related, and the absence of Mabel Harlow, very nearly proved fatal to the spirit of fun which had been so recently regnant. Some quietly conversed while sitting on the ground; others, either singly

or in pairs, strolled through the grove, or to and fro along the shore. Reynolds and May Moreland found themselves together, seated on a rustic bench near the edge of the woods, and looking southward across the lake.

"May!" said Dick, and his tone and manner indicated the more than friendly relations which existed between himself and the beautiful girl at his side.

"Yes." The blue eyes were fixed on the towering cloud-palaces of the south, which the busy winds had built within the hour.

"What's the matter with Mabel Harlow?"

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure; how should I?"

"Why don't you like her?"

"What a question! How do you know that I do not? Most persons can not help liking a lady who is so accomplished, so——"

"So strange," suggested Dick.

"Well, so strange then. Some persons are admired and liked for their peculiarities, you know."

"Yes, but, to speak plainly, Miss Harlow does not appear to me to be such a person. And yet, poor Will is bewitched by her, and nearly crazed by his vain attempts to understand her, and to account for the strange spell she has thrown over him. Have you any idea as to who that fellow may be?"

"What fellow, poor Will?"

Dick laughed. "No, Phisto."

"I have not; but I feel sure that he is in some way related to the Harlows." And she went on to tell him why. She said that a few nights before, soon after she had retired, she was aroused by the sound of voices in the adjoining room, which was occupied by Miss Harlow. She at once recognized the tones of Mr. Harlow and his niece. They were engaged in earnest conversation. The windows of both rooms were open, and only a few feet apart. She heard one thing distinctly,—a question by Mr. Harlow. "Once more, Mabel," he said, "I ask you if Jack is in this neighborhood; have you seen him since ——" The rest of the sentence was lost. She heard no more.

Just as Mary finished speaking, the barking of a dog and the sound of voices in the grove behind them attracted their attention. Leaving their seat, they hastened thither, and saw Winslow reading a note which he held in his hand, while before him stood Sir Point, panting and impatient. One of the young ladies explained. "Point came through the woods just now with a stick in his mouth, on the end of which was that note." Mr. Winslow began to read aloud:

"DEAR FRIENDS:—Pardon our sudden desertion. Do not wait for us; we will return by the road through the woods. Let Point bring Mabel's hat and sun-shade.

You will please take charge of our other things.

H. B. HARLOW."

The reader and hearers of this brief note were still more puzzled than before. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery, and conjecture was vain. Making a bundle of the required articles, Winslow put it into the dog's mouth, and he at once disappeared. "Jason," the boatman, after having seen the excursionists safely landed at the grove, had sailed away, promising to return early in the afternoon. And so, about an hour after the bringing of the note by Point, the keel of the *Argo* again grated on the sands. The many questions which were put to the old boatman concerning the Harlows, and the mysterious stranger, obtained no satisfactory answers. The boatman knew nothing that would tend to explain the occurrence of that noon.

The party did not long delay after the coming of the *Argo*, partly because the wind was rising, and the sky was cloudy, portending rain. Naturally enough, the return to the Homestead was quieter than the departure that morning.

That evening, at the tea-table, Mr. Harlow was present; the ladies, his wife and niece, were not. After tea, he spoke to several of the excursionists with reference to what had taken place at noon. "I speak for Mabel as well as

myself," he said, "in asking you to pardon our very unusual and indecorous action this noon. We were both extremely agitated on seeing, so very unexpectedly, a face and form which I, at least, had not seen for a long time, and which revived some of the most painful recollections of my life." This he said, and ventured no further explanation. Immediately after, he went up stairs to his room, and was seen no more until late in the evening. Then he, Mrs. Harlow and Mabel entered the parlor together, where most of the boarders were assembled, engaged either in singing or in conversation. Reynolds was present; Arnold was in his room.

The music ceased as the Harlows entered, and several persons arose to greet them. Mabel was clamorously besought to join the group of singers. The chorus was incomplete without the aid of her rich and powerful voice. She begged to be excused, however, saying that she had only come to say good-bye. Mr. Harlow then stated that it was their intention to go away the next morning in the *Naiad*, and, as the boat started at an early hour, they had come down stairs to take leave of their friends that evening. Their departure from the Homestead was to be somewhat before they had intended, but circumstances compelled them, much against their desires, to cut short their stay.

Expressions of commingled surprise and regret were made by all present, for the Harlows were much respected, and their presence had added not a little to the social life and enjoyment of the company at the Homestead. At length the leave-takings were over; gradually the parlor became deserted, the lamps were extinguished, and silence reigned throughout the place, just as the moon rose, round and golden, behind the dark forests, and gilded from shore to shore the smooth surface of the lake.

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CHAPTER VI.

An hour or more past midnight, Dick suddenly awoke and became aware that he was alone in the bed. Partly rising and glancing round at the wide-open window, through which flowed the full radiance of an early harvest moon, he saw Will partly dressed and with his chin resting in the palm of his hand, looking steadfastly out into the beauty and stillness of the night. It suddenly occurred to Dick that Arnold was not in the parlor when the Harlows took their leave of the boarders. And when he went to the room, he found Will in bed and fast asleep.

He did not awake the sleeper, but at once retired, and was himself soon unconscious of the outward world. It must be, then, that Will knew nothing about the intended departure of the Harlows. He resolved to inform him.

"What's the matter, Will? Why are you sitting there?" demanded Dick.

"I am not sleepy," was the reply, made without any motion of the head, "and the night is too beautiful not to be enjoyed."

"Ah!" said Dick, with a yawn, "I agree with you so far, but I differ from you as to the best way of enjoying it. But you are a poet, Will, my boy, and I'm at best only a pumpkin head, and would rather sleep than make love to the moon. Do you know that the Harlows are going off with the *Naiad* to-morrow morning?"

"What! Is that true? When did you learn it?"

"It is true. They were down in the parlor this evening with their mouths full of farewells and benedictions. It was sudden, they said, but necessary."

"Why didn't you come up and let me know it?"

Dick paused a moment. "I declare, Will," he acknowledged, "I didn't think of you through the whole of it. I beg your pardon."

Here the conversation ceased. Before ten minutes had passed away, Dick was once more buried in slumber. At length Arnold arose, took his coat and hat, and went out for a stroll. Noiselessly he proceeded down the stairs, and through the hall.

"No sound in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!"

DE PROFUNDIS.

Last night, I heard a solemn church - bell toll,
And when its moans had twelve times struck the ear,
It strangely broke into a clamorous cheer,
As if some joy had overcharged its soul.
"The old year dies ! toll solemn notes and drear."
So first,—and then : "Bid gladder measures roll ;
The new year lives ? The dead has had his dole ;
All hail the happy birth of a new year !"
I lay and shuddered 'neath the midnight sky ;—
"O God ! shall these things never end ?" I cried,
"Must all my joy in sorrow's ashes lie,
And hope be born by a dead brother's side ?"
A mild rebuke came back as a reply,—
"The world's hope lived not till the Saviour died."

IS THE MIND ALWAYS ACTIVE ?

THE question in regard to the ceaseless activity of the mind has been one of interest from very early times. Plato maintained the continual energy of intellect. Cicero says : "*Nunquam animus cogitatione et motu vacuus esse potest.*" That great modern thinker, Kant, declares that we always dream when asleep. He maintains that to cease to dream would be to cease to live. Sir W. Hamilton says : "As far as my observations go, they certainly tend to prove that, during sleep, the mind is never either inactive or wholly unconscious of its activity."

However it may be, we know that the mind is sometimes awake when the body is asleep. Sleep is a periodical and temporary suspension of the volitional functions of the organs of sense ; and there occurs, simultaneously, a suspension of the volitional functions of the rational soul. But is this latter phenomenon an absolute necessity of the mind itself, or is it for the sake of the body ? Whatever agitates or excites the body must be removed, or sleep is impossible. Such is our nature, that volitional mental action always excites the body. Therefore it must be suspended that we may sleep. But,

because this excitement is removed, there is no reason to suppose that the exciting agent sleeps. Indeed, the suspension of volitional action does not always result in sleep, though it does always result in bodily inactivity; for, when awake, we know that the body is inactive from this cause, and sleep implies inactivity. But, on the other hand, the suspension of volitional action does not result in mental inactivity when awake; how, then, can it result in mental sleep? For previous inactivity and calmness of that which sleeps are indispensable conditions of sleep.

But further, by a mere act of the will, we can not stop the beating of the heart. Sleep can not stop it. The circulation of the blood is beyond volitional control. By an act of the will, we can not cease thinking; because thought exists independently of volitional action. Much less, therefore, can sleep, which is subject to the will, suspend the existence of thought. It is far easier to conceive that the respiratory muscles and the fibers of the heart become tired, than to suppose that the mind is ever inactive. He who has counted the successive beats of the heart until death, has also numbered the ceaseless acts of the intellect to infinity.

But are there any functions of the body that are not necessary for the existence of the mind?

Besides sleeping, the body must be sustained by the consumption of food and by exercise. Now, deprive it of either of these necessary functions, and death hastens. But on which does the existence of mind depend? If the body dies from lack of exercise, the mind does not perish, because volitional mental exercise is not necessary for its existence. If the body starves to death, the mind does not starve, for it does not eat. Shall we say, then, that the mind dies because the body dies from want of sleep? If so, sleep is necessary for mind as well as for body; and whoever suffers physical death from lack of sleep, dies also spiritually. But if sleep is common to both mind and body, how can one lie dormant and the other glow with thought and fancy? If inactivity and unconsciousness pervade our whole being when asleep, why do we dream? Why do our dreams have such a degree of reality? And why do we enjoy and suffer so much in them? Frequently, they are so distinct that, if the events which they represent to us were in accordance with the time and place of our existence, it would be almost impossible to distinguish a vivid dream from a sensible perception. "If," says Pascal, "we dreamt every night the same thing, it would, perhaps, affect us as powerfully as the objects which we perceive every day. And if

an artisan were certain of dreaming every night, for twelve hours, that he was a king, I am convinced that he would be almost as happy as a king who dreamt for twelve hours that he was an artisan. If we dreamt every night that we were pursued by enemies and harassed by horrible phantoms, we should suffer almost as much as if that were true, and we should stand in as great dread of sleep as we should of waking, had we real cause to apprehend these misfortunes."

Now, it is established by the best authority, that this supposed case has actually happened. "A young man had a cataleptic attack, in consequence of which a singular effect followed in his mental constitution. Some six minutes after falling asleep, he began to speak distinctly, and almost always of the same objects and concatenated events. On awakening, he had no reminiscence of his dreaming thoughts,—a circumstance which distinguishes this as rather a case of somnambulism than of common dreaming. Be this, however, as it may, he played a double part in his existence. By day he was the poor apprentice of a merchant; by night he was a married man, the father of a family, a senator, and in affluent circumstances. If, during his vision, anything was said in regard to his waking state, he declared it unreal and a dream."

The mind uses the body as an instrument. It has taken the body for a medium through which it affects other bodies, just as man takes any instrument which is material, adapted for the application of his power, to affect other materials. When he lays it aside, that alone is inactive, and not he himself. When one drops the hand, it is motionless, but the mind is alive with thought. Give man the power to convert the steel and wood of the mattock into flesh and blood, and to give it the same relation to his mind that they hold, and he has the same instrument as before, with this difference: in the former case, it contains, from the first, the sum totum of its durability, which can be used constantly, or at intervals, until exhausted; in the latter, it possesses, at any time, only a small amount of durability, which is soon consumed; but the existence and usefulness of the member are prolonged by the power to reproduce its expended energy, if rest be given it. But perfect rest can not be secured when awake; for then there is always an irritation, or excitement, kept up by the mind. Therefore sleep comes to the rescue, and the work of reparation begins as the mind withdraws and busies itself with the immaterial.

But if the mind does not sleep, it does not become fatigued. Not necessarily. All rest is not sleep. If volitional mental exercise is sus-

pendent that the mind may rest; it does not determine that it shall sleep; much less does it preclude the possibility of its ceaseless activity. That which restores bodily vigor may not be able to refresh the mind, any more than music or painting can delight the body. It is more natural to suppose that the mind gains rest through a change of occupation. It is doubtless the experience of us all, that, when we have become tired over one book or topic, by taking another of different tone, we are soon refreshed and fired with even greater energy than ever. This is more in accordance, also, with our belief in the immortality of mind. If mortal attributes belong to it, any farther than is necessary to accommodate the body, whence its immortality? The mind seeks activity, and finds rest in diversity.

From the preceding considerations, it is probable that the mind does not sleep. If this is true, we conclude that it is always awake. But, when awake, it is active; therefore, it is always active. The fact alone, that no power of ours can discontinue the operations of thought, seems to stand boldly forth and affirm that we always think.

But if we always dream when asleep, why do we not remember it? The fact that we can not remember is no proof that we did not dream, or think. In our wakeful moments, we think of a multi-

tude of things, of which we were conscious at the time, but which we can not remember even a little after. We never remember, for any long period, any except the more prominent thoughts. Look back over your past life. How few are the remembered acts and thoughts, compared with all of which you were ever conscious! Yet you will not deny that you did and thought much that can not now be recalled; though all you know in regard to it is, that you have lived a certain time, and that, when awake, you always busied yourself about something; and that, since the transaction of what you recall could not possibly consume so much time, there must be much that you do not recall. But who can remember everything that he did yesterday; or every word that he read an hour ago; or every trifling thought that flitted by within half that time? Yet no one will deny that he was active then, and that then he was conscious of it.

Now review the period of last night. It was a portion of your life. You know that your pulse continued to beat. You know that you thought, at least, a part of the night; because you remember a dream. Did you not dream all night? "No, because I do not remember that I did." Stop! Relate in full all that you thought yesterday. When you have finished, you know that all that you

have recounted occupied but a small part of the day, and that those few things were the more prominent. Just so with our thoughts when asleep; only the more prominent are remembered. The law that governs is generally the same in both cases. If forgetfulness is more noticeable in the one, it is because circumstances are not so favorable for memory.

The power of recollection depends much on what the object of memory is, and how a knowledge of it is obtained. We get a far better idea of a landscape from seeing it than from the minutest description of it. And, in general, we have a better conception of what we learn through the senses than of that which can only be an object of thought; and the stronger the impression, the more lasting the recollection. Memory, therefore, has a much greater advantage when we are awake than when we are asleep; for, on the one hand, many of its objects come through the senses, and, by the free action of the will, we can dwell at pleasure upon abstract notions,—thus affording a better opportunity to fix them in memory; while, on the other hand, all its objects are immaterial, or mere abstractions, and thought is more disconnected and transient.

But even if there is no memory, the view is not at all improbable. For, though memory implies consciousness, consciousness can ex-

ist without memory. Now, there is a peculiar kind of dreams, known as somnambulism. When in this state, mind and body have either become so completely disconnected as to allow the former to exist, for a time, almost wholly in a spiritual state, or they have assumed a very extraordinary relationship; so that faculties hitherto cramped and restrained, or wholly unknown, develop and act with the greatest power and freedom. The whole mind is exalted into a state of transcendent purity. What was wholly forgotten is recalled. Languages are spoken that the person could not speak when awake. If he has no ear for music when awake, then he is an excellent singer. If, when awake, he uses a vulgar phraseology, then his language is elegant and correct. Orations are delivered, remarkable for beauty and eloquence. Difficult questions, that have long baffled the most arduous attempts to solve, are then reasoned out and made plain. The body, if active, is completely under the control of the will; and wonderful feats of danger and strength are easily performed. The bodily senses, however, are profoundly dormant. The muscles appear to be the only bodily organs of which the mind then has need. Indeed, persons in this state have walked barefoot in the snow until their feet were frozen, without being sensible of their con-

dition. Now it would not be strange if a veil were drawn between this and the normal state.

This is the case. "It is the peculiarity of somnambulism that we have no recollection, when we awake, of what has occurred during its continuance. Consciousness is thus cut in two; memory does not connect the train of consciousness in the one state with the train of consciousness in the other." It is also remarkable that, during the somnambulatory state, memory connects not only the events of that state with the events of all similar states, but also with the events of our normal existence. But somnambulism is of different degrees. Forgetfulness may not always be a criterion of it, though it generally is. Sleep-walking and other bodily demonstrations are not necessary for it; and they seldom occur. Generally, the person does not leave his bed. Hence, it is impossible to tell how much sleep is passed in this condition. It is far from being improbable that much of that portion of sleep, during which we have no recollection of consciousness, is passed in the somnambulatory state.

But even the absence of consciousness does not preclude mental activity. An immense portion of our intellectual riches consists of deliquescent cognitions. As there is a minimum visible, a point beyond which ordinary vision can not penetrate, so there is a mini-

mum cognizable, a limit beyond which action is too feeble to make a real impression. Hence, we are not always conscious of all mental energies whose existence can not be disallowed. We have abundant evidence of this from the phenomena of mental latency and the association of ideas.

But experience establishes the fact, that the mind remains conscious during sleep. We do not fall asleep suddenly; but remain, for a time, in a transition state. If, now, we are gently aroused, we can, by a little effort, trace back the line of thought to what we were thinking when the senses commenced to grow torpid. After falling asleep, if we are awakened, and immediately call attention to the matter, we find that we were dreaming. And, whenever awaking, by taking notice, we can always discover that we were dreaming.

Thought is directed in the same manner when asleep as when awake, if left to itself; and curiosity, in either case, is excited under the same circumstances and guided by the same laws. Certain senses, when asleep, admit imperfect impressions. Now, when awake, whatever strikes the senses determines the character of thought; and the result is the same when asleep. Frequently the nature of a dream is owing to some noise which is imperfectly heard through the dormant sen-

ses. In such a case, the mind guesses, reasons and judges in regard to it, just as it does when awake concerning what is imperfectly known. There have been persons, so susceptible to sensible perceptions when asleep, that they could be caused to go through almost any adventure;—such as fighting a duel, and even discharging a pistol placed in the hand, without awaking.

But why is it that a person, generally, can not sleep well in a strange place at first, especially if it is a noisy community, but at length finds no difficulty in sleeping? It is for the same reason that he can not read in a room full of strange objects, or when he is in a strange company, until curiosity is satisfied. Let a man from the country change his abode to the city. At first, he finds much difficulty in sleeping. He no sooner becomes calm than the rumbling of a wagon excites his attention, and sleep is broken. When curiosity is satisfied as to what it is, he again commences to sleep. Presently the bell of some steeple sounds the hour. That is a new noise. The mind, determined to know what it is, rouses the senses into activity. This state of things continues for a few nights, and then gradually wears away, so that on the twentieth night, perhaps, our friend has no difficulty in sleeping. The noises continue as ever, but they pass

unnoticed, for curiosity is satisfied.

Distraction and non-distraction, therefore, are matters of intelligence, and not matters of sense; for it is not the senses which become accustomed to the noise of the city; for they transmit the impressions on the twentieth night as well as on the first. The action of the organ is the same; but it has ceased to be interesting, and consequently is neglected. The whole phenomenon is mental, not physical.

Again, let some one pass gently by the door of your sleeping apartment, or into the adjoining room; if the event is rare, you instantly awake. But carriage after carriage passes under your window, and sleep is undisturbed. The noise in one case is trifling compared with the noise in the other. How can we account for it? It seems that the mind watches faithfully while the body sleeps; and that it judges these sensations, and, according to its decision, it awakens or does not awaken the body.

This is further shown by our ability to awake at any appointed hour, or at a certain sound. The mind estimates time when asleep just as it does when awake. As one, from experience, can judge the flight of time pretty correctly when awake, so, in virtue of this, he does the same when asleep, and awakes at the appointed hour.

Watchers, and especially those who watch with the sick, become accustomed to sleep undisturbed by any noise, except a certain signal, or by the least distressing movement of the patient.

Finally, the phenomena of awaking, when called, illustrate clearly the point in question. When called, the mind commences to rouse the senses, and before they are fully awake, we often attempt to answer, which usually results, at first, in broken and labored articulations; but, not unfrequently, the answer is so plain and decisive

that the caller is deceived in regard to our condition. It is related that, on a certain turnpike, the gateman was in the habit of closing the gate at night and taking his nap. One night, a passer knocked at his door, calling, "Gate." "Coming," said the man. After waiting, the demand was repeated, and the same answer followed. This went on for some time, until the passer opened the door and awoke him. The body was asleep; but the mind was awake. It was tardy in awaking its companion.

CO - EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

THIS subject, though comparatively new, is already well-worn. Much has been said; something has been done; but the question is still tentative. An editorial, though it be the essence of dogmatism, will not settle it. Time alone will decide whether co-education be wise or foolish. Meantime, it is well for us, boys as well as men, to give vent to our ideas; we may, by accident, hit upon something surpassingly wise. The position of the *Student* has certainly seemed incongruous. The College has put herself in the fore-front of the battle in favor of co-education. Her sons are expected to catch her spirit and re-

flect it. May it not be that co-education will prove a failure, for the very reason that college boys themselves are so generally opposed to it?

The writer of this article has watched the *Student* with no little interest, and now asks room to answer some of the objections which have been urged against the co-education of the sexes. Let me preface what may be said with a plea for candor and dignity. Dogmatism is certainly uncalled for in a discussion carried on by undergraduates; and sneers, though they be Carlylean in strength, will not settle any mooted question. Let us be candid and dignified, young

gentlemen and ladies, whenever we appear in the pages of the *Student*.

The first objection which I wish to notice is the physiological one. There is an objection, based on physiological grounds, which has some force, but only medical men of long and varied experience are competent to speak conclusively with regard to it. It is urged, further, that young ladies have not the bodily strength which is needed to pursue the regular studies of a college curriculum.

Does not experience show that women will do as much hard work in the study and recitation room as men, without detriment to health? A theory has no place here. Your opinion or mine, no matter how sage it may appear, is worth nothing. Facts are better than theories. What are the facts?

The experiment has long been tried in the University of Michigan, and the results of that trial are worth much. President Angell, in his last annual report, writes as follows: "Nor do I see any evidence that their (the young ladies) success in their intellectual pursuits is purchased at the expense of health. On the contrary, I doubt if any equal number of young women in an any other pursuit in life, have been in better health during the year. I am persuaded that, with ordinary care and prudence, any one of our

courses of study may be completed by a young woman of fair ability, without undue draft upon her strength." Such words from such a source have weight. Any theory opposed to such facts is as the spider's web in the track of the lion; the lion pushes on, and the web is broken down.

Our own College is young and her experience limited; but, so far as it is worth anything, it militates against this objection. It is certain that one of the Alumnae did more work while in College, outside of her studies, than many men do in the same amount of time, and earned a first part. Her appearance on the platform at Commencement betokened a vigorous, healthy body, as well as an active mind.

Another objection which is now strenuously urged against the co-education of the sexes, is that there is an essential difference in the male and female mind, therefore (*sic*) men and women should not be educated together. I have no disposition to quarrel with President Eliot, who says that "sex penetrates the mind and affections, and penetrates them deeply and powerfully;" but I fail to see how a conclusion adverse to co-education can be logically drawn from this premise.

If a difference in mental constitution necessitates a different course of study, then we must have a different course of study for ev-

ery individual. No two individuals are alike. The very word precludes that possibility. It is safe to say that almost every class in College will afford the extremes of manliness and effeminacy. If this objection is to have any force, why not let it be urged against the admission to colleges of men who are unfortunately endowed with feminine traits of character? But suppose we reduce this general principle to universal practice; we should then have small colleges, for no class could consist of more than one student.

The objection is really aimed at a broad culture. It is urged by those who plead for technical education, for specialties. If we allow it to have force and way, it will beat down classical education, and the days of generously endowed, noble-minded men, of "giants," will have passed away. But it has no force. The Miltonian and the Newtonian minds are radically different, yet both need the same generous culture, the same careful training, through the undergraduate course. The post-graduate departments are varied to suit the special needs of all.

Two children go out,
 "From the same cradle's side,
 From the same mother's knee,
 One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
 One to the peaceful sea!"

The college is the cradle in which the children of learning are rocked; she is the mother upon

whose knee they are dandled; but from this cradle, from this knee, sons and daughters go forth to fill widely different spheres of usefulness.

Another objection that has been urged against the co-education of the sexes, is that the influences of college-life are "not always the most pleasant and beneficial." I quote: "We have neither the time nor the desire to describe these adverse influences, but they exist and are patent to every informed and observant mind; and more than this, *they can not be prevented*; they exist in *rerum natura*." The italics above are mine, but such words deserve italics. It hardly seems possible that they could have been the product of a pen guided by an informed and observant mind.

It is certainly a notorious fact that the society in many of our colleges has been far from perfect. Rowdiness has prevailed to an alarming extent. Beings in the shape of men have done deeds that belied their manhood. Indeed, the very atmosphere about many of these colleges has been infected with moral pestilence. The philosopher seeks to know the cause of these facts. Young men are very demons in college, while they are gentlemen at home. They vitiate the very air in college, but at home they mingle with fond mothers, and gentle sisters, and loving lady friends, and

under such benign influences rapidly regain moral health and vigor. Is it not a fact that man needs the influence of woman? "It is not good for man to be alone." The student of history who is familiar with the workings of Manicheism hesitates to join in the cry against co-education.

The refining influences of female society are needed in our colleges. Will not purer men come forth from the walls of that college whose doors are open to women? There are two sides to this question. Suppose we grant, for the nonce, that college influences could be hurtful to woman; are they not equally hurtful to man? It may be loss to the woman who enters college, but is it not gain to the young men already there? I am more and more surprised at the remark quoted above. These influences "can not be prevented." With the risk of seeming dogmatic, I say, they can be prevented, by opening the doors of our colleges to women.

There is another objection. It is the sum of these and all others urged against the co-education of the sexes. It is prejudice. The mule's ears will stick through. "I am opposed to the admission of women to our colleges; therefore, I can't believe in it." That is the substance of the argument thus far urged on that side of the question. Our fathers, and their fathers, etc., etc., were educated by themselves; therefore we will be. Yes, and your father, according to Mr. Darwin, if you will go back a few generations, was a monkey; therefore you are resolved to be a monkey.

Let us give our voices and votes in favor of a fair trial of this experiment. If it shall be proved by trial that the principle is a poor one, then it will be quite time to reject it. Meanwhile, let us rejoice that women are bearing off college honors triumphantly, thereby stimulating their brothers to better and manlier work. It is well to be generous here, not jealous.

CONVENTIONALISM.

THERE is a sphere in which man lives by himself; a solitude into which no human agency can penetrate. It is in reference to this that we hear it said: As no two particles of matter touch each

other, so no two souls ever come in contact; no two individuals ever understand each other.

Yet by far the greater portion of our lives is spent among others; in their society, in wars, in com-

merce, in trade, in the interchange of thought concerning houses, lands, books, paintings, theories, beliefs, and the multitudinous series of objects and subjects which the complex nature of man seeks to grasp and solve. In this phase of life we exert influences. We can not act but we must step on some one's toes, or aid a fallen brother, or lead a tottering father. We can not sit still but we are in some one's way. And we are influenced. We continually ask ourselves how this or that will appear in the eyes of the world. From neighborhood gossip to the diplomacy of nations, is this deference paid to public opinion.

These two lives are led by us all; they are inherent in the nature of man. We know a distinction to exist between them, however much they may coincide at times. When we should follow the dictates of self and when that of others, is often a delicate and puzzling problem, and the solution must be found by the individual himself. Yet a few hints of general application may be given.

Most of our transactions are, as they should be, of a conservative nature. We do as others have done. If we will but take the pains to look around, we shall discover precedents, rules, generalizations in every department of life. A few are written and published; more are unwritten and going the rounds in their traditionary char-

acter. We well know the value of this stupendous mass of facts and conclusions which permeate every niche and corner of society. However much of error or superstition it may embody, yet we recognize in it the condensed wisdom of ages.

Manners, fashion, custom are the expression of these innumerable ways and means of living. It may be thought that these are confined to man in private life, while public opinion is applied to man in his public capacity,—that these two seem to be diverse; yet they are one in kind, and differ only in the degree of publicity. Whatever is true of man in his dealings with his neighbor, is also true of him in his dealings with his neighbors. As has been intimated, man is capable of only two lives. The one is private, with himself; the other is public, with men. The latter is susceptible of infinite degrees of expansion. Men's fashion and public opinion are the practical leaders of mankind. It is to these we revert for guidance in our complex relations in society. They tell us what to eat and how to eat it; what to wear and how to wear it; what to believe and how to believe it. They may be condensed into the one term,—conventionalism.

Conventionalism is sometimes radical in its tendencies, as in the episodes of French history; sometimes rational, as among the learn-

ed of Germany to-day. Conservatism never partakes of these characteristics. The constant mission of conventionalism is with the present. It only lives in the present, whatever may be the influences of the past in forming that present. In high circles and state affairs its voice is public opinion. Its power is almost unlimited. It is a natural desire of man to be conventional. It is apt to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. Men the most substantial become dolls to please its fancy. It is thus powerful, for it makes its own estimates of what is wise and what foolish, what proper and what improper, who the hero and who the coward, who solid and who flippant. In this manner it beguiles its unwary victims. Do we wish to be independent? We almost invariably go to conventionalism and ask what constitutes independence. Would we be honorable? We sacrifice all in the cause of conventional honor. Is this right? or that wrong? Go ask this sovereign, and be content with its decision. Thus, in a measure, we confound real right with conventional right, and spend whatever force we devote towards right living in the cause of the latter.

Does any one wish to test his courage in these times, and lament that the heroic age of the world is past? Let him face conventionalism, not alone in some cause which

may seem great in his eyes, but also in little things. Let him continue his battle against it till the novelty has worn off, and he may become convinced that those who kill the body by physical martyrdom are not the worst species of men; that tyranny, though somewhat refined, is not abolished nor softened. Take for example the late Mr. Greeley. Think you martyrdom would not have been preferable to that man? Nay, he verily suffered martyrdom. We are not now discussing whether or not he may have made a failure and become a votary of conventionalism. But surely conventionalism was the chief cause of his death.

Among us, politics have always been a wide and alluring field for human ambition. But he who would enter the political arena must first take his oath of allegiance to public opinion. Without this armor he is vulnerable; nay, rather unnoticeable, which latter is the quality held in low estimate by politicians. The masses are never independent. The masses are led by public opinion, and the office seeker sees that his first work is to put himself in tune with that public opinion.

Conventionalism is continually in the process of change. But we require consistency in men. Hence the tragedy which inevitably falls upon the obsequious followers of conventionalism. The

public opinion of to-day, in the eyes of the Congressman, is far different from what he supposed it to be a year ago. But conventionalism has its value; and these instances of total bankruptcy on the part of its followers are only a proof of their weakness and loss of faith in the moral law,—that conventionalism is amenable to the higher law as much as individuals, and that, when it becomes false, it is doomed. If it sustains numerous and gigantic parasites, its vital force must be more gigantic. If its influence for evil is great, its influence for good is greater. It is at the basis of two great principles upon which mainly rests the fabric of our civilization,—the division of labor, and the combination of individuals in the conduct of affairs and the accomplishment of great undertakings. The efficiency of these are recognized in morals and religion. Would a man set up his will as radically independent in all matters? He must be prepared to re-enter the primeval condition, reduce his wants to the minimum and supply them all himself.

Conventionalism is a word that is full of significance to the true and benevolent scholar. It is his special mission to learn and teach that which shall make him a benefactor. While connected with the people in the bonds of conventionalism, closer than at any former period, yet for that very rea-

son must he keep himself clear, with greater diligence, from its alluring but fatal promises. The Hon. Mr. Garfield, a short time previous to the death of the late lamented Prof. Agassiz, in a speech in the House of Representatives, said that one of the brightest and most intellectual men of the nation (Agassiz) had recently told him, that he had made it the rule of his life to abandon any intellectual pursuit the moment it became commercially valuable. It is also related of Prof. Agassiz that at one time a business man was urging him to become a partner in a commercial house, in which his technical knowledge was to be regarded as an equivalent for the capital and mercantile experience of the other members of the firm. "You would make any amount of money in the business," said the man. "I have no time to make money," replied the Professor.

The temptation of the scholar to devote his energies to those pursuits held in high repute by the money-making aristocracy of the country is great, and his strength is often tried to the extent of succumbing. How often he fails to see the true glory of his mission, and so sacrifices it to paltry ends and an ignoble life! It is not by refusing to look at these temptations, by laughing at their deep meanings and the sad and weighty reflections they suggest, that he

will learn to stand when the day of trial comes. Conventionalism is a subtle poison to the whole tenor of his life. He may partake of it and not be under its dominion; but who shall indicate the point of divergence of the harmless and the fatal road? It is for him, especially, to preserve his independence, to follow what Margaret Fuller called "stern sincerity," and Emerson, "the severest truth." Let him resist these temptations that would draw him into the crowd. Let him deny himself of the honors and emoluments which tend to distract him, and stick to his work; and thus his reward shall be great in proportion. Even the votaries of con-

ventionalism will in time recognize in him a superior, and repay him its honors without the asking.

But the question arises in regard to the limits we ought to set ourselves in following conventionalism. While it may be best to follow its dictates generally, yet we should reserve the right of appeal. As a last resort, we must fall back upon that inner life. To ignore the pre-eminence of this tribunal, in which we ourselves are judge, advocate and prisoner, in which we are also responsible to a higher power than that of man, in which we must listen to our own verdict, — this is the extreme of desecration.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

SALUTATORY.

WITH the present number the Bates *Student* makes its *debut* under its new corps of editors. One year ago a mere literary fledgling, struggling for a place among the host of College papers, it has ceased to be an experiment, and with brighter auspices commences its second volume as a fixed institution. And it is our intention that the *Student* shall lose nothing of its excellence while in the hands of the class of '75. Pursuing a plan substantially the same as that adopted last year, we shall at the same time endeavor, by the introduction of new features, to render the magazine still more worthy the attention of the reader. It will also be our task to make its columns of general interest, although the *Student*, in common with other college publications, looks for support chiefly to the undergraduates and alumni; still we shall aim, by the judicious selection of articles, to make it worthy the attention of all classes. And to assist us in carrying out our plan, we must beg our friends to be ready with contributions, remembering that the pages of the *Student* are al-

ways open to students, alumni, and friends of the institution.

We have to beg the indulgence of our readers for the delay in the appearance of this number, and also for any lack of literary merit which it may possess. It has been prepared under peculiar difficulties and embarrassments. Promising them a better number the next time, we wish them, in closing, one and all, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

OPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

— "What," says many a man who has succeeded by the unaided force of his own talents, "is the use of a college course? Of what practical benefit is it?" Again and again are these questions asked, and as often are we led to inquire the cause.

Obviously it is because so large a proportion of college graduates fail to obtain distinction. The world thinks,—and rightly too,—that, other things being equal, a person of liberal education ought to display more ability than one who has not enjoyed the same advantages. When, therefore, they find the contrary to be true, they very naturally question the

utility of that liberal and higher education.

With us, of course, this has no weight. We have shown, by our presence, our faith in the college. For us the inquiry is, Why do so many fail to profit by their college course? We believe the fault to be their own.

Each college so arranges its curriculum as to compress within four years the greatest possible amount of mental culture and discipline, and this being obligatory, every student is benefited in a greater or less degree; but of the optional advantages very few avail themselves as they might. We have the cabinet, the lecture, the society, the prize declamation and debate, and, as a supplement to all these, the library. Each is designed for our benefit; to amplify and illustrate the contents of our text-books; to cultivate our literary talents; to render us ready and pleasing speakers; to assist us in gathering for our own use the wit and wisdom of former times; but it is optional with us whether we shall use or abuse them. What most students need is, not better opportunities, but a more thorough and discriminating improvement of what they have; not more work to do, but more work done. Hundreds of students, intending to become public speakers, habitually neglect the society, and refuse to participate in the prize declamation or debate. Others,

although cherishing a wish to become teachers, journalists, and perhaps authors even, are apparently indifferent, and make no effort to succeed in the profession of which they are dreaming. Have they unlimited confidence in their own abilities? Do they derive encouragement from the lives of successful men? Surely, their faith must grow weak when they remember that distinguished men have almost invariably been untiring workers. In fact, as a rule, great achievements are preceded by great preparations, and a man might as reasonably hope to become a successful mechanic *instantly*, as to expect to produce first class brain-work without previous training.

Neither do we believe that any one seriously expects this. All are looking forward to a time when they shall commence in earnest. With some, this time is next term; with others, next year; and not rarely it is after graduation. It is evident that the neglect of these opportunities arises, not from a misapprehension of their importance, but from carelessness, combined, perhaps, with a slight indisposition to exertion. But whatever the cause, we are confident that they are pursuing a false course. If they fail to obtain the requisite discipline in college, they must do so amidst great difficulties in active life, or stop short of success. Now we would not

be understood to advocate making a speciality of our future profession while in college, but we do believe in obtaining a broad and generous foundation on which to build. In a word, we believe in labor, satisfied that dreamers in college will be such through life.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have just received the *Packer Quarterly* for Jan. It contains two very good poems. They are generally very successful in this department.—In the Dec. number of the *Owl* is a very well written article, entitled, "Priests are no alarmists." The editorial department contains an article on *Steam Engines* which is interesting; we can not say as much, however, of *Adventures of a*

Strong-minded Kitten. — We have to thank the *Tyro* for its hearty indorsement of the *Student*.

Among our outside exchanges is the Boston *Weekly Globe*. This is an eight page paper, containing a full digest of the news, editorials and live topics, the latest literary intelligence and book - notices, and is well worthy a place in every College reading room.—*Wood's Household Magazine* always gives us a lavish supply of well written articles. The present number contains three engravings, and other good things in proportion. We have lately made arrangements with the publishers, by which we can send this magazine, together with the *Student*, at \$1.50 per year. We hope many of our readers will take advantage of these rates.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—Cornell Era, Vassar Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Cornell Review, Yale Courant, Trinity Tablet, The Geyser, Brunonian, College Journal, Central Collegian, Magenta, Anvil, College Argus, Cornell Times, Amherst Student, The Owl, Aurora, College Chronicle, Wabash Magazine, The Dartmouth, College Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum, College Spectator, Index Niagarensis, Bowdoin Orient, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Denison Collegian, Alumni Journal, The Annalist, Dalhousie Gazette, College Days, Irving Union, Hesperian Student, University Press, Williams Review, Williams Vidette.

OTHER PAPERS.—American Newspaper Reporter, Once a Week, American Journalist, The Star-Spangled Banner, Weekly Gazette.

Literary communications should be addressed to the Editors. All subscriptions and advertisements to J. Herbert Hutchins, Manager.

ODDS AND ENDS.

UNHAPPY—that student who poured a gallon of water, from the third story window, upon the head of Prof.—, thinking it was a Freshman.

— A Prof. informed one of the students the other day that he seemed to be “hereditarily late.” (*Western Coll.*) Now we know what ails some of our Juniors.

— Mr. R—, who has been complimented by the ladies on his classical appearance, went into a shop last week to purchase some gloves. As he was carefully adjusting a pair of Jouvin’s best to his digits, the polite clerk addressed him with: “Excuse me, Mr.— but what—ah—factory do you work in?” The next moment he was alone.

— A couple of Seniors lately went out on a geological expedition. In the course of their perambulations they found some cider, a beverage to which they were entirely unaccustomed. That they drank much more than will make a man sober, not even themselves will deny. On their way home, they went all right till they

came to a hill covered with ice, and how to get down and not break their precious necks was a question. While debating the matter, they saw three ladies trying to descend the hill, and one proposed that they both go and help them. Tom, who thought that Zeke would need the most assistance in order to climb down safely, generously allowed that worthy to be escorted by two of the ladies, while he himself confined his attentions to the third. Arriving at the bottom, the boys lifted their hats and received thanks, but they afterward said that their consciences smote them, for they knew they never would have landed safely alone.—*Cornell Era*.

— Our friend Simpkins is teaching this winter. When examined for the school, the “committee” propounded the following problem: “If 7 men can build $27\frac{1}{2}$ rods of stone wall in 3 1-4 days, how long will it take 4 men to build a like wall in 9 days?” After ruminating a few minutes, he said he thought it could be done by algebra, but he hadn’t his pencil.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

STUDENTS are slowly coming in after the Holidays, and the walls begin to wear a more cheerful aspect.

Something is the matter with the heating apparatus of the Chapel,—judging from the temperature of the room at Prayers.

Something has been said about fitting up the Gymnasium. We hope it will not end so. Let something be done this season.

Oberlin College has 1350 inmates, mostly incurable.—*Ex.*

A Yale professor has been elected to one branch of the New Haven Common Council, and the colored college carpenter to the other.

England has three Universities, Scotland has four, Prussia has six, Austria has nine, Italy has twenty, and the United States over three hundred.—*Ex.*

The corner stone of the Jubilee Hall of the Fisk University at Nashville has just been laid. The colored singers of the University made enough money with their

concerts to buy twenty-five acres of land, eight acres of which are in the square, forming the site of the hall.—*Ex.*

Not all the ablest men in Congress are college men. While Logan, Butler, Pomeroy, Connor, and Voorhees, represent the Alumni of as many colleges, such men as Trumbull, Poland, Bayard, Conkling, Sherman, Thurman and Edmunds never received the benefit of college training.—*Ex.*

Some of the smaller Southern colleges are assuming their former positions as educational centers, with every promise of future prosperity. Among these may be named Davidson College, in North Carolina, which appears to be supplanting the old University of the State at Chapel Hill. It has now one hundred and fifteen students, a larger number than in any previous year. As for the proposed Central University of Kentucky, over the location of which there has been no little wrangling, it is now definitely decided to establish it at the town of Richmond. Great things are hoped for it when completed.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'73.—A. C. Libby is teaching a High School at Lubeck, Me.

'73.—F. Hutchinson is meeting with his usual good success as Principal of the High School at Topsham.

'71.—J. M. Libby is Superintendent of Schools in Poland. He is also teaching with good success in the same town.

[Space will be given each month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1870.

HOUGHTON, REV. ALPHONSO
LUZERNE.—Born May 3, 1847.

Son of Azel E. and Betsey H. Houghton.

1870, '71, '72, Tutor in Latin School, and student in the Theological School at Bates College.

Sept. 5, 1872, Ordained and Installed pastor of the First Free Baptist Church of Lawrence, Mass.

Married, Jan. 1, 1873, to Hattie Bernice, only daughter of Elisha P. and Elizabeth F. Mallett, of Bath, Me.

Post office address, Lawrence, Mass.

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President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,

Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,

Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,

Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,

Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,

Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,

Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,

Professor of Hebrew.

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,

Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,

Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,

Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,

Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis's or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis's *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular course of instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen Scholarships, and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of their course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries, free.

COMMENCEMENT.....JUNE 17, 1874.

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NICHOLS LATIN SCHOOL.

This Institution is located in the city of Lewiston, Maine, and is named in honor of LYMAN NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston. The special object of the School is to prepare students for the Freshman Class of Bates College, though students who do not contemplate a College course are admitted to any of the classes which they have the qualifications to enter. The School is situated near the College and Theological School, and thus affords important advantages of association with students of more advanced standing and scholarship.

The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

Board of Instruction.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, A.M., PRINCIPAL,	- - -	Teacher of Latin and Greek.
THEODORE G. WILDER, A.B.,	- - - - -	Teacher of Mathematics.
FREDERIC H. PECKHAM, A.B.,	- - - - -	Teacher of Rhetoric.
FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,	- - - - -	Assistant Teacher in Latin.
EDMUND R. ANGELL, A.B.,	- - - - -	Teacher of English Branches.

For further particulars send for Catalogue.

A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

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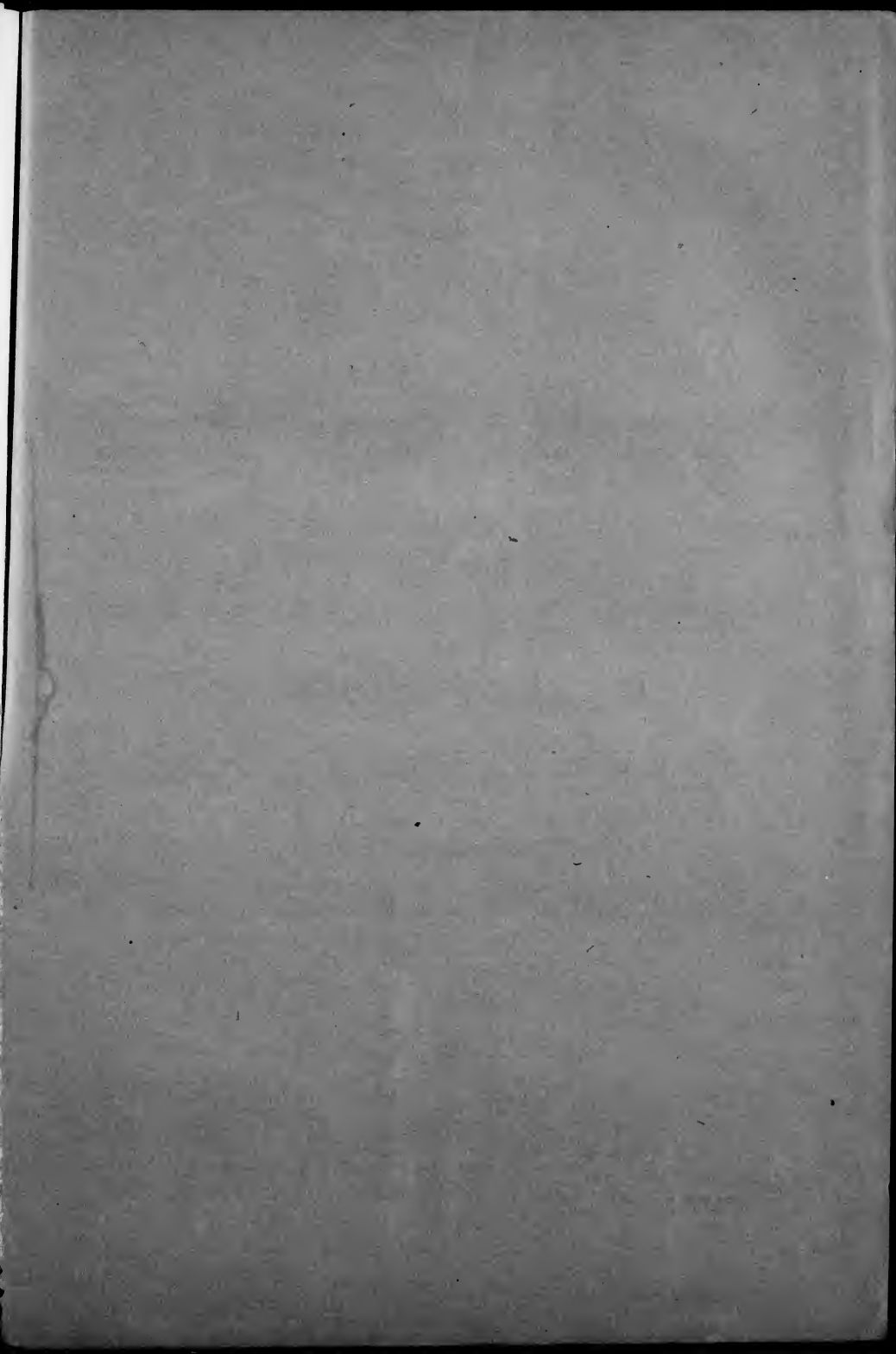
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No. 2.

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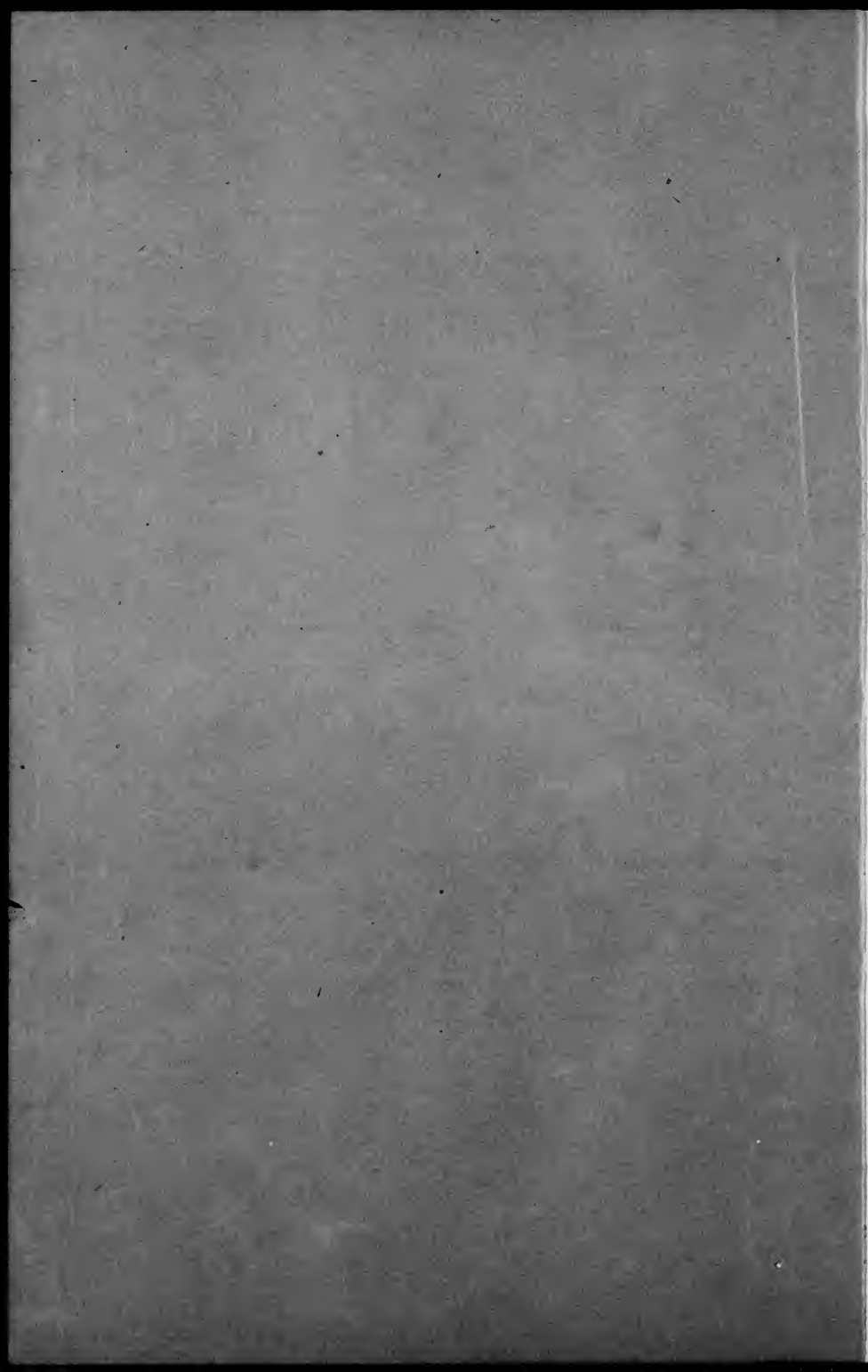
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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

No. 2.

A SUMMER AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED.)

HALF a mile or more through the woods, in the direction of Maple Corner, a narrow foot-path branched off to the right from the main way, and, winding up a gradual ascent, disappeared from sight. Pursuing this path, one soon came to a small natural opening in the woods, on the summit of a hill which was considerably elevated above the level of the neighboring lakes. From this opening the ground immediately declined in all directions, and in some places with no little abruptness. In the center of this hill-top glade stood a small building, rudely constructed of logs and half-hewn timber, empty, desolate, and only in a half-state of preservation. The door-way and window openings gaped widely, presenting no obstruction to the passing winds and the driving storms. A rank and intertwin-

ing growth of weeds and wild flowers covered the way to the entrance of this deserted habitation, which the inquisitive stranger found to contain but one room; the whole interior of the building could therefore be seen at a single glance.

There were strange and somewhat inconsistent stories afloat among the boarders at the Homestead concerning this place, and, indeed, concerning also their own place of residence at the lake side. The Homestead building, as it was well known, was but the repaired form and somewhat irregular extension of what had once been a commodious and substantial dwelling, in which abode a family whose very name no one at the Corner certainly knew, and of whom no vestiges now remained except such as were furnished by the building itself. While this

family yet occupied the original dwelling, two men, whose names were Johnson and Brady, and a woman who was known as Brady's wife, came to live at Maple Corner. Not long after their arrival, the two men built the log-house on the hill in the woods, which was distant from the Corner about a mile and a half, and to that place the three removed and remained through the rest of the summer and a part of the fall. These persons were frequently seen at the Corner, but they never appeared to know anything concerning their mysterious neighbors at the lake side.

One day, in the late autumn, the good people at the Corner, not having seen, for a very unusual length of time, either the dwellers on the hill or the male servant of the lake-side household, all of whom were accustomed, once or twice each week, to obtain provisions of various kinds at the Corner, three or four men started off through the woods ostensibly to procure a supply of fish from the lake, but really with the purpose of satisfying a deep curiosity, and of ascertaining the truth or falsity of certain vague conjectures which of late had been passing from mouth to mouth in the little community.

To make the story very short, these adventurers, after some cautious reconnoitering followed by bold advances, made the some-

what startling discovery that both dwellings had been deserted by their former occupants, and that the desertion must have taken place shortly after the last appearance at the Corner of the old servant of the lake-side mansion.

There was nothing about the rude cabin on the hill to awaken especial interest, but at the lake side evidence was found that there had transpired events of a dark and tragic nature. Several of the rooms, which were found to be more finely furnished than the rustic people at the Corner had ever supposed, presented unmistakable indications of violence, and in one apartment marks of blood were found, staining the carpet and the wainscoting on the wall. The whole building and the premises were thoroughly searched, detectives from the nearest city were long engaged in attempting to recover the fugitive parties and to clear up the matter; but, in spite of efforts far and near, nothing was ever obtained that could serve to explain what remained, down to the date of the events recorded in our story, a profound mystery.

For a long time, it was whispered among the simple villagers, that the big house at the lake was tenanted by shapes such as no mortal could wish to see, and it came to be that, even in the broad glare of noon day, the place was seldom approached. But latterly, since the old mansion had been

rebuilt and enlarged, and used as a boarding-house during the hot months in summer, the superstition had been transferred to the decaying log-house on the forest-grown hill.

It was in the direction of this place that Arnold, whether consciously or not, proceeded, as he came out from the hall into the brightness and quietude of this, to him, memorable night. Busy with the thoughts which came thronging to his mind on hearing of the intended departure of the Harlows, he sauntered slowly along, and, almost before he was aware how far he had gone, stood opposite the path which led to the lonely cabin on the hill. Here he paused. Should he go straight on, or turn to the right and ascend the hill? For a moment he hesitated. The white moonlight, struggling through the interlacing branches above him, flecked the ground here and there with irregular patches of light, and illuminated parts of the surrounding foliage so brightly that the crouching or looming shadows were everywhere the more gloomy and eerie. Not a sound, not even the sigh of a passing breeze, could he hear in all the wood; the silence was omnipresent and profound. As he looked up the narrow winding path, he thought of the current reputation of the hill and its lonely ruin, of the strange stories which the villagers told and the

boarders at the Homestead were wont to repeat. He took a backward step, and a dry stick, cracking sharply beneath his tread, startled him. "Pshaw! I am as cowardly as a superstitious old woman," he muttered half-aloud. Then he thought of the splendid view which could be had from the hill-top, whence, from a certain point, one could look far away toward the north and the east. He resolved to go up and see how the lakes, parts of both of which would be visible, and the distant valleys, looked by moonlight. So he took the narrow path, and, pushing aside the intervening branches as he proceeded, went on and up. At length he whispered to himself, "A few steps further, and I shall see the old cabin through the trees." He took those steps hurriedly, came in sight of the summit, and stopped. At almost the first look he became as motionless as the solemn pines around him; his gaze was fixed with great intensity; he held his breath, and could almost hear the quick throb—throb—throb—of his heart. He had ascended on the eastern slope of the hill, and now stood near the edge of the wood, not having yet emerged from its comparative darkness. Directly opposite, near the western limit of the opening, and in plain sight, stood the hut. Behind it was a tall and solitary pine. The moon, now westering, threw the shadow of the building

and the tree about one-third of the distance across the opening. In this shadow, and but a few feet from the cabin itself, was the object of Arnold's gaze. He thought he saw,—yes, he knew it,—the form of a human being,—a woman, dimly, but yet distinctly outlined against the black side of the cabin near the door-way. The figure was motionless at first, and then slowly it glided toward the entrance and disappeared.

Arnold was somewhat startled, but not very seriously frightened. Himself screened from all possible observation, he mused upon the unexpected sight. Could it be possible that here was given him the confirmation of the truth of the strange stories circulated concerning the old ruin and its mystery? But no, he rejected the thought; a human being, flesh and blood like himself, was at this moment in the old house, but for what purpose he was at a loss to conjecture. After a little hesitation, he resolved to explore the mystery. But how should he proceed? A happy thought came to him, and he sent forth a low and prolonged whistle. After waiting a moment in almost breathless silence, he repeated the whistle,—sharply and shrilly this time. He could not have counted three seconds before he was convinced that he saw the woman's form in the door-way. Once more he whistled, and, to his surprise, he heard an answer-

ing whistle,—low but clear. Could it be an echo? Impossible. The answer must have proceeded from the mysterious occupant of the cabin. As he watched the dim form, it descended from the door-way, and, advancing from the shadows, stood forth in the clear light of the slanting moonbeams. A sudden thought flashed into Arnold's mind, a sudden recognition of form and mien came to him, and the mystery was solved. And yet one mystery remained, profound and perplexing,—the one which had constantly haunted him through the recent days. He knew now that none other than Mabel Harlow was standing before him. He advanced and broke the silence.

"Miss Harlow,—is it you?"

"Ha! William Arnold!" she exclaimed, and then, pausing a moment, she added in a far more subdued and even tender tone than was usual with her,—“how does it happen that you are here at the haunted ruin at such an hour as this?”

"I might with even greater surprise than your own ask the same question of you," he replied. "I hardly know how I came to be led to this particular place, but I found myself unable to sleep on so beautiful a night, and I came out for a stroll through the woods. Are you, then, the uneasy spirit which is said to haunt this lonely place?"

"I am certainly an uneasy spir-

it," she said with a heavy sigh; "but I am no specter, though I often wish I were."

"And why so?" Arnold ventured. A sudden resolution came to him with irresistible force. He would,—he must, now or never,—learn the secret of this girl's life. The attempt would be bold, presumptuous, unmanly, perhaps; nevertheless he determined to make it.

"Why so?" he asked again.

"Why so?" she echoed, struggling with rising emotions. "I doubt not you are at a loss to understand such a wish. William Arnold, you are favored by the gods; you know the supreme satisfaction, the growing ecstasy of one who sees fast approaching joys — joys — joys innumerable which no adverse fate will turn aside. Can you imagine — try it — the profound discontent and haunting melancholy of the wretch who hears approaching in the distance the horrible rumble, momentarily more distinct, of the funeral train that will bear her dreams, — once bright, her hopes, — once thrice - precious, her ambition, — once strong and upsoaring, on to an everlasting burial?"

Arnold was startled by her sudden vehemence.

"I know not," he said, "that I shall see either many or happy days in the future. But if so, it may be because I have already experienced the accumulated woes

of a life-time. The time has been when I, a mere boy, drank the cup of sorrow and grief to the bitter dregs, and prayed"——

His choking voice and falling tears checked further utterance.

"Is it true? Have you known a great sorrow? Is the story one that I may hear?" So tender and sympathetic was the tone, and so deep the evident interest of his questioner, that Arnold forebore not to relate in outline the sad story of his boyhood life. There was a brief silence after he had finished, and then he spoke again.

"I have heard that you are going away at sunrise. You have learned the story of my life. Am I never to know more of you than I have seen during these few fleeting days?"

The question was delicately put, but it proved a failure. She saw his object, and broke forth passionately,—

"I would die at your feet, William Arnold, before I would tell you the horrible secret of my life! Yes, we're going soon, and I am going — do you hear?—I am going further than the bounds of this earth and of time, — going on and on to know the dread secret of the hereafter. You have dear ones where I am going; have you a message to send them?"

Arnold immediately shrank back astounded, shocked by this harsh and painful discord in her speech, and the low, unaccountable laugh-

ter which accompanied it. He could not be offended with her, for a terrible suspicion had seized him. Her manner and look somehow recalled to his mind the night of the dramatic recital and the real tragedy of its ending. He spoke stammeringly, and with considerable effort.

"No,—no,—not so, you — you, so gifted and brilliant, will live to be an honor to your sex and a blessing to the world."

"Stop!" she cried, "the curse of the blood is on me and in me—a devouring flame! Oh, why did you snatch me from the waters of yonder lake, when to die would have been such a joy to me? You would not have done it had you known the fearful truth. The lurid star of my life, however, is not far from its eternal setting. Again, as I have done so many times, I picture my experience — my fate, as contrasted with yours. The world looks fair to your young and beautiful manhood; you stand on the threshold of long journeys which will bring you knowledge and wisdom and deep happiness at every step; you look ahead, and the vista retreats rapidly, revealing fair and yet fairer prospects which you have only to advance and enjoy. But do you remember the description of those torture dungeons of the Middle Ages,—how, day after day, the contracting walls came nearer and yet more horribly near, until the

breath of the doomed prisoner came thick and fast, until he strove madly for air, for room, pushing and beating with bleeding hands the relentless walls, until he was crushed into a shapeless mass? That, sir, is my fate! I see the walls approach — already I can touch them — I cry — I gasp, but in vain — I shall die soon, and oh, the horror of it — oh, my poor, aching brain!"

Striking the palms of her hands quickly against her temples, she staggered a few steps aside and sank upon the trunk of a fallen tree near the edge of the woods. Arnold, his bosom filled with conflicting emotions, sprang quickly to her side.

"Miss Harlow — Mabel — Mabel!" he cried, as he anxiously bent over her drooping form and heard her convulsive sobbing, "What is your trouble? Can I aid you in any way? Make me a friend, a — a confidant; I will gladly serve you — save you, if I can."

"Save me — you!" she exclaimed, putting him aside with one hand and rising to her feet; "You did save me once, but you can not now — salvation from this is impossible; no man can aid me, — not even you — you, who, in these few bright days have brought me to your feet bound body and soul by the witchcraft of your ways! It can never be — do you hear?—never! For, though my

worship were returned, there is a fiend that stands between us! Farewell!"

She turned quickly away and began to descend the hill. Looking back just as the forest shades received her, she saw Arnold advancing as if to follow.

"Remain where you are, sir!" she cried; "I wish to go alone; we must never meet again!" Another second, and she was gone.

A white object on the ground attracted Arnold's notice. It was Mabel's handkerchief. He picked it up, and, walking slowly toward the highest part of the summit, he laid himself at full length on the flat granite surface, with his head resting upon his folded arms. Here he went over again and again in his mind the strange interview so recently ended, recalling each look and tone and gesture of her whose latest accents were yet ringing in his ears, and whose passionate utterances had stirred his inmost soul.

* * * * *

The moon had long since sunk behind the western pines. One by one the stars on high had retired from sight into the depths of the heavens, as the gray light of the dawn came stealing almost imperceptibly from the east. It was now the sunrise hour, and with bared brow Arnold stood erect to witness the glorious spectacle. The morning star, with but one companion, twinkled above

the eastern horizon, where a dull crimson glow heralded the approaching sun. As Arnold looked, the segment of pale light, proceeding from and overarching the east, advanced northward and southward among the hills and upward toward the zenith, dimming the brilliancy of the morning star, and obliterating entirely its feebler companion. Shades of delicate green and faint vermilion were variously blended in the nether skies. A low bank of clouds or heavy vapors wound along the horizon far to the north and south. Soon one point of these clouds, exactly at the east, gleamed with a sudden glory; another point, and immediately another became inflamed, till they burned like altar fires lit in honor of the approaching god. Still the low mists were gray and cheerless; but a change came on. The admiring Arnold now beheld a large desert land extending far to the right and left and hitherward, filled with towering pyramids, scattered sphinxes, and the ruins of massive temples, all flooded with a light as softly roseate and entrancing as ever a Mohammedan saw in his visions of Paradise. But another change. The perspective was broken up; the desert vanished; pyramids, sphinxes and temples blended to form a vast and solid wall of fire before which the eye failed, unable to endure the excessive brightness. Behind

the wall was the sun; through it struggled a part of his glory; above it shot, alternating with darker shades, bars of dazzling light, across the fading green and faint vermilion of the further skies. A moment more, and over the flaming wall leaped the rejoicing lord of the day. Arnold looked for the morning star, but it was gone. Just then the distant and penetrating sound of a steam-whistle saluted his ear. He recognized it; it was the whistle of the *Naiad*, about to leave her moorings. As he steadily watched that part of the upper lake which was visible from the point at which he stood, ere long he caught glimpses, through the tops of the distant pines, of the little steamer as she steamed along the still waters, bearing from him forever a face and form which haunted him ever after, whose memory he could not wholly put aside.

On the fourth morning after the departure of the Harlows, another company left the Homestead, one, at least, of which should see the pleasant place again, alas! nevermore. This company consisted of the Morelands, and our two friends, Richard Reynolds and William Arnold.

—
CHAPTER VII.

It was a bright morning of the second week of Arnold's delay in the fair and famous city of Florence. He had just breakfasted,

and was making preparation to go out for a stroll through the streets and into the suburbs, when he was interrupted by a low tap on the door. A moment later, a letter was placed in his hands, the post-marks of which showed that it had come from beyond the sea, while the superscription was in the unmistakable handwriting of his firm friend and frequent correspondent, Dick Reynolds.

Hastily seating himself by the large open window, through which he could easily step into a beautiful and well-shaded garden, the fragrance of whose flowers and the melody of whose birds were wafted to him on the pure and delicious morning air, he read slowly, and with no little enjoyment, the communication, parts of which we transcribe for the perusal of our readers.

M——, SEPT. 3, 18—.

MY DEAR WILL:—

I suppose that, by this time, you have got over into the fertile plains of Lombardy. We all send hearty greetings and best wishes to the lonely pilgrim, the "alien in a strange land."

* * * *

But I must tell you of the pleasure which your last letter gave us. I was at the village post-office, striding impatiently up and down before the story - and - a - half edifice, feeling certain, I knew not why, that the long - expected document would come that day, when the mail arrived bringing what I

venture to assert never came to this place but once before during the half-century of its existence, namely, a letter from Europe. I danced around like a monkey on a hot pavement until the mail-bag disgorged its treasures, and I beheld the realization of my fondest hopes. With the said realization pressed closely to my palpitating bosom, I stalked homeward. I read it aloud that evening to the whole family, and all of us, from the paterfamilias to the dog Achates, felt that to be the pleasantest half-hour we had enjoyed for a long time. Effie, the elder of my two sisters, was so taken by your humorous description of that scene in the streets of Turin, that she has copied it entirely, *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*, and sent it to one of her friends, who, she avers, will "certainly die o'laughing" when she reads it.

* * * *

And now, Will, I have got something to tell you which I think will be of interest to you. You remember Mabel Harlow, the fair and mysterious Lady of the Lake, whom you saved from drowning, very nearly fourteen months ago. Her strange ways, her relation to that stylish Mephistopheles, the sudden departure of the Harlows from the Homestead,—perhaps you would like to have these things explained now, after so many days. A mere chance has given me a knowledge of the whole sad story.

* * * *

The tendency to insanity was hereditary in the mother's blood. When her two children, John and Mabel, were yet small, she died

in an asylum. The terrible malady became rampant in the son when he was about nineteen years old. He was holding a responsible position in a large mercantile establishment. One day he disappeared, carrying with him a large sum of money stolen from his employers. Subsequently he was apprehended and incarcerated to await his trial. While in prison he became so evidently and furiously insane that he was conveyed to a mad-house. Here he remained a few months, and then escaped, and succeeded in baffling all attempts to re-capture him.

Before this happened, it was only on rare occasions that the unfortunate father could see in his brilliant Mabel the indications of her tainted blood. But after this affair, she began to exhibit all those strange peculiarities which were so characteristic of her during those few weeks at the Old Homestead. She was very ambitious, and often dreamed of future distinction, when, for a single hour, she could forget the dreadful certainty of coming madness and an early death. It was believed that she held communication with her escaped brother, but nothing could be learned concerning him, either by secretly watching her movements or by hours of reasoning and pleading with her.

You recollect the day of our excursion to the head of Homestead Lake, when Phisto, as I called him, so suddenly appeared to us. Mr. Harlow's agitation will no longer be a mystery to you, since you now know that, in the person before him, he saw, thus unexpectedly, his insane and fugitive

nephew. Following him into the woods, he at length succeeded in winning the young man's consent to accompany him to the Homestead, and to go away in the *Naiad* the next morning. By what promises and inducements he accomplished this result, I know not.

* * * *

John Harlow is at present confined in a private asylum at the West, and Mabel, I am told, is dying, slowly but surely.

* * * *

But I must close this long letter. I hope that your stay in Italy will be all that you have anticipated. One month from the present date, I shall be in the metropolis, a junior partner in my uncle's business. May, in her last letter, wished me to send you her love,—yes, that's the word she used. Well, I'll send it, and try not to be jealous,

considering that you are in Italy and I am the medium of communication. She is the best girl in the world, Will,—and I'm the happiest man, of course. We are to be married next spring. The future looks to me like one long holiday.

Yours sincerely,

DICK.

Poor Dick! Sorrow, profound and abiding, came too soon, blighting your young life, and adding you to the millions who mourn by day and weep by night. Great, indeed, was your loss! for when you heard that last, low-breathed farewell, as pure and tender a spirit ascended into heaven as ever passed incarnate in the form of woman before the eyes of mortal men, suffering the pains of disease and doomed to death.

LIFE'S SONG.

Soft and low the song arose,
 With a sweetness half of Heaven;
 All were silver tones, and those
 By the purest impulse given.
 And yet 'twas deep
 As is the stir of tender leaves,
 When summer's breath its bosom heaves;
 Or when the tide, at ebb, once more
 Rippling a wave to kiss the shore,
 Awakes from sleep.

Deeper, fuller, still it grew
 With an alto just as sweet

As the treble, but the two
Came with quick, impulsive feet.
Oh, what a song!
'Twas full of life, all free from care,
And, leaving sunshine everywhere,
It danced and played with childish glee
Among the hills and by the sea,
Sweeping along.

When the stars were clear and bright,
And the air was calm and still,
Have you ever, in the night,
Seen the poplar branches thrill?
Have you seen it?
How restless and impatient seemed
The aspen leaves, nor ever dreamed,
Although the night, with steady crest,
Had sent the world to peace and rest,
As it was fit!

Thus it was the music swelled;
While a tenor, full and high,
Joined the glad strain as it welled,
Filling all the earth and sky
With rapture full;
Impatiently it bounded on,
When every other sound was gone,
And sought to catch a higher strain,
As echoes answered back again
Its sounding roll.

Then rolled in the deep-toned base;—
Rolled as rolls across the sky
Fleecy clouds with brazen face,
Telling that the storm is nigh.
And came the storm;
For burst the song and poured around,
With harsh and sweet and varied sound,
At war with each opposing thing,
It sped with quick and active wing
In magic form.

Life's Song.

There were cries of joy and love,
Mixed with vengeance - boding rails ;
Shrieks of pain rang high above
Groans and moans and angry wails.
And there were sighs,
And sobs, as from a wounded heart
Which all had left to bear its part
Alone. And rose and fell upon
The air a strain, as sings the swan
Before it dies.

Rang the mad and maddenning tune ;
Bringing to the mind a view
Of the ocean, rough and soon
Rougher, thrilled with fury through ;
And there a craft,
Now tossed upon the swelling flood,
Then wrapped in black and seething blood,
With sails and mast and cordage riven,
Oft seeing Hell and seldom Heaven,
While demons laughed.

Nature sometime must have rest,
And at length, with fury spent,
Softer grew the tones that pressed
Down the sounds of calm content.
The sea ran low,
And far away in purple light,
The ship sailed on, strife - marked but bright.
As purer comes the gold from fire,
So came the song with chastened ire,
And measured flow.

Faster than it swelled it died ;
Breathing ever soft and low,
'Till it seemed naught else beside
Echo - answered tremolo ;
So lulled the strife,
And sank the sounds that should be sweet
To make a harmony complete ;—
So flew along the misty track
And through the hill - gaps whispered back,
“ It was a Life.”

ALL IS VANITY.

WHEN Solomon, in the *role* of preacher, looking forth under the sun and beholding the ways of men, exclaimed, "All is vanity," he did not intend the words as literally true, but used them in "vexation of spirit," at seeing so many errors among his people. At least, the expression, in common usage, is a very convenient synonym for the weaknesses and fruitless endeavors of mankind, and in that sense we employ it. Were the wisest of men living at the present day, and in our own country, he would find as great occasion for his sayings as when he uttered them. In the enumeration of all the things for which Solomon said there was a suitable season, the time when public servants may justly defraud governments and work for selfish ends rather than the common welfare, is not mentioned; hence, we conclude that such things were unknown in "ye very olden time," or that he, in his wisdom, thought it improper that public servants should so conduct.

If it is true that a man is known by the company he keeps, it is none the less true that a republic is known by its representatives, since the people are, in some sense, responsible for their choice of officials or culpable for their indifference in permitting abuses. In the

last days of the Roman Empire, the rulers were infamous, but they were only exponents of a corrupt and degenerate race. In its earlier days, such emperors would not have been tolerated, neither would any Heliogabalus have presumed to look toward an important public position. Awed before a nation of nobles and heroes, he would have crept into obscurity. A man without force of character is subject to impositions and insults; and so it is true of a people whose weakness has become known, or who are blindly insensible to abuses. That there are many evils and not a few evil tendencies in our own government no thinker can fail to see; that the whole country is, in part, responsible for those evils is also evident. We would not lay any specific charges at the doors of Congress; indeed, the attempt would be weak, and would fail of arousing thoughts adequate to the importance of the subject. Character appears to be an entity of itself, which can not be properly estimated by any mere enumeration of attributes. Emerson, writing of Goethe, says that it was droll of the good Riemer to make out a list of his donations and good deeds. Perhaps all felt, recently, that the Harvard Resolutions, by their specification, did injustice to

the memory of the lamented Agassiz. What is true of individuals is, with some restrictions, true of them in the aggregate. Nor does this apply less to assemblies. It seems a kind of anachronism that some of the servility of the Parliament of Charles II., some of the hypocrisy of Barebones Parliament, and some of the avarice exhibited by the Irish assembly of the rascally James II. should exist in our midst to-day. All this could be endured, but the lack of true dignity, on the floor of the House, in recent debates, would be wholly unworthy of a country lyceum. Besides, not a daily paper is received, which does not contain an account of a fresh "irregularity" in some department of the government, — a harsher word in these days seems not so fashionable. We have learned to expect mediocrity in the person of the Chief Executive; perhaps a man of talent has too much originality to be a machine; perhaps such a one makes too many enemies by a free expression of opinion. We do not consider it the worst tendency that a man is in Congress against whom, because of his alleged rascality, the anathemas of the nation are hurled. He deals with questions as though the affairs of this great Republic were of some importance, and, although he may wear a false mask, his utterances are manly.

We may be classed among those who are ready to imagine evil, and think the former times better than these. Nothing is truer than the saying that distance lends enchantment to the view; but it is very pleasant to believe that Socrates preferred death rather than contravene the laws of his parent state to its harm. We like to imagine there was an ancient named Solon who gave good laws, and that Aristides was, perhaps, a "just" man. The legend of M. Curtius, sacrificing himself to avert evil from Rome, is a pleasant myth, although it may embody no truth. Perchance the Puritans possessed no sterling qualities, and Washington has no claim to be called the Father of his Country; yet, verily, history and tradition have done much good by their deception, and the world is better for imagining such noble examples. Our ideal perfections, although they fill us with dissatisfaction, make the lives of men tentative.

But we are so credulous as to have a certain amount of faith in the "good old times," neither is our hope of the "good time coming" faint. We have lived to see some illustrious examples in America, springing from the long labor to create a popular feeling in behalf of an enslaved race. We have seen men triumphant in a good cause; and a representative of those workers is yet to be found

in our Senate, but much berated because he is wise enough to see the failings of some officials, and has the temerity to express his thoughts. We opine that a little judicious "howling" against evils is not to be reprimanded, and the grumblers have a place and a duty. Too much is not to be expected of men, but that may be no sufficient reason why we should be satisfied with things as they are.

Carlyle says, the world has seen only some half dozen great authors. The examples of good statesmen and patriots are almost as few; yet if, by an arbitrary standard, the number of the truly great is small, there should be many approximations. Froude argues that there can be no science of History because our data are few, and there is a perpetual conflict in the human heart between right and wrong, and we can not predict which class of motives will prevail in a given age. But is it necessary that the number of data should be large? Were such a thing as a scientific investigation unknown, man might well distrust the results of his experiments until he had tried many. But all scientific research reveals and confirms the immutability of laws; from analogy we may expect that the history of the past will be that of the future. If we can not predict coming events beyond our own generation, we can judge of the immediate

future when we see to which class of motives men are yielding. What if the world is more civilized than ever before? Civilization saved none of the ancient nations. The horrors of war are mitigated, and there is a certain refinement in all kinds of cruelty never before known. But, at the same time, vice is becoming refined, and receiving euphonious names and the connivance of the majority. When disease does not spend itself in eruptions, it is disseminated through the whole system. Do we believe the maxim, that a republic lives only in the virtue and intelligence of the people? The failure of every Utopian scheme ever devised should be convincing. Is the world ripe for republican institutions? The miserable failures of France and Spain are not encouraging. Is this the Utopia? We leave it to those acquainted with American politics and morals to say that Wendell Phillips was not so wild as at other times when he said, "The boy is now in our schools who will write *The Decline and Fall of the American Republic*." Although this may be false, and the present form of government may exist for centuries, its overthrow is certain unless human nature shall be radically changed. "Glorious Republic" and "manifest destiny" are excellent terms for orators, but not for the philosopher. American education is superficial,

vice is no less prevalent than in former ages of the world, and patriotism is not the thing it was. Spite of the age, location, civilization, education, railroads and—a modicum of virtue, human nature will work out its results, and all nations must eventually fall.

But these thoughts should not lead us to live in the future to the neglect of the present. In an absolute monarchy some evils may be found, and show nothing more than the unfitness of the monarch; but abuses in a republic show a startling tendency, and should be removed on their first appearance. The world looks on and regards the whole nation responsible. A people who form a party conjure up a monster which must be skillfully managed, or he will turn upon the magician and lead him blinded to destruction, or overthrow him with his might.

This is the worst feature of American politics. The people set up a god and fall down to worship it. The priests utter their oracles from the shrine and send forth their edicts; the people tremble and obey. We flatter ourselves that our representatives nominate the candidates for office; but do not the representatives obey the behests of the party chiefs, while we, as in duty bound, vote for their candidates? So long as this is done, evils will exist. The mass of people must burst away from such bondage

and act freely and independently. Above all, honesty must be the first qualification. Better a man of poor ability who will avoid error if possible, than a shrewd rascal who will devise all means to cheat and injure. That kind of infatuation which believes in the divine rights of kings is not all dead. The English people clung to Charles I. until driven to desperation. The American people worship a name, a party and a hero, and thereby lose the end of republican institutions. Should America decline from this time, the historian might well blush to record the fact. America is in its infancy, and should have a long and prosperous career before being subject to decay according to the law of nature. There are protests against the conduct of office-holders, and execrations of judicial faults, but they are not vigorous. Virtue is an invalid, and shows symptoms of an early decline and an untimely grave. Some one has called an early congress of America's heroes an assembly of sages, and added,—“The ferocious Gaul would have dropped his sword at the hall door and fled as from an assembly of gods.” Perchance the modern Gaul would not be thus awed in the presence of our modern Congress. Here lies the trouble. Our representatives forget that, in this era of change and tottering empires, the fate of the world is

trembling in the balance and the influence of America may turn the scale. They forget that this is a great nation, born because of oppression, cradled in conflict and baptized in blood;—and, forsooth, the debates must be of trifling personalities or of the shrewdest means to seize the wealth of the treasury. Does a man utter reproaches? His influence is lost, for he has already defiled his own hands. One man of weighty character, of pure life and fearless courage, could put to shame a whole multitude of such men, would he but stand in their midst, strong in the consciousness of innocence, and denounce them to their faces. A half dozen such men could reform a whole Congress.

The responsibility rests with the citizens, and a radical change

can not be begun too soon. No man has a right to neglect the interests of the nation which he acknowledges as his protector, and of which he is a part. Young men, and especially the educated, never had a broader field of reform in which to work and test their manhood. We know that of but a small per cent. of college students is much to be expected. Owing to poor soil and poor cultivation, the wheat growth is slight and the tares many. But of all the graduates of the country, many will be lawyers, many will engage in politics. Is it necessary to entreat such to be true men, and not only work for the ends of justice in legal pursuits, but be impressed with the dignity of a great nation, and with their responsibility in legislating for its welfare?

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

IV.

OUR meeting last night was one of unusual interest. The term has just opened, and the boys are all fresh from the diversions and excitements of vacation. It is difficult to bring the mind at once to pure study. It does not take kindly to lectures and recitations. If we take up a book, we may read page after page with the eye, but

the mind does not follow. It glides over the matter without receiving an idea of its import. We are thinking of the party we attended, and perhaps of some particular face we became interested in; or, as we look over the edge of the book, the incidents of a sleigh-ride, with all its little particulars, run through the mind;

and, as we dwell for a moment upon the scene of the "upset," our eyes begin to glisten, we burst out laughing, and, throwing the book upon the table, tell our chum all about it.

One or two members of the Club have not yet returned, but are still swinging the birch in rural districts, writing disconsolate letters to their friends, and counting the days before they will be gathered to their chums. The few of us that are thus gathered celebrated the occasion by an impromptu reunion. The stories that were told, the adventures that were related would have done credit to the youth of chivalrous times. Whether or not knights-errant ever raised their visors for a hearty laugh or to tell a story, we are not fully informed; but that deeds of their own prowess were frequently on their lips we have abundant evidence. The dignity of Seniors is not superior to indulgence in the former pastimes, and certainly of their exploits they are equally proud and love to tell.

We gathered about the open fire in Ned's finely appointed room, and with its glowing embers before us to enliven the imagination, recounted the haps and mishaps that had befallen us since last we met. Foster had accompanied Bruce to his home in a small New Hampshire village, where, according to all accounts, they had been enjoying their

otium cum dignitate in a most comfortable manner. All the lycæums within a radius of ten miles had listened to their eloquence. They had been punctual in their attendance upon the weekly singing-school, and upon one occasion, when Deacon Curtis, the teacher, was indisposed,—which was not known until they had all assembled at the school-house,—Fred, at the urgent request of the maids, old and young, had consented to wield the pointer. Never had the treble gone so high or the base so low; never had the alto followed that pointer in such perfect time, or the small boys in the back seats kept so still; but the efforts of that treble were talked of for weeks afterward.

The great event of Fred's visit, however, was the party given by Harry a few days before their return. The lads and lasses from far and near knew Harry's hospitality too well to slight an invitation. The house was full, and of the good cheer that was dispensed in all parts of the house, the scene in the kitchen was the most fascinating. Cleared of every obstruction, the music of the violin and the sound of merry feet, clad in the stoutest of leather, gave Fred a taste of New England life he will not soon forget. And, from the hints that have been dropped, we have reason to believe that one of the brightest, merriest faces that was seen that

night leads him a willing captive.

At our last meeting, as we had just entered upon the last year of the course, we had discussed at some length our hopes and prospects. At the close of the meeting, the subject for the next paper had been given to Terry, you will remember. As we had all been talking quite freely and earnestly, it was with a feeling of relief that we disposed ourselves to listen to Ned's paper. He had prepared it, as he said, before the previous term had ended, and would like a moment to look it over, so that he might read it more acceptably. We had not waited long when he began.

AGE THE FOURTH — SENIORS.

"COMMENCEMENT. It is written on the face of every Senior. He walks it, thinks it, and talks it from his return in the fall until the all-important day arrives. Everything he does relates in some way to Commencement. If he be poor, he applies himself with renewed energy to his studies, thinking to improve his opportunities and give satisfaction to his friends by his standing. If he be rich, he concentrates his energies upon the curl of his mustache; writes home to his father how hard he is at work, and asks for another remittance, as Commencement expenses bid fair to be heavy.

"The fall term wears away

with an occasional class-meeting to disturb the monotony of recitation. We wish we could speak a better word for class meetings than their usual character will admit. Who ever heard of a class that was united on anything pertaining to Commencement? Every step is contested. A fair amount of consideration is to be desired, and due allowance made for honest differences of opinion; but the spirit of opposition generally manifested is of a most intolerant kind. It would seem that some improvement might be made from class to class, in avoiding unpleasant feeling. The more the routine of Commencement can be made to conform to established customs, the fewer causes will there be for discussion and the less opportunity for collisions. The idea that each class must do everything a little better than has ever been done by any previous class, is ruinous to all unity of feeling.

"Winter vacation comes, and the class is scattered; some to replenish their pocket-books by teaching, others to enjoy their last vacation as their tastes direct,—perhaps in reading and gathering general information which the student too often neglects through his college course. We never heard of any one who read too much in college. A student may neglect his studies and stand low in scholarship, but if he reads and seeks to inform himself on any topics interesting

to him, he will, at the end of the course, have a breadth of mind quite beyond that of his quibbling, rank-loving chum. A recitation to such a student is of the same value as a lecture. By paying fair attention, he attains a good idea of the subject from the remarks of the others, although he may not be able to make a smooth recitation himself. Whoever confines his energies to the narrow curriculum of the course, and takes but little interest in popular questions, finds himself after graduation entirely afloat. Is not this the reason why so many are undecided what to do with themselves, and, for the lack of anything better, take up teaching? Few have a positive taste for any particular pursuit. The majority have only a preference. Those who allow themselves to be led into a preference for teaching because it requires of them the least extra effort to qualify themselves, lose sight of the true end of the college course.

"The interest of the spring term centers about the Senior Exhibition. Upon this occasion the candidates are expected to give a slight foreboding of the eloquence and wisdom they will pour forth on Commencement day. It is a sort of preparatory flourish, and occasions but little interest except among the friends of the participants.

"The summer term begins,

and 'drags its slow length along,' amid reviews, examinations and class-meetings. All are impatient for the end. Study becomes irksome. The thought that separation must soon take place brings up a sentiment in the class that smooths over former differences, and they are forgotten in a round of class suppers and merry meetings. A few weeks of rest are given us in which to write our parts and to prevent our health from breaking down through excess of study. Then Commencement comes in all its glory, — the consummation of our hopes and struggles. But space forbids that we should speak at length of this. Every one knows of the week of bustle and excitement which Commencement occasions.

"Each year the old church opens its doors to the throng of friends both of the students and the college. The same scenes are enacted over again. The doors are locked, and the gala week is ended. The merry greetings and bright ribbons and glad faces have vanished. Another class is out of college.

Seniors with students,
Freshmen still with men."

Ned's paper had served as the connecting link between vacation and term-time. It swung our minds into the old rut again. A few more stories and a song or two completed the evening's entertainment, and we adjourned.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

OUR GYMNASIUM.

FROM our exchanges we find that several colleges, which have been without gymnasiums, are to have them the coming season. We are not of a particularly envious disposition, but as we read this, we do wonder when we shall have a gymnasium. The building to which we give that name bears about the same relation to a gymnasium that an egg shell does to an egg. The bowling alley is good as far as it goes, but does not constitute a gymnasium, to say nothing of the fact that the two alleys will accommodate only a small portion of the students. The advantages of a well-fitted gymnasium are too obvious to require mention. Every student needs exercise; but it is equally true that few students will trouble themselves to take it. Those who board in clubs, at some distance from the halls, take of necessity a certain amount of exercise in going to and from their meals. We know of several who board "down town," giving as a reason, that they need the exercise, and that they would not take it did they not in this way compel themselves to do so. Now, in view of this fact, a college gym-

nasium should be made as attractive as possible. It should be fitted up with such an abundance and variety of apparatus, that any one may take that form of exercise which he may prefer. In short, it should be so conducted that, instead of being a place to which a few students shall go from a sense of duty to take their daily dose of exercise, it shall become a pleasurable resort for any one having a spare half hour. In this way a much larger amount of exercise would be taken, while its beneficial results would be vastly increased. For it is well known to students of hygiene, that exercise which is taken simply for exercise, and does not interest the mind, loses in a great measure its beneficial results.

Such a gymnasium can be provided at a comparatively small expense. A moderate outlay for the necessary apparatus is all that would be required, since we already have a building suitable to receive it. Such an outlay would make of a building now standing nearly empty, an excellent gymnasium. We hope the Faculty may consider the subject, and do something to improve the present state of affairs. It is certainly an

improvement which needs to be made, and one which will gain the approval and thanks of all the students.

RIDING.

If one were to tell certain students that they are in the habit of using "ponies," he would undoubtedly receive an indignant denial; and, as far as printed translations are concerned, that denial would be warranted; but are there not more ways than one of riding? Is depending upon a classmate any more creditable than depending upon a book? If it is, some are entitled to a large amount of credit, for while we know of no one who uses a "pony," the other class is lamentably large. Armed with their text-books, they visit you at all hours, totally oblivious to the fact that they are unwelcome, and you are at once compelled to postpone your own work to perform theirs. You can't refuse to assist them, because, by so doing, you will gain the reputation of being selfish and unaccommodating. You can't show them out, because that would outrage your own sense of politeness. Neither can you tell them that you have not been over the lesson yourself, because they are sure to appear just before recitation. In short, you are completely bored, and can hardly refrain from uttering your thanks when the bell relieves you.

Now, my good friends, who practice this, I pray you pause and

consider. It is not because a student is unaccommodating, or because he wishes for a higher rank than yours, that he dislikes to assist you. It is because he realizes that time is not only money, but often brains, and that every half hour spent in explaining a lesson to you is so much time lost. For every moment thus bestowed upon you, he must either neglect some of his own work, or take that much time from his recreation or sleep, neither of which courses is conducive to health or good temper. The next time, then, that you are tempted to inflict yourself upon a classmate, either abstain altogether, or have the kindness to do so when he is learning the lesson for himself.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Magenta discusses the question of holding compulsory commons in Memorial Hall.—*The Harvard Advocate* has an excellent article on debating.—*The Brunonian* for Jan. trundles that long-suffering subject, "Sex in Education," with considerable ability. The writer is rather ultra in his views, if we may judge from the following: "If they are like men in the rest, shall they not have equal training? The principles he teaches her she will apply, and it shall go hard but she will better the instruction."—The first number of the *Alfred Student* lies on our table. It is a magazine of considerable merit. Its appearance and mechan

ical execution are excellent.—*The Vassar Miscellany* gives an interesting criticism of Dr. Clarke's new work. It acknowledges as true much that he says, but denies the force of his argument as applied to female colleges generally, and to Vassar especially. It says: "We can give to Dr. Clarke's one example many of an opposite nature. Students, worn out with hard work in school and an irregular life out of school-houses, have at Vassar recovered their health.—*The Bowdoin Orient* devotes a column to a tirade against the *Student*. But it is merciful, for, like Bottom the weaver, it "aggravates its voice as 't were any sucking

dove, and roars us an 'twere any nightingale." Well roared, lion.

We have just received the semi-annual issue of Schem's *Statistics of the World*. The arrangement is unique but excellent; the tables being remarkably condensed, clear, and comprehensive. We know of nothing in the way of condensed statistics which we would more willingly recommend to the student.

NOTE. With the death of Mr. Whitehouse, his duties have devolved upon the former assistant editor, and George Oak has been unanimously chosen to fill that position.
F. H. S.

OBITUARY.

Never did we realize as now the uncertainty of life. Since the appearance of our January number, the *Student*, the class, the college, and we believe the future have suffered an irreparable loss. On the 18th of the present month, our Senior Editor expired at his home in Auburn, after an illness of only eighteen hours.


At the time of his death, he was in the twenty-first year of his age, having been born in Minot on the 25th of July, 1853. Very early in life he displayed marked ability and love of study, and each year has seen these qualities enlarged and strengthened. Encouraged and assisted by his parents in every possible way, he determined upon a college course, and soon left the district school for that purpose. After a year or two spent at different places, he entered Hebron Academy, from which he graduated on the 8th of May, 1871. The following autumn he entered *Bates* with the class of '75. He at once took a high rank, and for the last two years was

indisputably the first scholar in his class. For the ground passed over, the College could not furnish his equal. "Never," says Prof. Stanley, "was there a more thorough and earnest student connected with the institution."

Love of truth was his ruling trait. A superficial knowledge never satisfied him. His mind sought for causes, and laid bare the foundations of all subjects which he investigated. Unlike many class leaders, the desire of obtaining a high rank, for its own sake, never actuated him. The great characteristic of his life was thoroughness. Unsatisfied with what could be obtained from the textbooks, he was continually seeking for information elsewhere. He desired the best thoughts of the best minds, and having found, he appreciated and retained them. Nature endowed him with uncommon abilities, and nobly and conscientiously did he use them. Modest and unassuming, he maintained his position without envy, and his popularity was equaled only by his scholarship. His genial disposition, kind and gentlemanly conduct, and high Christian character had won for him the love and esteem of all. Much as we miss the classmate, even more do we miss the friend.

When he was elected to the editorship of the *Student*, all the friends of the magazine were unanimous in their approval. Great hopes were entertained, and they were not disappointed. Earnest, energetic, painstaking, while he lived, he made the *Student* a success. Here, as elsewhere, he was ever at his post, ever ready to meet the responsibilities of his position. We trust that all our readers will unite with us in extending to the parents and friends of Mr. Whitehouse our most heartfelt sympathies.

Faculty, classmates, students, and friends are alike unanimous in their appreciation of his life and their grief at his death. Long and vainly shall we look for his equal. From a life of usefulness here he has been called to the higher and nobler work of the Hereafter.



ODDS AND ENDS.

WE have here some young men of firm principles. One of them, having read that one hundred pounds of bread contains five ounces of alcohol, persistently declines bread, and confines himself to hash.

—“What is an axiom?” asked a teacher of a beginner in Geometry. “An axiom is—a—a thing that is plain at the first glance, after you stop to think of it a while,” was the lucid reply.—*Vassar Mis.*

—One of the knowing ones, looking at a picture of an imaginary hunt by pre-historic men, innocently inquired if that was supposed to have occurred in the Azoric age.—*Madisonensis.*

—Young Smith was walking out with the idol of his heart, the other evening, and they chose the favorite resort of lovers,—the goat pasture near the dam. While admiring the falls, and getting their noses reddened by the north wind, she burst out rapturously: “Is n’t that dam splendid?” She nearly fainted away when Smith answered, that he was n’t used to hearing young ladies swear; and another engagement is broken off.—*Coll. Spec.*

—Students’ table talk. “Donnez moi die butter, si l vous plait.” “Ja! mein Herr.” “Haben sie du pain?” “Oui, oui, monsieur.” “Donabis mihi aquam?” “Ouest das wasser?” “In Judge A——’s well.” “Who’s goin’ down town?”—*Tripod.*

—The following story is told of Prof. Snell, of Amherst: Years ago, his salary was only \$800 a year. After the war, however, when wealth began to roll in upon Amherst College, the trustees concluded to raise the salaries of the professors to \$2,500. Snell was sitting in his study when his wife came in to announce the good news. He was poring over a well-thumbed mathematical treatise. “Ebenezer!” said she, “what do you think? They’ve done it!” “Done it!” said he, “done what? who?” “Why, the trustees; they’ve raised your salary to \$2,500 a year!” Snell’s face became radiant. “Thank God, Almira!” said he, “now we can have a codfish!”—*Ex.*

—Instructor in Physics. “And what, sir, are the limits to the syphon?” “Well, sir, it won’t work if the longer arm is shorter than the other.”—*Yale Courant.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

PROF. Stanton has just purchased for the college "Audubon's Birds of America," a work valued at \$250.00. This purchase, together with the Cabinet, which the recent additions have made the best in the state, makes the study of Ornithology unusually interesting.

Mr. Wm. B. Wood, of Boston, has offered to the Junior class a prize of \$100 for the best original oration at Commencement. Since then, the ladies of the Lowell church have generously offered a second prize of \$50, and the ladies of the Lawrence church one of \$25.

The "Charl Chess Club," of Williams College, recently issued a challenge to all similar college organizations, desiring to play a game or series of games by postal card. Since then, they have received so many acceptances, that the challenge is temporarily withdrawn, their time being fully occupied during this term with the games already in progress.

The Syndicate,—the committee for examining women on Cambridge papers,—has just reported the results of the last examination. "The candidates showed an utter inability to comprehend met-

aphysics, continually flew off at a tangent, and wrote most eloquently on all sorts of things that had no bearing on the questions asked, found some grand moral lurking under everything, and finally—we blush to say it—wrote slang throughout.—*Harvard Advocate*.

At the late convention, it was decided to hold the next college regatta at Saratoga. The selection was strongly opposed by Harvard, as well as by Amherst and Dartmouth, and strenuous efforts were made by these colleges to keep the regatta in New England waters. Saratoga has, no doubt, many advantages. Hotel accommodations are ample, and the lake is excellently well suited for the contest. But it is urged by Harvard, that the climate is too enervating for severe training, especially to crews of colleges situated, like Harvard, near the seashore. Saratoga is also the summer head-quarters of the New York gamblers; and though promises have been given to prohibit all pool-selling and the like, such a thing would be simply impossible. But, as the "Union" says, there would be betting, if the regatta were to be held in the lecture room of a Theological school.

Resolutions passed by the Junior Class of Bates College, on the death of ARTHUR SEWALL WHITEHOUSE, at his home in Auburn, Feb. 18th, 1874:

Whereas it has pleased an all-wise Providence to call from this to a higher and better life, our classmate, ARTHUR S. WHITEHOUSE,

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the divine will, we feel the deepest sorrow at being deprived of the fellowship of one whose superior ability, friendly disposition, and Christian principles rendered him a desirable associate and a worthy leader; that in his death we have met with an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That in their deep affliction we extend our warmest sympathies to the family and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we wear the customary badge of mourning, as an outward expression of sincere sorrow.

JAMES NASH,	}	<i>Committee on Resolutions.</i>
J. R. BRACKETT,		
F. H. SMITH,		

At a meeting of the Eurosophian Society, held Feb. 20th, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas it has pleased God in His Providence to remove from our Society by death, our beloved brother, ARTHUR S. WHITEHOUSE,

Resolved, That we feel the deepest sorrow at the loss of one whose sound scholarship, manly character, consistent Christian life, and constant devotion to the interests of our Society had endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the afflicted family, earnestly desiring that God will sanctify this bereavement to their good.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and published in the *Morning Star*, *Bates Student*, and *Lewiston Journal*.

H. W. CHANDLER,	}	<i>Committee on Resolutions.</i>
C. G. WARNER,		
R. J. EVERETT,		
B. MINARD,		

E. C. ADAMS, *Secretary*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'71.—In Meredith Village, by Rev. Giles Leach, assisted by Rev. Mr. Given, Henry W. Lincoln, Esq., of Adrian, Mich., and Miss Alice S. Stevens, of M.

'72.—Herbert Blake has lately been admitted to the bar.

'73.—I. C. Dennett is meeting with good success as Principal of the Castine High School.

'73.—L. C. Jewell is studying medicine at Harvard Medical School.

'73.—Charles Davis is teaching in Lisbon, Me.

'73.—G. E. Smith has been spending his vacation in the study of law with Frye, Cotton & White of this city. He still continues his connection with the Gray High School.

[Space will be given each month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1869.

BOLSTER, REV. WILLIAM HENRY.—Born at Rumford, Oxford County, Maine, April 7, 1844. Son of Otis C. and Maria C. L. Bolster.

1869, '70, '71.—Student in the Theological School at Bangor, Maine.

Married, June 27, 1871, to Marilla May Noyes, daughter of Rufus K. and Mehitabel Noyes, of Auburn, Maine.

'73.—Pastor of Congregationalist Church at Wiscasset, Me.

Child, Gertrude May.

N. B. In the alumnus record published in our January number, a slight mistake occurs. For "Tutor in Latin School," read, Tutor in Latin in Bates College.

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Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's *Latin Prose Composition*, and in *Harkness's Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of *Xenophon's Anabasis*; two books of *Homer's Iliad*, and in *Hadley's Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In *Loomis's* or *Greenleaf's Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of *Loomis's Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In *Mitchell's Ancient Geography*, and in *Worcester's Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular course of instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen Scholarships, and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,	- - -	- - -	Assistant Teacher in Latin.
EDMUND R. ANGELL, A.B.,	- - -	- - -	Teacher of English Branches.

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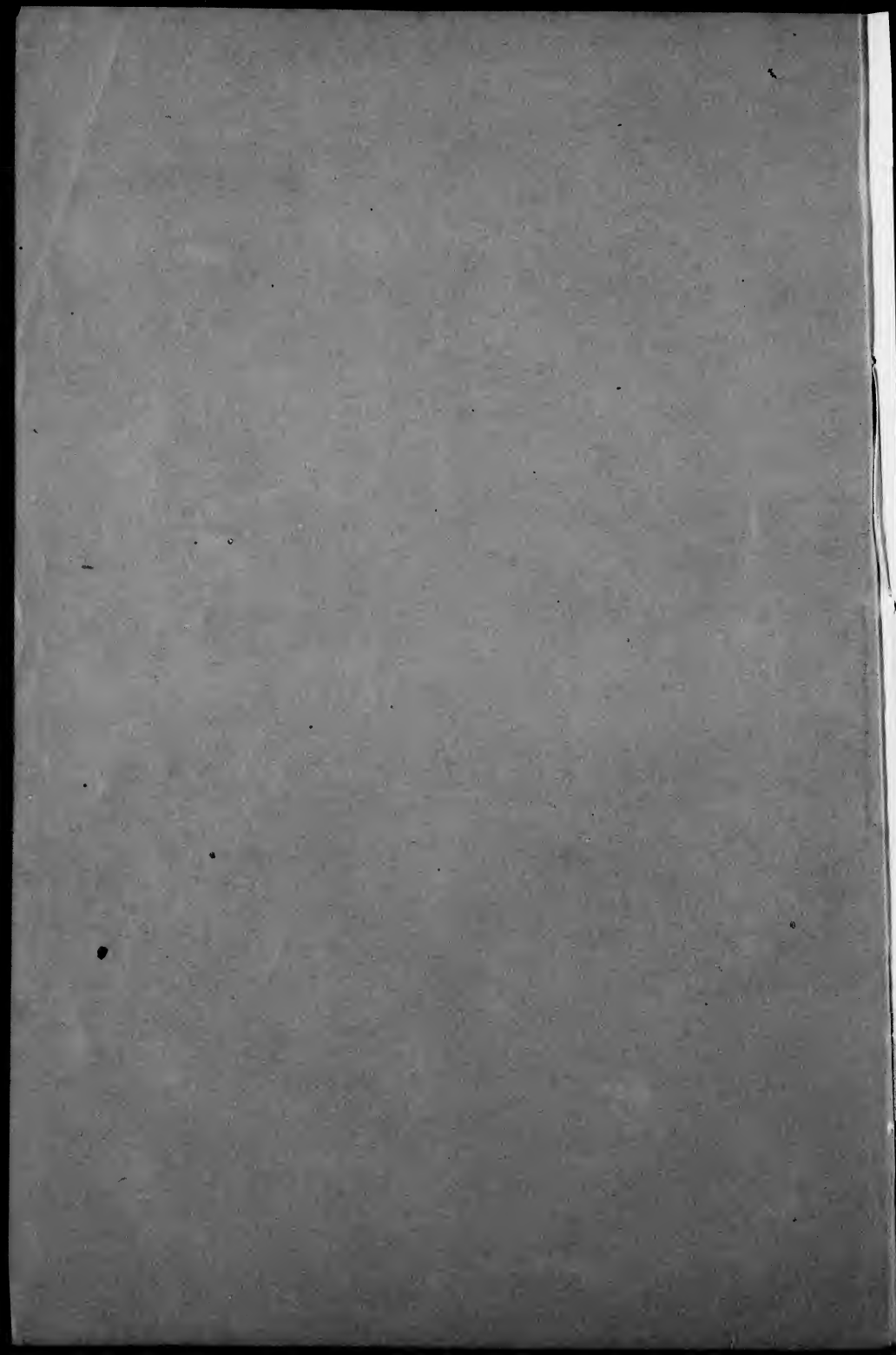
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DOVER, N. H.:

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1874.



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BATES STUDENT.

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DE QUINCEY.

NOT many years ago, there lived in London a frail, timid lad, very much like delicate, sensitive boys of to-day. His childhood was passed in sorrow, his youth in sadness, the latter part of his life in wretchedness. He was a precocious boy. At an early age he entered Oxford University, where he formed a habit which, though it blessed the world and contributed to his posthumous renown, resulted in his ruin,—I mean the habit of opium eating. He was, in the fullest sense of the word, a scholar; the precocity of the boy ripening into the strong intellect of the mature genius. He devoted his life to writing, and the works of the English Opium Eater will be read as long as men of culture exist. It is not my purpose to write a biographical sketch of De Quincey. No need of this. His Autobiographic Essays have rendered this unnecessary. Let us notice briefly some of the peculiarities of

his style, and some of the more prominent marks of genius revealed in his works.

When a man puts his thoughts on paper he draws his own likeness. Hence, one of the most natural methods of forming an estimate of a writer's character and genius is by studying his style. Let one dress as he likes, yet from his appearance you can form a tolerably correct estimate of his taste. So let one clothe his thoughts in written language, and you can get a very clear view of his intellectual character. The habiliments of thought always vary with the character of the thoughts; as the clothes of the dwarf differ from those of the well-formed athlete.

De Quincey's style is more than original, it is inimitable. No man had ever written as he wrote; no man will ever write as he wrote. De Quincey's rule in writing was to let his mind have free play; to give no attention to the style, but to let

the words run along as the ink flows from the pen. He wrote on a variety of subjects; poorly on none of them. One beautiful and striking characteristic of his writings is that the style of each is so peculiarly suited to the subject. There is one marked characteristic in style common to all De Quincey's writings. I mean that easy flow, the careless, gentle movement which makes one feel the sources of his power are never in danger of failing. He gives the De Quincey stamp to all his essays, yet never allows two subjects of an absolutely different nature to have the same style. This, could nothing else be adduced, would entitle him to a place in the catalogue of geniuses.

In his essay on Murder as a Fine Art, the style is sparkling, witty, and in exact keeping with the subject. There is also a mock solemnity pervading it, which renders it exceedingly attractive. But how different the style when he tells us of his last visit to his darling sister, as she lay dead in her little chamber. Here, his grief could tolerate no mirth, no high sounding words. The style throughout is beautifully simple and impressive. It is genius weeping.

His biographical essays show that he thoroughly understood the spirit of the times in which the subjects of his pen lived. He exhibits here a comprehensive knowledge of human nature, and of the

motives which strongly influence men in certain situations. He understood, as few men understand, the human mind. This he shows in his essays on Coleridge, his intimate friend, and one who, like himself, greatly impaired his splendid powers by the excessive use of opium. To write an interesting, instructive biographical essay is no easy task. But all of De Quincey's are peculiarly interesting and suggestive.

In his critical essays he proves himself a deep thinker and an acute logician. Here his style is different from that of his other essays, yet it never fails to be appropriate to the occasion. He exhibits in these essays a comprehensiveness of mind which takes in the whole range of a subject, grasps the author's meaning in an instant, and almost instantaneously deduces its own conclusions. He shows a breadth of mind truly wonderful. His conclusions are generally logical and convincing.

The Spanish Nun is an interesting scrap of fiction. The escape of the nun from the convent and the story of her adventures are told in a manner exceedingly entertaining. The Household Wreck shows more genius. It deals with domestic grief and wretchedness; and the tale is told in so pleasing a manner that we listen to it as children to the stories of their grandfather's youth.

The essays on Political Econo-

my, The Essenes, and the English Mail Coach are very interesting. Especially does the one on Political Economy show that he possessed a mind quick to see the relations between propositions, and capable of anticipating the deductions of even the mighty intellect of a Ricardo.

But above all his works, the *Suspira De Profundis* are the most terribly fascinating. They make one smile, and shudder, and weep. Here, opium especially blessed mankind with what never could have existed without it. Not De Quincey alone, but De Quincey and Opium wrote the *Suspira De Profundis*. Let one read these, and he will agree with me in saying that opium ruined De Quincey, but blessed the world.

I have said De Quincey was a scholar. This he certainly was; and he possessed what all scholars do not possess,—a well disciplined memory. His memory was exceedingly retentive, and all who have read his works will admit that it was a ready memory. No matter whether he had to do with the German metaphysicians, or the English Poets, the Greek or Roman classic writers, or the editorials of the *London Times*, his memory never failed him. Says a writer in *Guesses at Truth*: “The mind is like a trunk. If well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.” De Quincey’s mind was well pack-

ed. He could get at anything he wanted, and get at it just when he wished. There was no fumbling over the stores of his mind, for everything was in its own place, and therefore easy to be found. This was one of the chief causes of his power. I have often thought we might fitly liken his memory to a kaleidoscope. Round and round he turned it, disclosing, for our admiration and instruction, now one, now another of its infinite combinations.

But, say some, if a genius, why did he not produce at least one thorough work on some particular subject? Because the habit of using opium excessively had destroyed his power of perseverance. De Quincey never could have written a long history. Opium would have said, “Thou shalt not,” and he would have been forced to obey. This leads me to remark that he probably would have done infinitely more for himself and for the world, had he not been the slave of this habit.

De Quincey was, I think, a disappointed man. Those saddest of all sad words, “It might have been,” must frequently have come up before him. He must have felt himself weakened by opium, must have seen to what he might have attained, as truly as the inebriate feels his degradation and wretchedness. It is common to hear people say, “Oh, if I had my life to live over again!” De Quin-

cey thought of this, but at the thought he shuddered and recoiled. In one of those solemnly grand and suggestive sentences which he only could write, he says: "Death we can face; but knowing, as some of us do, what is human life, which of us is it that without shuddering could, if consciously we were summoned, face the hour of birth." This sentence, I regard exceedingly valuable for the insight it gives us into De Quincey's feelings and character.

The pathetic is considered the most difficult of all styles to acquire. Dickens was undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of this style. When he tells us of the death of noble Nell, do we not hear her little bird fluttering in its cage? Do we not seem to be there in the room with the old man and his darling Nell? Do we not feel the tears of sympathy welling up from our hearts as we look upon the grief-stricken old man? Yet De Quincey, in his *Autobiographic Essays*, has sentences which, for simplicity of language, for impressiveness, and for beauty of pathos equal, if not surpass, the finest passages of Dickens.

De Quincey was truly a wonderful man. For how could an ordinary man write as he wrote, between the intervals of his drunkenness? De Quincey was an opium sot. He was drunk from the effects of opium most of his time. Yet behold what the drunkard ac-

complished! How did he do this? By his almost miraculous power of concentrating his mental forces upon one subject. The manner of his writing, if nothing else, would prove this. Seated at his writing desk, he scribbled off page after page, tossing them over his shoulder as he finished them, to be picked up and — revised? No; to be carried directly to the printer. Yet these productions are regarded as models of style, and as embodying the thoughts of a superior intellect. What but the habit of losing himself in the matter under consideration, or what we call concentration of thought, could have accomplished such wonderful feats? Thus we see how much it is possible for one to do in a short time by concentrating his mental forces upon one particular subject. But whence came that varied beauty of style? De Quincey not only possessed a style, but he understood the nature of style, and could use whatever style he wished. To be able to do this is, unquestionably, a mark of genius.

The study of the works of him who wrote those excellent essays on Joan of Arc, The Flight of a Tartar Tribe, and numerous other papers, can not but prove delightful and strengthening. Indeed, can the study of genius, in whatever form exhibited, fail to be strengthening to our mental natures? What De Quincey might have accomplished, had his pow-

ers not been impaired by opium, we can not say. His works bear the stamp of genius. Had his powers been unimpaired, the design might perhaps have been more grand and beautiful, the impression deeper and more lasting.

Some have said that genius is synonymous with perseverance. This is partly true. There are different degrees of perseverance. If by perseverance they mean that bull-dog tenacity which will hold on for any length of time, and against any odds, I do not agree with them. For De Quincey and many others, whose works prove conclusively that they were men of genius, can be cited as examples to show the fallacy of this statement. We learn, then, from the study of De Quincey's works and life, that it is possible for a man to be a genius without being a man of great perseverance. Let me not be understood to value lightly the habit of perseverance. I should class it as one of the elements of success; but not necessarily a quality of genius. However, until we are assured that we are geniuses, perhaps we should do well to cultivate this habit. When perseverance becomes unnecessary for our success, genius will push it out of the way.

Another important lesson taught us by the study of De Quincey's works is that even geniuses acknowledge, in order to make the

deepest impression upon men, something more is needed than the mere presentation of truths. They must be presented in a becoming manner. This fact is especially important to scholars, to men of culture, who may be called to speak to their fellow-men with their tongues or with their pens. A genius who has the power of expression, of clothing his thoughts in the most becoming garb, is far more influential than one who has not this power. If, then, expression is an aid to genius, it certainly behooves us ordinary mortals to cultivate it. De Quincey, in his essay on *Style*, and by his practice, shows that he regarded expression, or clothing thoughts in becoming language, as essential to the success of an author. This is one of the most important lessons which we learn from the study of De Quincey's style.

There is another thought suggested by the study of De Quincey's writings. When we read him, we feel that we are holding communion with genius, but with genius fettered. There is an opium stain on nearly every page of his works. Thus we are continually reminded of his fearful habit. Naturally we are led to think of the habits of literary men, and to arrive at the conclusion that their habits, good or bad, are far more likely to influence their productions than the habits of almost any other class of men. The artisan

has his work marked out for him. He must act according to orders ; but the literary man must originate his from a source greatly affected by his habits, — his brain. Now, if genius could be impaired by habit, how much more should the inferior mind keep watch over its habits. The important admonition, then, written so plainly upon every page of De Quincey's writings, is, Beware of the tyranny of habit.

Magnificent works of architecture in the perfection of their

beauty are sources of admiration and delight. Even their ruins we delight to wander among and admire. Genius, in the glory of its perfection, is as interesting, yea, far more interesting and delightful to study. In looking at De Quincey as he himself has drawn his likeness in printer's ink, I feel as I think one must feel who looks upon some fallen model of Grecian architecture, which, though far from the fullness of perfection, is yet beautiful and grand.

THE LAKE.

HOW well, when thou in peace art laid,
 I love to pull the springing oar,
 And, as I dip its dripping blade,
 See fast retreat the leafy shore.

How well to spread the bending sail,
 While wings the wind upon the lea,
 And, as I catch the mimic gale,
 Fly with the wind, as fancy free.

Or, when the waves are running high,
 To launch upon thy swelling breast,
 And, as the moments swiftly fly,
 Enjoy the ceaseless, swift unrest.

How well to gaze upon the sky
 Reflected in thy waters clear,
 When in the still of noon they lie,
 Or when the starry fires appear.

And then, perchance, when Luna sits
 Resplendent in the heavenly blue,
And through the air the firefly flits,
 Before the ever opening view,

To come amidst the friendly band ;
 To launch upon the silvery tide ;
And, as we slowly leave the strand,
 E'en with the sound of song to glide.

When winter, with his deadening hand,
 Wraps the surrounding hills in snow,
And, with his glittering, icy band,
 Subdues thy wavelets' gentle flow ;

How well I love the skates to feel,
 Bound firmly to the impatient feet ;
To spurn the ice with ringing steel,
 And onward glide as wild bird fleet.

How well I love thy every phase,
 In calm, in storm, by day, by night ;
Still my approving voice I'll raise,
 Still shall my pen thy praises write.

READING.

SOME years ago it was my fortune to see, in the Boston Museum, several Egyptian mummies. As I stood looking down upon their shriveled forms, I said to myself: If the life which went out from these bodies, so many years ago, could be suddenly renewed, how much would they behold in our modern civilization, which to them would be unaccountable? Doubtless they would understand many things. Our markets, our highways, our public buildings, our places of worship would be plain ; but with all these, a vast amount would be strange ; and of all modern institutions, we know of none which would be more inexplicable to the ancient

than the public library. Introduced into one of these, he would be entirely at a loss. His eye might be attracted by the long rows of carefully arranged books, with their symmetrical forms and many colored bindings; but as he watched the frequenters of the library, and beheld some gazing steadfastly upon the printed page, and others selecting and bearing away different volumes, he would ask himself in vain for the true explanation of the scene. His mind would know nothing of the wisdom, the culture, the information or the amusement contained in the pages of a book.

Every day these libraries are increasing both in extent and numbers. Every day more books are being issued from the press, and scattered among the people. Everywhere we are constantly and continually meeting them. We may penetrate with Shakespeare into the inmost recesses of the human mind, or ascend with Milton until the golden gates are opened, and all the splendors of the angelic throng revealed. We may wander through the mysteries of fairy land with Spenser, or indulge in glowing Night Thoughts with Young; enter the chivalric scenes of the middle ages with Scott, or visit modern society with Thackeray and Dickens; view the fall of Rome with Gibbon, or the rise of the Great Republic with Bancroft; enjoy the moral and intel-

lectual feast of an Eliot, or satisfy ourselves with the sensational drivel of Sylvanus Cobb. In short, we may consider the best thoughts of the best men, or the poorest thoughts of the poorest men of all time.

In view of this multitude of books, and of the immense influence which they exert, how pertinent are the questions: What shall we read? and, How shall we read? Of special importance are these questions to the college student. He can, at best, devote but a small portion of his time to reading, and it is of the utmost importance that this should be well employed.

We should, then, first of all, read only the best works. No ordinary student can, during his college course, read even the first-class authors, and to spend any of his time upon those of an inferior class, would be, if not a waste, at least an unwise use of time. Moreover, this rule will allow us sufficient variety, and, at the same time, will prevent us from acquiring a false taste.

There are, however, various ways of estimating authors; some contending strenuously for the application of moral tests, and others as strenuously objecting. What, then, is the true rule? Shall we read all who have displayed great ability, without regard to the character of their works, or shall we confine ourselves to those of moral

as well as intellectual greatness. I can conceive of but one reasonable answer to this question. We should by all means attend to the moral character of our reading. True, not a few judges contend that, if we would understand human nature, and realize what life really is, we must read works of every kind; but it is to be remembered that it is not the nature of the subject alone that constitutes a moral or an immoral work. Immoral writing consists simply in portraying vice in a seductive and engaging manner, and should be avoided for the same reason that we should avoid listening to an obscene story; because it clogs our memory and tends to keep out other and better thoughts. Nor is this the worst of its effects. It acts not only negatively but positively. It destroys the judgment, fires the imagination, and leads but too often to debauchery and crime.

If we have succeeded in answering this question satisfactorily, we are so much nearer deciding what to read. Nevertheless, there are so many books which possess the requirements already marked out, that we are still far from a definite solution of our difficulty.

It may be regarded as an axiom, that it is useless to read that in which we have no interest. Hence, a person should ask himself, What do I wish to read? Upon what subjects do I most desire information?

Any one of ordinary ability ought to be, and is, able to answer these questions correctly; and when he has done this, he has solved the problem as to what he ought to read.

Of course he must exercise discretion in his selections. It should be the object of the student to obtain as broad and thorough a culture as possible, and therefore he should not confine himself to one kind of reading. For instance, a man may delight particularly in works of fiction, yet he should not let this taste run away with him. Let him select a good historical novel, and, by the time he has read this, he must be widely different from most students if he has not become interested in the history of the times of which it treats.

If he is interested in the novel, he must necessarily be interested in criticisms upon it, and both history and criticisms, if he reads them carefully and with a desire to profit by them, will open to him new thoughts and new desires. Thus the field of his reading will be continually enlarging. We know of no better guide than a well tempered inclination.

Having determined what books to read, we should next inquire in what manner we are to read them. Some persons are extremely slow readers. Others read very rapidly. This will depend greatly upon the temperament of the reader, and also upon his experience. Per-

haps the best rule that can be given is : Read earnestly and understandingly. No matter how long it may take you, be sure that whatever you read is fully grasped before you leave it. It is said of Burke, that he read every book as though he were never to see it again, and thus made it his own. Daniel Webster, speaking of his habits as a student, says : "Many other students read more than I did and knew more than I did. But so much as I read I made my own. When a half hour or an hour at most had elapsed, I closed my book, and thought on what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavored to recall it and lay it up in my memory, and commonly could effect my object." Sir Edward Sugden explained the secret of his success as a lawyer, in the following words : "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week ; but at the end of the twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection." Never permit yourself to read passively. Read attentively or not at all.

Remember, too, the old adage : "Never have too many irons in the fire," and avoid indefinite and desultory reading. Always have a distinct purpose in view and confine yourself to that. A person may profitably read a number of books upon the same subject if he chooses, but should not allow his attention to be taken up by different subjects at the same time. It confuses the judgment, bewilders the understanding, and gives as mere "shreds and patches" of knowledge.

Above all, read in the spirit of independent thought. Never take an author's conclusions for granted. See that his premises are correct ; that his statements of fact are all unquestionable, and that his reasoning is natural and logical. No matter how famous an author may be, we should never allow him to influence us simply on account of his reputation. By so doing we lose the habit of independent thought, and become merely an echo of the opinions of others. Milton has the right principle, although he states it too broadly, when he says :

Who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek ?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

IT was a hot afternoon in July. Not a breath of air disturbed the quiet of the leaves in the valley, and upon the mountain top the trees, usually swayed by a brisk breeze, only displayed a fretful and sickly flutter. In accordance with human nature, which commonly selects some such uncomfortable day for a ramble, my friend and myself, with ladies, started for Ball Mountain. We had provided ourselves with sandwiches and cheese, which, put up in a basket in a quantity sufficient for a dozen, more or less, it became my lot to carry. We skirted the shore of Echo Lake, passed through a grove at the right, and began the ascent of the mountain. This mountain is the easiest of ascent of any in the Franconia range; the scenery, as observed from its top, is equally beautiful with that seen from the higher ones, and the view almost as extended. This makes it a favorite resort of artists and admirers of nature in general. After a deal of hard climbing, we halted upon the top-most cliff, and were soon well paid for the work of getting up, by the grandeur of the scene beneath and around.

Below us, the Profile House, which covers over an acre of ground, looks like a mere martin house when viewed with the naked eye, though, by the aid of a power-

ful glass, we can watch the maneuvers of the people in front of the house, and even distinguish familiar faces. Over the bosom of Echo Lake, which lies directly under us, we can see people rowing to and fro, some slowly, others with all the excitement of a race. A few boats lie entirely still, while their occupants, lying prone within, gaze dreamily over the gunwales; and I, looking through the powerful lens, imagine that I can almost ferret their thoughts. Upon the shore are groups employed in awakening echoes from the neighboring cliffs; and, although we can scarcely hear the shout, the echo resounds so plainly that we can even distinguish words. And thus we enjoy the affair at the expense of lungs not our own. A horn is kept at the foot of the lake, a boy being employed to blow it; and the number of times that its blast is repeated by the hills seems almost incredible. Far to the right, Profile Mountain rears its head high in air, with its sentinel at his eternal post. No wonder that poets and painters find inspiration in this noble profile; and how natural that New Hampshire's greatest statesman, looking upon this great, calm face, should be impressed with the idea, that this was an emblem which God had hung out to show that New Hampshire

was the place, above all others, where men were made. A little to the left of the Profile stands Cannon Mountain,—so called from a rock upon its summit, resembling a piece of mounted ordnance so closely that Gen. Grant, upon first seeing it, inquired at what hour it would be fired. I am not of an imaginative turn of mind; but, as I stood there and viewed these freaks of nature, it almost seemed as though they were placed there by design, and for some great purpose. And I could easily imagine how, upon the last great day, when the trump of Gabriel may awaken a thousand reverberations from the surrounding cliffs of Echo Lake, this noble giant might step solemnly forth, and with waving torch, fire the blast from this mighty cannon as a signal for the destruction of the world.

Directly opposite Cannon Mountain is "Eagle Cliff," around which the bird of America is continually hovering. The nests of these birds are built so far down the steep side of the cliff that they have never been reached, though one man has been lowered nearly down to them. Beyond Eagle Cliff, Mt. Lafayette, five miles away, towers far above all the rest, so high that only upon the clearest day can its summit be seen free from the clouds. By the aid of the glass we could see adventurers ascending this mountain upon the backs of patient pack-horses, so well

trained as to climb where even man would experience the greatest difficulty. It is claimed that the view from Lafayette is finer than that from Mt. Washington. If this be true, I should think the easier mode of ascending the latter would make amends, to men of ordinary energy, for any deficiency in scenery.

Next, we look for that great natural chasm, "The Flume," whose hanging boulder has been so often described. It is just hidden from our eyes, though its edges can be traced by one intimately acquainted with its locality. The "Basin" and "Philosopher's Pool" demand a share of our attention. The former is a wonderful work of nature, and one that must have required centuries to complete. A small brook, falling over an abrupt cliff, upon what was originally a flat surface of solid rock, has gradually worn a cavity to the depth of several feet, in the exact form of a basin; and, what is still more singular, the water has worked its way through the side of the basin and runs on in the old course. The Philosopher's Pool is thus named from a demented hermit who takes up his abode here every summer, and who imagines that this circular pool is the world, over which he has supreme command. He has constructed a raft, upon which he will crouch sometimes for a whole day, only pushing to the

bank to receive a donation of filthy lucre from some pitying visitor.

After having gratified our love for the grand and beautiful, we turned away to satisfy the cravings of the spot for which sandwiches are peculiarly adapted; when, to the surprise of all, apparently including myself, the basket was found to be empty. Now, as I

prided myself upon my agility, I did not wish to own that I had fallen down during the ascent, and deposited the contents of the basket in the mud; and so I allowed the idea to prevail, without opposition, that I had devoured the whole, preferring to be the butt of their jokes under this supposition than to confess the truth.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

GLIMPSES OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

IN no age or country has there ever appeared a man whose character is more puzzling, or whose history is more interesting, than that of Jonathan Swift. It will not be the object of this essay to discuss at length the character of this curious man, or to give any extended account of the strangely mingled drama of his life. If he was a great man, there have been greater; if he was ambitious, there have been men more ambitious; if he was a misanthrope, there have been men more misanthropical than he; but if there have been men who could use ridicule and satire effectively, none have been more formidable in the use of irony, wit and invective than Swift. "He is great who is what he is

from nature and who never reminds us of others," says Emerson; that is equivalent to saying, He is great who originates a course of life differing from that of his cotemporaries, and in this becomes eminent, crouching to the opinions of no man. Tried by this test alone, Jonathan Swift was a great man. But we add that, to be truly great, a man must have a well-balanced mind. If this be true, Jonathan Swift was not a great man.

To judge correctly of his character and ability, we must understand some of the characteristics of the age in which he lived. For a long time previous to the birth of Swift, there had been great political corruption and religious controversies in England. After the ex-

ecution of Charles I., the Rump Parliament established the Commonwealth, during which Cromwell gained great influence by intrigue and war. He afterwards assembled the Barebones Parliament, and became Protector of the Commonwealth. This rule was followed by the reign of Charles II.

Born in Dublin, 1667, after the death of his father, and bred up without parental care in this corrupt age, Swift was in circumstances just fitted to develop the bitter part of his nature. At this time society was composed of "nobles and landed gentry above, and the people below." Corruption was universally prevalent. Hypocrisy was only concealed by genteel politeness. He succeeded best in politics who was skilled in shrewd policy and intrigue. In religious matters vice prevailed hardly less than in politics. The common people, who were "regarded as agricultural implements in peace and as food for powder in war," were in such a condition that nearly one quarter of the whole population was reduced to beggary or pauperism. Considering this age, shall we wonder that such a man as Swift, who despised hypocrisy, who was cared for and educated as "an object of charity," and who dared to express his opinion freely, became a bitter satirist and made numerous enemies by his polemic writings? Swift had

a decided will, as is evident from the fact that he flatly refused to study logic while at Trinity College, Dublin. It was only by the influence of his friends that he received his degree from this institution, which he left in his twenty-first year, feeling a stubborn relief, no doubt, from the logical restraints of his learned Professors, who had no exalted ideas of their haughty pupil. His biographers tell us that he neglected his studies while at the university, preferring to spend his time in reading. This view receives credit from some lines written in after years :

A scholar, when just from his college broke
loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *ho* to a goose.
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a
fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
school;
I never could take to my books for the life
o' me,
And the puppy confessed he expected no good
o' me.

Swift, like the stony pebble rashly thrown into the lake, was now hurled into the ocean of life to struggle with the angry waves he set in motion. Friendless and destitute, he went to England, when he became amanuensis to Sir William Temple with an income of £20 a year. He afterwards procured a prebend, but soon became dissatisfied with the life of a clergyman; then he became chaplain, and obtained a vicarage. But all these offices gave

him little money and great dissatisfaction. He felt the assurance of superior intellect, yet was obliged to endure the stings of humiliation and the bitterness of crushed hopes. What was better fitted to inflame those fiery passions that lay smouldering in the hot ashes of his heart, burning with a sense of undue appreciation? In 1701, Swift became a Whig politician. From this time, he employed much of his mental strength in political and religious controversies. He wrote both in prose and verse. His most popular work at this period of his life, was the *Tale of a Tub*, written for the purpose of ridiculing the Catholics and Presbyterians. The author's style and manner of ridiculing the follies of the time are shown by this quotation: "Is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches?"

As Swift did not get the preferment that he wished in England, the Deanery of St. Patrick was given him in Ireland, which he seems to have considered as an exile. It was in Ireland that Swift gained popularity and became useful. Though he disliked the Irish as a people, he defended their rights and loved them as a part of humanity. The people of Ireland were suffering from the oppressions of England. Poverty and wretchedness were found in almost

every home; and yet the people did not have power to resist their wrongs. Swift came to their relief. England was trying to force upon Ireland a supply of copper money, which act called forth from Swift the *Drapier's Letters*. In these letters—though their authorship was disguised—he showed the inconsistency of England's oppressive measures, claiming that Ireland should not be bound by laws enacted in England. He said that the Irish should be as free as the English. He continued his invectives against the English Government, and kept pleading with the Irish themselves, urging them to greater efforts for self-government. At last there was so much wretchedness among the poor people, that he suggested, ironically, that they sell their children as food for the wealthy, thus lessening their families and getting means to support the remnant. This was a cruel suggestion, and Swift has been severely censured for it, but when we consider the condition of the people, and the fact that he had used almost every means to arouse them to a sense of their condition without accomplishing his purpose, our censure is turned into praise, for a careful perusal of the pamphlet in which this suggestion was made, shows that the author never intended that his suggestion should be literally followed out. However this may be, he continued to make

himself heard across the Channel, "until England was forced, for the first time in history, to yield to the will of Ireland." From this time onward, Swift was justly considered the hero of Ireland. His other great work was *Gulliver's Travels*. This romantic tale, though containing many satirical allusions, was especially interesting as a literary work.

Swift had a keen intellect, quick discernment, exact habits, contempt for foppery and genteel politeness, and a fervid ambition. His failure to gain immediate distinction stirred up all the bitterness of his soul. Not being regarded of so much merit as he thought he deserved, he was ever ready to ridicule the actions of men, and on all occasions gave free vent to scorn and raillery. He became sad, perplexed, hateful to society—in short, a misanthrope. He had rigid ideas of morality and decorum, and seemed to be vexed because every one did not believe and act as he did. A curious anecdote is related, which shows how rigidly exact he was in his daily habits. One day a servant had permission to ride out to a wedding. After she had been gone about fifteen minutes, a summons was given for her to return. She presented herself to the Dean, and asked, in confusion, what he desired. "Nothing, child; only you forgot to shut the door." He equally disliked formality. A lady once

said, by way of apology, that her dinner "really was not good enough for his worship to sit down to." "Then why don't you get a better? You knew I was coming. I've a great mind to go away and dine on a red herring." These oddities of character evince a lack of judgment, and disregard for the feelings of others. To be able to speak freely of the faults and follies of one's age, is a great thing; but a gentle reproof is a greater reformer than harsh contempt. This peculiarity caused Swift many enemies, yet some close friends. It is evident, however, that he did not intend to be harsh. Some of the most polished and gentle men of the times were among Swift's intimate friends. These facts explain how one man could say that Swift had the "manners of a hangman, the misanthrophy of a hypochondriac, and the grin of a tyrant," while another should speak of his "wit and good conversation," and a third of the "large heart of Swift."

We do not wonder that Pope and Swift were friends; but Addison and Swift were as unlike as a dove and a hawk. Addison, without great vigor, was like the white lily, modest, attractive, pleasing and delicate, with no thorns to repel the admirer; whereas Swift was like the vigorous Canada thistle, whose bright blossom attracts the gaze of the stranger who, eager to learn its qualities, is drawn

to it only to be repulsed by the stings of its prickly weapons. This thought leads us to the consideration of Swift's *moral* character. Was he honest and virtuous? We have already shown that he was fretful, contemptuous, cynical; yet we believe he was honest. One can but observe the appearance of honesty and frankness in his writings and conversation. It is true that he did not generally make himself agreeable to society. Indeed, he did not seem to enjoy the same things that others did. But these traits are no marks of dishonesty. It seems to be a tendency of great men to be disagreeable. How many great men we might cite to prove this!—great writers, great politicians, and even great philanthropists. John Milton and Charles Sumner would be good illustrations. If moderation and discretion could have been combined with his superior wit and vigor of intellect, Swift would have been one of the greatest men England has ever seen. His peculiar defects robbed him of one half of his influence. We can censure Swift, however, only so far as he cherished and increased the harshness, bitterness, and misanthropical tendencies of his character. That there is some chance for censure, is evident from his own writings.

That Swift was virtuous, we think is true, also. This part of his character we forbear to discuss.

We do not believe all the calumnies against him, yet we agree with the writer who says that "Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections."

Every good quality has been rejected from Swift's character by some; while others have found much to admire. Some even doubt his patriotism. "Is it fair," asks Thackeray, "to call the famous Drapier's Letters patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective; they are reasoned logically enough, too; but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian Island." Sir James Mackintosh says, "He is a venerable patriot—the first Irishman who felt for his oppressed country." Of his patriotism I can not doubt, when I read of the unceasing zeal with which he watched over the interests of Ireland, while he was Dean of St. Patrick; how he tried to turn those people from their errors; to make them see their follies, and to vindicate their rights against the oppressions of their neighbors.

While Swift's character has been questioned by many, the style of his writings has gained for him great literary fame. Though the style of his poetry was not excellent, his prose is considered a model of English composition. It is

clear and simple, yet strong and vigorous. Every page of his writings seems to sparkle with wit, humor and irony. In his old age, his reason nearly left him, and he became irritable and sullen in his disposition. On the 19th of October, 1745, at the age of 78, this

strange man, a speechless idiot, loved by some, by others hated, ceased from his struggles on life's stormy ocean, and sank to rest,

———"As glides
A vessel long beset with boisterous winds
Into some tranquil port, and all is still
Except the liquid ripple round the keel."

INTER-COLLEGIATE LITERARY CONVENTION.

We extract the following from *The Trinity Tablet*, as the best report we have seen :

The delegates from the various colleges interested in the above matter, met at the Allyn House, Hartford, on Thursday morning, Feb. 19th. The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock by Mr. McPherson, of Princeton. Mr. Edmunds, of Williams, was chosen temporary chairman, and Mr. McPherson, secretary.

A committee was appointed on nominations, which presented the following report : — Pres., C. B. Hubbell, Williams ; Vice Pres., J. B. Lindley, University of New York ; Sec'y, G. H. Fitch, Cornell ; Treas., E. B. Perrine, Brown.

On motion, Col. T. W. Higginson was invited to address the meeting. Colonel H. said he was

surprised that he had been called the father of this enterprise. Some time ago he had suggested the idea of inter-collegiate literary meetings, and the idea had grown in favor, and expanded to its present shape. He thought the proposed contests would be of great advantage to the colleges. He spoke of the manner in which, in England, college distinctions and college exclusiveness had been broken down, and the university interests built up, by inter-collegiate lectures. He referred to the former rigid system practiced by the colleges in this country, under which a student was only a student, a fixture of some particular college, no matter where he was ; but now the system is changed, and the colleges are trying different experiments, and each is looking to the

other for the result of its new experience. The colleges are indulging in friendly rivalry. He wanted college feeling done away with, and the students to work together in building up American scholarship, without regard to what college they came from.

If the movement in favor of inter-collegiate contests goes well this year, it will grow, and all the colleges will be glad to join it. At present the *esprit du corps* of the colleges is confined to athletic sports. No one hears of the smart men, the best orators, writers and thinkers in our colleges. But if this movement succeeds, the better minds will be developed, because there will be a strife to gain laurels for their respective colleges. We must show that oratory is no mere outside show. Inter-collegiate contests will correct false oratory, and a great benefit to all colleges will flow from these contests. Some thought that the new stroke adopted by Yale last year would prove a failure, but it was found to be a success; and thus all the colleges saw and profited by what one had earned. In some colleges oratory is made a matter of training; others believe it to be a thing that can not be taught. So long as the present state of affairs lasts, so long will each college think its own system the best; but an immediate test that will bring graduates together in actual trial, will inevitably open

up the matter and show which is the best method. He wanted enthusiasm in the matter. It should be borne in mind that the regattas began modestly, and he hoped this movement would have a like beginning. Enthusiasm and earnestness must be shown in this movement. Colonel Higginson interspersed his remarks with many interesting anecdotes; and at the close a vote of thanks for his address was passed.

Col. Higginson thought that a comparison of the methods of teaching oratory would be a good subject for the first meeting of the association. The more modestly the movement was started the better. A meeting for debate, or for prize elocution, would be best. Writing essays would be more difficult, and should come last. Declamations, or original compositions would be well, either at the time and place of the regatta, or some other time and place. On motion the meeting adjourned.

The convention was called to order for the afternoon at half-past two. After the preliminary business, Mr. Chas. D. Warner was introduced by Colonel Higginson and addressed the convention. This gentleman seemed to be in favor of holding the contest in this city, and gave as a reason for this, the opportunity which the colleges would have for procuring members of the Philological Society for judges, as this organization is to

meet here. On motion, the convention thanked Mr. Warner for his kindness in addressing the meeting. Col. Higginson offered the following which were adopted as the sense of the meeting:—

Resolved, That it is desirable to form an association of American colleges for the purpose of intercollegiate literary competition.

Resolved, That this convention proceed to adopt a provisional constitution for such an association, to be submitted to the colleges here represented, and to such others as may be hereafter determined, and to take effect only on being accepted by five different colleges.

Under these instructions the meeting voted to proceed as a body to form an organization. The two following articles, each offered by Mr. Whitridge of Amherst, were adopted:

(1.) This association shall be entitled the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association of the United States.

(2.) The officers of the association shall be a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee of one from each college that may adopt this constitution.

Mr. Halstead, of Princeton, then moved that the forming of a constitution be referred to a committee of five, but the motion to refer to a committee of three, Col. Higginson to act with them, was subsequently carried.

After a recess of forty minutes, the committee reported a constitution, which, after amendments and additions, stood as follows:—

Article I. This association shall be entitled the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association of the United States, and shall consist of such colleges as shall ratify this constitution.

Article II. The object of this association shall be to hold annual competitive literary exercises and examinations at such times and places as the association itself may determine.

Article III. The officers of this association shall be a president, five vice-presidents, a secretary, treasurer, and an executive committee of one from each college of the association.

Article IV. The duties of these officers shall be those usually appertaining to their offices.

Article V. These officers shall be elected at each annual meeting of the association, and shall hold office until the election of their successors.

Article VI. The annual meetings of this association shall be held at the time and place of the annual exercises. Each college belonging to the association shall be authorized to send three (3) delegates.

Article VII. Special meetings of the association may be called by the president at the request of five colleges belonging to the association.

Article VIII. The standing committee appointed by the preliminary meeting shall have charge of the affairs of the association until the first annual meeting.

Article IX. This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the association by a vote of two-thirds of the colleges represented at the said meeting.

Article X. This constitution shall go into effect on being ratified by five colleges.

On motion the meeting adjourned until 7, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

At the evening session, after the opening preliminaries, Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), being invited, addressed the convention. He

said he did not know he was going to speak and had not anything to say, but as that was the general condition of speakers now a-days, he supposed he was well fitted to deliver a speech, which he then proceeded to do in an eminently characteristic vein.

After Mr. Clemens had finished, the committee on by-laws not having returned, the delegates commenced singing, which was continued with a great deal of spirit and harmony (?) until the return of the committee at eight o'clock. After much discussion and wrangling the following resolutions were at last adopted :—

Resolved, That this convention appoint a standing committee of five, who shall arrange for an inter-collegiate contest in oratory, to be held on —, at —, in accordance with the following rules :

1. Two contestants shall be chosen by each college belonging to the association ; if, however, more than eight colleges enter for competition, each shall be entitled to but one representative. The term "college" shall not be taken as excluding members who have taken the degree of A. B., or any equivalent degree, within a year previous to the contest.

2. Three awards of honor shall be made by three judges, who shall be chosen by the standing committee from men of literary and oratorical eminence, and who shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest.

3. Each address shall be the speaker's own production, and shall not exceed ten minutes in delivery ; and in making the award the judges shall have regard both to matter and to manner.

Resolved, That the standing committee shall arrange for a competition in essay writing in accordance with the following rules :

1. Three judges shall be chosen by the standing committee, which judges shall propose two subjects, determine the length of each essay, and the time when the essays shall be handed in, and make an award for the best essay on each subject. These judges shall not be professors or officers of any institution represented in the contest.

2. Each college shall select at its discretion three representatives ; if, however, the number of colleges competing shall exceed eight, each shall be restricted to but two representatives.

Resolved, That, in addition to the awards of the judges the committee are authorized to offer such pecuniary awards as may seem feasible.

Resolved, That the standing committee invite the presiding officers of the several colleges represented in this association to submit such plans as may seem best to them for more extended inter-collegiate examinations ; and that said committee be instructed to report a plan at the next annual meeting of the association.

Col. Higginson being about to leave, a vote of thanks was tendered him by the convention for the great interest he had manifested, and he was requested to give them his views as to the place of contest. He favored New York, which place was finally agreed upon. A standing committee was then chosen, consisting of Messrs. Kobbe, Columbia ; Lindley, University of New York ; Hubbell, Williams ; Halstead, Princeton ; and Lindsey, Wesleyan ; after which the meeting adjourned.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

AT a meeting of the students, Jan. 27, in reference to the Inter-Collegiate Literary Association, a committee, consisting of one from each class, was chosen to inquire into the object and advantages of the project, and also to ascertain the minds of the respective classes in regard to it. The report in full was not ready at the time appointed for the hearing, which was consequently postponed to Monday, Feb. 2. Now, whether or not the leaders of this movement feared that the result of the investigation would be unfavorable, we are, of course, unprepared to say, though measures taken by them, seemingly to waive the report, certainly have that appearance. The meeting was called to order by the chairman, and the report from the freshman class was called for first; a proceeding, which, though it may be perfectly fair, yet, to say the least, is a little irregular. Instead of making a report in detail, the committee merely said that the freshman class was in favor of the movement. An entirely similar manifesto having been made by the Sophomore committee at the previous meeting, though, as we are told, wholly without authority, nothing remained but to hear the

report from the Junior class. It was generally known that the Juniors were hostile to the movement, and if there were any valid objections to be urged against it, they would naturally be expected from that class, through its legally appointed committee of investigation. But no; they apparently had not the slightest intention of allowing the Juniors to cast their vote as a class, which would leave it optional with them to enter the scheme or not, at their pleasure, but took the unprecedented course of omitting to call for their report; and, knowing, by the action of the other classes, what the result of a general vote would be, one of them made a motion in favor of the Literary Contest, and, after a long discussion, by the Senior class, the vote was put and the motion adopted.

One Junior, improving a lull in the Senior Debate, had the temerity to attempt to edge in a word, but was quickly informed that it was too late, for there was a motion which must be acted upon.

Poor, deluded Junior! he had arisen with the mistaken idea that this same motion was the subject of discussion.

Well, longers for Inter-collegi-

ate honors, you have beaten us this time, sure, and though, like the boy's dose of castor-oil, it goes down "mighty hard," yet we will try to make the best of it and to hope for beneficial results. To be sure, reports from our most prominent college and other exchanges do not tend to change the opinion we had originally formed. We find that Princeton, the college from which the desire of the contest issues, as it were, has a large majority of its students opposed to it; and the Faculty, doubting the efficiency of the scheme, forbade the lower classes taking any part in the measures for its completion.

From the *Harvard Advocate*, we learn that delegates from that Institution were elected to the Hartford Convention, with the understanding that they were to discuss the question in the Convention. They were informed by Mr. Hubbell, of Williams, who is the first signer of the call, that no discussion would be allowed; therefore, the delegates resigned. Though the object of the convention was to set in practical operation the object proposed, still, we can see no reason why they should fear a general discussion of the project. Exchanges, for the most part, do not favor the proposed contest; and we can not but wish that our action in regard to it may be reconsidered.

A NEW DORMITORY.

We are glad to learn that something is to be done towards furnishing our gymnasium, but there is one other subject which we think is at least equally interesting to the students. We mean the question of a new dormitory. Already we are inconveniently crowded in Parker Hall, and, unless something is done soon, many of the students will be forced to procure rooms "down town," in addition to those who do so from choice. In view of this fact, a word upon the subject of dormitories may not be inappropriate.

One of the most prominent advantages claimed, by its advocates, for the non-dormitory system is, that students, by rooming in private houses, will be exposed to all the restraints of the family, and lose much of the spirit of boorishness and demoralization which often seems to control them. We consider this idea entirely erroneous. Those who furnish board or lodgings do so for the sake of the compensation, and being, in a measure, dependent upon the students, can exercise little or no restraint over them, even if disposed to do so, while their widely scattered condition would take away all possibility of a direct and efficient supervision by the college authorities. To be sure they could not blow horns or do other things

of a similar nature, but over those acts which are really and truly detrimental to the student, there would be no control whatever. The dormitory is morally safer than any ordinary boarding place, both on account of the healthy influence of the more conscientious students, and from the fact that most of the vices incident to young men are much more liable to detection and exposure. Indeed, it is well known that, "in those colleges in which the students are largely distributed in lodgings, the grossest outrages against decency are plotted and executed in apartments which are remote from the inspection and interference of the college officers."

Moreover, this separation of the students would tend to the formation of cliques, and the cultivation of class feeling, since acquaintances outside of the class would be extremely rare. This state of things it is very desirable to avoid.

It is also patent to every observer that our societies must inevitably suffer. The men who support and carry on the society are almost without exception those residing in the dormitory, and if these were scattered in different and remote sections of the city, we believe that society meetings would soon become exceptions.

The expenditure of so much money for the erection of buildings which might otherwise be devoted to salaries, prizes, and en-

dowments, or to the purchase of books and apparatus, is, perhaps, a more serious objection; but this will lose much of its weight if it be carefully considered. It should be remembered that a large majority of our students are obliged to pay their own expenses, and the increased cost of rooms which must necessarily arise would render this so much the more difficult. This fact deserves a careful consideration, for, however desirable increased facilities for cultivation may be, no steps ought to be taken which tend to place this cultivation beyond the reach of the poorer classes. The college is designed to be a beneficiary institution. It furnishes tuition at a price much below its actual cost, and may consistently pursue the same course in regard to lodgings. We do not ask it, however, to do this, but it can without loss provide the student with rooms cheaper than he can obtain them elsewhere, and we believe it should. Let us hope that it will soon be decided to erect a new dormitory.

DEATH OF DR. BALKAM. On the 4th of the present month, Dr. Balkam, Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences in the College, was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. He was on his way to the College at the time, and the blow was as unexpected as it was terrible. For want of time, we shall be obliged to defer to our next issue some account of

the life and character of the deceased.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Nashua Literary Magazine* is one of our most welcome visitors. It is evidently managed by men of talent and energy. We were particularly pleased with the article on Religion and Art. We wish the interest manifested by students would justify all college publications in introducing a department similar to the "Voice of the Students." — *The Yale Literary Magazine* for February fully maintains its previous reputation. It contains an excellent criticism on Romola, but the legend of the Rhine we were not specially pleased with. It seems too strained and unnatural. The present board of editors have felt compelled to overrule the election of the class of '75, and have appointed their successors. — Many of our exchanges are thrown into the waste basket unopened, but the *Madisonensis* is not of this number. Its editors are evidently live men and succeed in getting up a live paper of which the University may well be proud. The article upon Dore's picture of Christ leaving the Prætorium is well written and extremely interesting. — One can not take up the *University Herald* without

noticing its fine appearance, typographically. The outside promises well, and the inside does not usually disappoint us, but we wish the editors would employ some poet besides the author of "A Sophomore's Dream." — *The Trinity Tablet* devotes a large portion of its columns to an exhaustive report of the Inter-Collegiate Convention at Hartford. It is very sarcastic upon Amherst for withdrawing from the Regatta. — *The Magenta* is spicy as usual. It has a very common-sense article on Memory. — *The Cornell Times* endeavors to arouse an interest in the Inter-Collegiate Literary Contest. Although the students took measures to send delegates to Hartford, they have not yet joined the association. — We are glad to say that the *Dryden Springs Place* is still flourishing.

We have before us the first No. of the *High School Quarterly*, and are much pleased with its appearance. It seems to be well patronized by advertisers, — a sure indication that the community are interested in its behalf. The essays are very good, and compare favorably with those of some of our college exchanges. We wish it success.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WHAT splendid paths we have!

—Will gentlemen who borrow reading room coal have the kindness to put the shovel in its proper place?

—The Seniors are studying "Outlines of Man," one of Pres. Hopkins's latest books.—*Bowdoin Orient*. — We hope they will succeed in acquiring at least the outlines.

—SCENE. College Library. Tutor, meeting student, — "Ah, Mr. —, when did you get back?" Student: — "Back, — back, — I didn't know I was back on anything."

—Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a bustle. There being so much due on it, there is danger of taking cold. — *Ex*.

"Oh! why don't something happen,
To help me in this race?—
I'm running with the printer,
Who's gaining every pace.
My notes are all exhausted;
I've used them every one—
There, thanks to childish rhyming,
I'm glad to say its done.

—*Western Collegian*.

—During the winter vacation, the father of one of our Freshmen

gave him a long lecture upon the necessity of economy, closing with the remark: "Why, I never had a pair of boots until I was twenty-one." "No wonder," replied the irreverent Freshir, "it takes time for accumulation, and there were no wholesale tanneries in those days."

—A Senior, stuffing for examinations, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to *help* the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would he justify the *ass* for trying to get out himself.—*Chronicle*.

—Scene in Laboratory. Classical Senior to Prof. — "What did the Goddess Io die of?" Prof. — "I really could not—" Senior, triumphantly — "Iodide (*died*) of Potassium."—*Ex*.

Mary had a little lamb,
With which she used to tussle;
She snatched the wool all off its back,
And stuffed it in her bustle.

The lamb soon saw he had been fleeced,
And in a passion flew,
But Mary got upon her ear,
And stuffed the lamb in too.—*Chronicle*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

About \$3000 of the endowment fund is still to be raised. Now is the time to subscribe.

The day of prayer for colleges passed off very pleasantly. Meetings both afternoon and evening.

The committee of award, for the junior prize declamations, consists of Rev. A. L. Houghton of Lawrence, Rev. J. E. Dame of Lowell, and H. P. Gage, A. M., Dearborn School, Boston Highlands.

A number of Cornell students have sailed for South America, on a tour of scientific exploration. They will be absent for a year.

Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College, says that a college course has, or should have, in view, three things—character, culture, knowledge; of which, character is the best worth having, culture is second in rank, and knowledge, third.—*Ex.*

The last commencement at Williams witnessed the defeat of co-education by a vote of 49 to 20.

Since Dr. McCosh assumed the Presidency of the College of New Jersey, (Princeton) the college has received gifts for various purposes, to the amount of \$766,880.—*Ex.*

John B. Gough will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Thursday evening, April 16th. His subject will be, NOW AND THEN. Reserved seats for his lecture can be obtained at the usual places, April 1st., at 50 cents a ticket.

Wesleyan University having dispensed with the custom of having such class preferments as valedictorian and honor men, the speakers for Commencement will be chosen from those Seniors who show the greatest proficiency in writing and speaking.—*Ex.*

The Roman Catholics have sixteen parochial schools and colleges in Boston, and five more will be opened in a short time.

The Social and United Fraternity Societies of Dartmouth have voted to so amend their constitutions, that their libraries may be consolidated with that of the college. Each library now numbers between nine and ten thousand volumes. The seniors are to be allowed to select, annually, three hundred dollars' worth of books for addition, and the library is to be open five hours daily. This plan is yet to be accepted by the college.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—Isaac Goddard has been elected School Committee in ward No. 7.

'71.—George W. Flint is teaching in the High School at Bath.

'73.—Charles H. Davis is Principal of Somerset Academy at Athens, Me., and is having excellent success.

'73.—Edwin A. Smith has charge of the Turner High School.

'73.—Hannah E. Haley has entered Union Theological Seminary.

[Space will be given each month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1869.

MOOERS, CHARLES ALBERT. — Born, July 24, 18—, at Vienna, Me. Prepared for College at Vienna High School and Maine State Seminary.

1867--68, Principal of Maine Central Institute.

1869--70, Teacher of Mathematics in Maine State Seminary.

1870--73, September, went to Vermont to take charge of Green Mountain Seminary, which position he retained until the summer of 1873, when he resigned on account of ill health.

Present address, Vienna, Me.

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REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,
Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*, six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnobius' *Latin Prose Composition*, and in Harkness' *Latin Grammar*. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's *Greek Grammar*. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis's or Greenleaf's *Arithmetic*, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis's *Algebra*, and in two books of *Geometry*. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's *Ancient Geography*, and in Worcester's *Ancient History*.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Wednesday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular course of instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen Scholarships, and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

Board of Instruction.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, A.M., PRINCIPAL,	- - -	Teacher of Latin and Greek.
THEODORE G. WILDER, A.B.,	- - - - -	Teacher of Mathematics.
FREDERIC H. PECKHAM, A.B.,	- - - - -	Teacher of Rhetoric.
FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,	- - - - -	Assistant Teacher in Latin.
EDMUND R. ANGELL, A.B.,	- - - - -	Teacher of English Branches.

For further particulars send for Catalogue.

A. M. JONES, *Secretary.*

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APRIL, 1874.

No. 4.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

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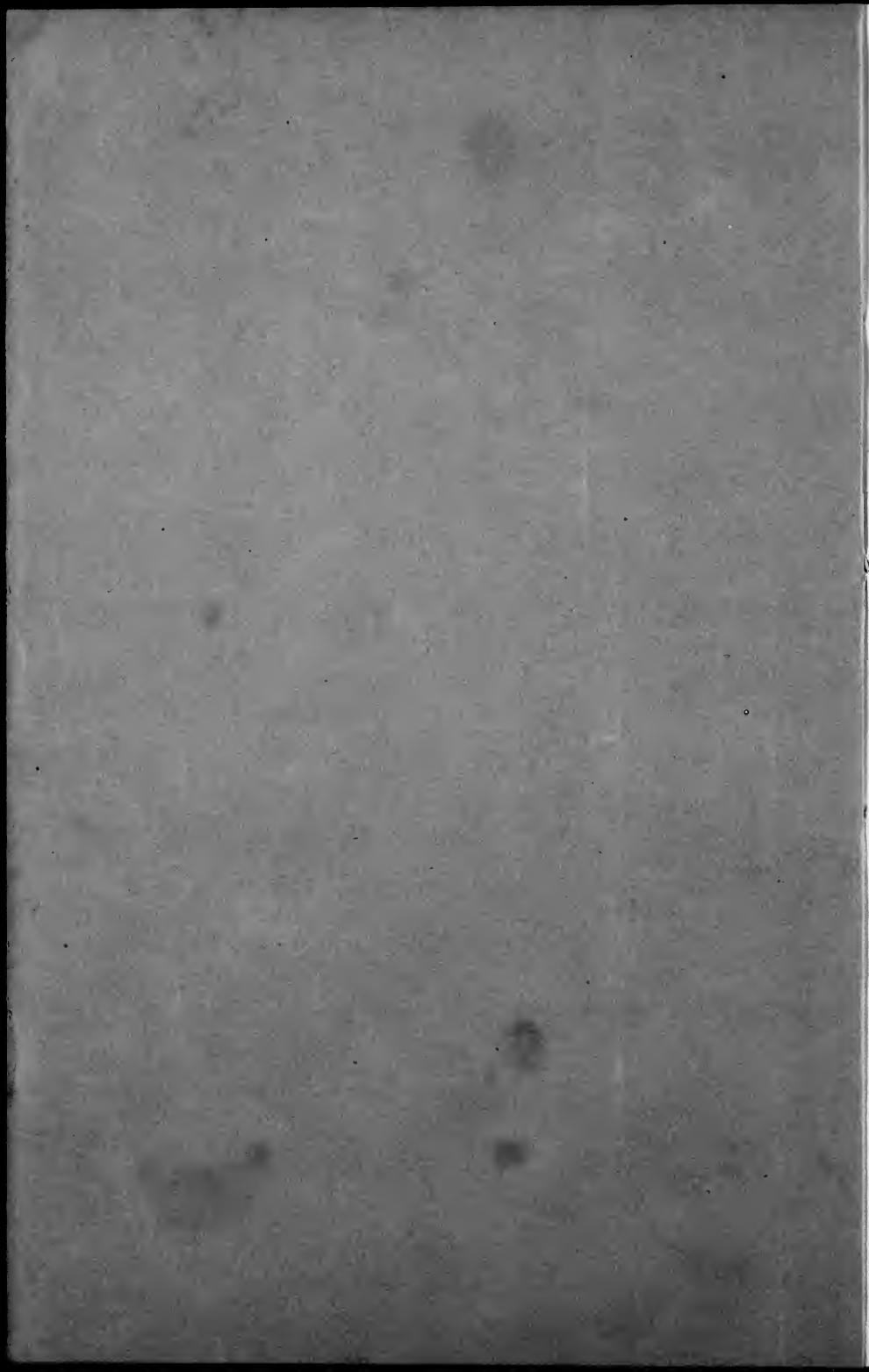
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THE
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PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

Look how the gray old ocean
From the depth of his heart rejoices,
Heaving with a gentle motion,
When he hears our restful voices;
List how he sings in an undertone,
Chiming with our melody;
And all sweet sounds of earth and air
Melt into one low voice alone,
That murmurs over the weary sea.

LOWELL.

AS the author of this story is not writing a book, he is denied one of the greatest privileges that authorship allows,—the writing of a preface. Under the shelter of that much-abused word, the book-maker, whether author, editor, or compiler, can, at the very outset, disarm criticism (excepting, of course, that which comes from critics in the employ of rival publishing houses), and gain the sympathetic attention of his readers. If he be witty, he can rob them of all desire to cen-

sure his faults, at least for a time; as the politic school-master secures a morning quiet by means of a well-timed joke. If he be wise, he can condense his preface into a few sentences, and let his readers pass, unwearied, to Chap I.; and, even if he be neither witty nor wise, there is no lack of expedients by which he can gain his object. The honest preface-writer, who disclaims great originality and catalogues all his authorities; the patronizing preface-writer, who designed his work for the in-

telligent few ; the sentimental preface-writer, who awaits in tears the judgment of the critics ; and the high-toned preface-writer, to whom a consciousness of work well done is an all-sufficient reward, all these are sure to be read with all the sympathy and interest that their works deserve. But the present writer, besides being debarred from all such privileges, can not even (like other authors) delay to point out the moral of his story. A thoughtful service, for the reader, certainly.

He has some consolation, however, in the thought that he is sparing his readers a great infliction, at least if they belong to that conscientious class of people who read every word from the title-page to the "finis," that they may not do the author an injustice by judging him without a fair hearing.

Instead, then, of expecting sympathy and encouragement, the writer feels that he can reasonably hope for only discouragement and neglect ; and above all, when he confesses that, not once in all his labor, has he consulted Kuhner or Madvig ; and that even Zumpt was not called upon to account for a peculiar declension of virtue in one of the characters. Further than this, it must be sufficient to say that the story is written by one who was an actor in the scenes described, yet of no more prominence than the dumb soldier that bears himself, warlike, across the

stage, at the flourish of the trumpets.

* * * * *

To one who is not familiar with the customs and manners of those living in the seaport villages of Maine, the crowd which had assembled on Millard's Wharf, Mooseville, at the time our story opens, might have presented, at first sight, a somewhat startling spectacle. Some were running back to the village ; some were gesticulating strangely, as they urged some point in eager discussion ; and all were moving about in a distressed way, looking as forlorn as a nervous mother when her child refuses to be comforted.

The boatman alone, as he leaned against one of the piles that rose above the general level of the wharf, seemed silent and unconcerned. Indeed, as he stood there, he looked as if he never could be concerned about anything. His sou'-wester, held by a strap under his chin, looked not unlike a helmet ; and his hard, sunburnt visage might have belonged to the fiercest of the crusaders. He must have heard the murmurs of discontent to which the party gave free vent ; but if he did, he did not heed them. Humphrey Barstock knew his business.

Some of the party were almost exasperated. George Farjeon was leaning out over the very edge of the wharf and holding up a

handkerchief to see which way the wind blew, though a mere glance at the ruffled surface of the water would have been sufficient for his purpose. In a moment, however, he abandoned his unprofitable employment and advanced towards the boatman with the air of a man who has determined to make a last trial and submit to the alternative.

"Will you take us to Arnold's Cove, or not?" he asked, as he approached the boatman.

"No! I will not!" thundered the latter, "and I've told you so times enough! In the first place, it would take us three hours to make Lickityswitch Pool, and the Cove is a good five knot from there. And then, as to gittin' back, — p'r'aps these gals would like to bunk aboard the Spray to-night. But I'd give 'em my bunk! Oh, yes! one bunk for twenty gals! Plenty of room. Might be rather hard for you boys, though. Little kinky, you know, sleeping on solid oak; but you'd be all taut in a week or two." Oh, that would be nice, that would! But I won't go you see; so you can get somebody else."

During the delivery of this speech, emphasized by various sly nods and grins, George Farjeon made several attempts to interrupt the speaker. But Humphrey Barstock insisted on his own way.

At first George was inclined to be angry, but when he saw that

Humphrey was likely to desert them in good earnest, his good nature returned in an instant. He was soon engaged in an earnest colloquy with Humphrey, as a consequence of which he approached the crowd of excursionists and, in a mock-declamatory style, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I promised you a day at the Cove, but our *Palinurus* informs me that both *Æolus* and *Neptune* have conspired against me. In other words, old Barstock, having an errand in another direction, swears that it would be an absolute impossibility to reach the Cove and return to-day. The fates (I quote from *Palinurus*) seem to point in another direction. Far away to the south, lies a land which is pleasant and fair to look upon. Thither wind and tide direct us, and thither we will go, with your approval, of course. In a word, what do you say to taking a trip to the Devil's Paradise?"

At the mention of this name, some slight feminine screams were heard, mingled with such exclamations as, "O mercy!" "O heavens!" and others of like import. Then the voice of a man broke out in a sneering tone: "Pshaw! I might have known it. All a pack of women! Come, George, let's be off without them!"

If a man could be annihilated by a glance, Harl Linscott would have vanished into utter nothing-

ness on the instant. Or, as George Farjeon afterwards expressed it: "His friends would have had to mourn a double loss,—his life and his life-insurance; for it would have been impossible to prove his death."

But then, a man can not be annihilated by a glance; and so, Harl Linscott did not vanish, and his friends were spared their threatened affliction.

Far from vanishing, Linscott did not appear to be disturbed in the least. And the young ladies, finding that their indignation was not so withering as the high sun was beginning to be, tossed their proud heads, compressed their ripe lips, and walked off towards the boat with steps that struck sharply on the wooden wharf. All except Winnie Percival. She, braving the sneers of Linscott, still pleaded with her sister to remain.

"Oh, don't go there! Have you forgotten so soon the drowning cry of Charles Malley?"

At these words, some of the company, recalling a fearful scene which the Devil's Paradise had witnessed in the early Spring, hesitated; but a gruff shout from Humphrey sent them quickly to their seats, and the whole party, including Winnie and her sister, were soon apparently as thoughtless of their agitation as if it had never existed.

The town of Mooseville was built upon the slope of a consider-

able elevation. It was ancient, even at the time of our story,—or rather some of its houses were ancient. As a town, it had no claim to respectability on account of age. It had a traditionary battle-field, and the ruins of an old fort might be seen upon the eastern brow of the hill. The place was fast becoming known as a summer resort, and many of the houses had been built by merchants of Boston and other large cities as summer residences. Its attractions were not few nor inconsiderable. From the ruins of the fort, you might see a hundred islands variegating the crystal of the bay; from Grayfriar's Head, you might behold a scene which would live in your memory forever; or, wandering along the shore, you might run into those cosy little nooks where the warm sunshine about you is no more refreshing than the sight of the limpid water below; laugh with the laughter of the sparkling wavelets; or stand, barebrowed, before the majesty of jutting cliffs and thundering waves. Such was the place from which our excursionists started.

At first, as they crept slowly along by the wharves, the town seemed to have slid down the hillside and to be crowded together near the water's edge; but soon the houses began to separate, some of them went further up the hill, and the great white church, as if in shame, hastened back to its ac-

customed place on the very summit and, with an artfully unconscious gesture, pointed proudly upward.

Most of our party might have been occupied with thoughts of this kind; for they were silent and meditative. It is more probable, however, that the rebuke of Linscott was having its effect in making them, at first disdainfully, then sullenly, silent. It was evident that he must break the ice, if even the appearance of Spring was to be restored. Whether or not he recognized this necessity, he it was that first spoke.

"Old Barstock is quite a character," said he, half musing.

George Farjeon improved this opportunity to start a conversation.

"Do you know why you like old Barstock?" he asked.

"No! Tell me!"

"Because he is so much like yourself, self-contained and—and grouty."

This seemed to be dangerous ground. Some cast significant looks toward their neighbors, as if fearing that matters were growing worse; others, nods of approbation, as thinking it all a good joke. George Farjeon himself evidently remembered with some bitterness Linscott's agency in dampening the spirits of the company; for his face was flushed and his speech quick and nervous. But he was not one to harbor resentment, and his face cleared as he continued: "But I'll post you, Harl. I'll let

them know what you are. Ladies, beware of this man. He is an avowed woman-hater."

"No, ladies, I protest, George misrepresents me. It is not woman I hate, but the womanly element in man," he said, smiling.

"All a trick! All a trick!" cried George. "I have heard him say twenty times that he despised the sex."

The conversation would not probably have assumed a serious cast if Alice Percival had not entered it with some spirit. She spoke quietly but earnestly.

"Should a man show his manliness by always appearing stern and unfeeling?" she asked.

"A man should never be a woman!" he replied, sharply.

"Do you mean, then, that a man should never have womanly feelings? or that, if he has such feelings, he should never exhibit them?"

"A man has no right, I say, to degrade manliness by exhibitions of weak sentimentalism. If he really feels such things, I can only pity him. But no true man does feel them. And when I see men,—or women either,—trying to feel as sentimentalism tells them they ought to feel, then it is I despise them. I have seen a man try to weep when the effort cost him more exertion than a week's hard labor. Let women weep for me! Heaven save me from sniveling men!"

"If your studies have taught you this philosophy, Mr. Linscott, I am glad I dropped mine when I did. I found nothing of all this in Virgil or in Horace. And I imagined that a true culture would develop all those finer feelings that you condemn. But"—

"Hold on!" interrupted George Farjeon. "I beg your pardon, Miss Percival. But really, there is no hope of this discussion's ever coming to an end if I do not interrupt you, for Harl Linscott can string out an argument till doomsday. By the way, Miss Percival, how did you like the theatricals last evening?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Pshaw!"—from Linscott.

"Some parts of the acting were very effective," she continued.

"Yes," said one of the party, "I saw Frank Dinsmore cry like a child, when Harry Harlem was driven from his home in disgrace."

"Ha, ha," laughed Linscott, scornfully, "I don't know how any one could cry at the playing of such actors, unless he was 'touched with a feeling of their infirmities.'"

"There, Harl, do say something pleasant," cried George. "Don't you see that Frank Dinsmore feels hurt and the parson's son is shocked at your irreverence?"

"Come here, Frank," said Alice Percival to a lad who was standing apart from the others as far as possible. "Come. Never

mind what they say, Frank. I don't think it was foolish, at all."

When, at last, the shy boy had reached Alice's side, he laid his head in her lap and burst into a flood of tears. He was the youngest of the party. He was a medium-sized, well-formed boy, with fine, silky, flaxen hair, intelligent blue eyes, a round face, clear complexion, and delicately - curved lips. He evidently possessed a nature susceptible of the highest cultivation, yet was evidently weak to contend with discouragements. And, after all, at fifteen, as pure as an infant. Sensitive to the last degree, and possessing a dread of censure that amounted almost to morbidness, he lacked only development and opportunity to become a hero or a villain.

The boy of whom George Farjeon had spoken as "the parson's son" was tall and slender in figure. His hair was black and wavy. His eyes, besides a look of roguishness, often had a dreamy look as he lifted them to gaze on the laughing sea or the bending skies. His face was browned by exposure to wind and sun. Perfect health rested on his cheek. As George spoke, he turned and sat down in the stern of the boat, near where Humphrey Barstock stood holding the rudder.

"That's right, Charlie. Sed down," said Humphrey, smiling, or rather grinning with all his might. You would never think

of helmet and fierce crusader, now. Charlie was Humphrey's favorite and this was Humphrey's way of welcoming him.

"Say, Charlie," he continued, "who is that feller that George calls Harl, or sunthin' of that sort?"

"Why, that's his tutor. Don't you know him? But I don't wonder, though. He has kept close ever since he has been here. George persuaded him to come to-day, for the first time."

"By George, he'd better keep a close mouth if he wants to say anything agin' you. Here, Charlie, hold this rudder while I g'winto the cuddy and git some things."

By this time, George Farjeon had succeeded in getting the rest of the company into good spirits, and enjoyment seemed to be in full reign.

When Humphrey had returned from the cuddy, he sat down, threw his arm over the rudder, and leaned forward towards Charlie, as if about to confide to his care a great secret. Neither of them observed that Harl Linscott stood near them, looking out over the sea.

"Charlie," Humphrey began, in a tone as if calling his attention. "Charlie, you haven't been up to our house for some time; have you?"

Charlie wondered what Humphrey meant, but he answered: "No, I haven't."

"Wall, what do you s'pose we've got, sence you was there?" Here Humphrey poked Charlie in the ribs and grinned, ejaculating: "Eh? what do you s'pose?"

Charlie began to see it all, but he preferred to put him off; so he said: "What can it be?"

"What! Don't you know? Haven't you heard?" he exclaimed, in the very extremity of wonder. Then he leaned forward still further, casting a sidelong glance to see that no one was near, and said, in a startling whisper: "A little —" Suddenly he changed his mind and broke into a laugh,—subdued somewhat on account of the nearness of the others,—that it did Charlie's heart good to hear.

"And you didn't know it! That's the best joke of all!" Then suddenly, in the same startling whisper: "It's a little baby!"

Here Humphrey struck an attitude. He drew himself up, grasped the rudder firmly with his hand and leaned back to the full length of his arm, to observe the effect of his announcement.

"Is that so?" asked Charlie, in a tone of great surprise.

"She's such a little thing, too," said Humphrey, coming back to an erect posture. "His fingers ain't no bigger round than a cod-line," he added, with a total disregard of gender. "It's got eyes, too, blue's the Med'terranean." Humphrey was getting poetic. "And his feet paddle round jest

like lobsters, for all the world. And, Charlie," confidentially again, "if you'll come up, I'll let you hold her in your lap. I will,—honest."

Charlie thanked him and promised to go. At that moment, he distinguished these words, muttered near him: "A sniveling old man, after all. I thought better of him from his actions this morning. But they're all alike."

At this instant, George Farjeon cried out, "Here we are! All hands to the starboard! Make ready to pile out!"

As he spoke, he hauled the gig from its place at the stern, and Humphrey Barstock threw out the anchor at the same time from the prow. The gig conveyed them, a few at a time, from the Spray to a pebbly, crescent-shaped beach, bordered by a grove of evergreen trees. Little parties were soon wandering up and down the beach, now stooping to pick up some queer pebble, and now sitting down to chat and watch the anger of the hungry sea. But the delights of that day, with its careless romps and its picnic dinner blessed by the outstretched arms of waving trees and made odorous by the sea-breeze, need not be described. It seemed hardly an hour when Humphrey Barstock was heard shouting, "All aboard," and they sailed out from the Devil's Paradise, upon their homeward way. A noticeable quiet-

ness was prevalent among the company, but it was far different from that quietness which had characterized them in the morning. Any one that saw their contented faces could tell that. They sat watching the evening sun as he prepared to retire behind a curtain of fleecy clouds in the west; or listening to the sound of the little waves kissing the sides of the boat. Even the thoughtless George Farjeon was so lost in reverie that, when a certain tack brought them near the land, he started up and exclaimed: "All hands to port," though they were still half a mile from the wharf.

"Oh, see, Harl!" he added, pointing towards the shore. "There's the place I told you about. How do you explain that?"

It was, indeed, curious. For some distance, the coast presented to the sea an upright wall of solid stone twenty or thirty feet in height, but just opposite where they then were, a narrow opening in the wall had been made, as if a brook had sometime fed the sea through this mouth. Yet the walls between which they looked were perpendicular, like those toward the sea. It was as if the wall had been made of wedge-shaped blocks of stone, placed beside each other with their blunt ends toward the water; and one of these blocks had, somehow, been left out or carried off by the waves. The villagers called it,

"The Devil's Pass," and most persons who saw it agreed that it was fitly named.

Harl Linscott gave no reply to George's question. The boat stood off on another tack. Darkness began to fall. "Let's wake them up with a song," said George.

The good people of Mooseville paused, that night, and bent their ears to catch the sound of young voices, rising in glad harmony from the waters. If their pause was never so brief, they passed on with warmer hearts and holier purposes.

The boat drew up at the wharf.

"May I escort you home?"—Charlie Templeton to Winnie Percival.

"Going to church to-morrow, Bill?"—George Farjeon to one of the boys.

"Certainly, if you wish,"—Winnie Percival to Charlie Templeton.

"Yes, I guess so. Call, when you come along."—"Bill" to George Farjeon.

"Good-night, Ella." "Good-night, Jim." "Good-night, Alice." "Good-night."—Sundries to sundries.

Good-night, reader.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

O H hasten, ye zephyrs, come up from the southward,
All fragrant with flowers and grass of the lea,
Stay not on thy journey to rest thy light pinions,
Nor toy with the waves of the loud-sounding sea.

Come bear us the swallow whose murmuring twitter
Begins with the morning and lasts with the day,
The robin, the sparrow, the thrush, and the linnet,
And all the fair birdlings you carried away.

Burst forth, laughing waters, so still on the mountain,
Oh, make the hills echo with music and glee,
We list for the rush of thine arrowy torrent,
Impatiently waiting for thee to be free.

You whisper of chasms and of sweet-scented bowers,
Of vine-covered alders, of rocks old and gray,
And seem like the moments with sorrow or gladness
Forever approaching, forever away.

Awake, tender blossoms, awake from thy sleeping,
The sun's rays are warm through the brown rustling leaves,
And gray tasseled catkins are bending above you,
Where hangs the thin web which the field spider weaves.

Come open your eyes to the mellowing sunlight,
And breathe out your breath on the fluttering air,
Your beauty enchants us, your perfume incites us,
For no Eastern incense was ever so rare.

Now gird on your verdure, nude arms of the forest,
Too long have your weird hands been pointing on high,
Too long have the cold winds caressed your bare fingers,
We wait for the rustle of leaves in the sky.

Come back, happy days, when the slow fading sunset
Illumines the mountains, the vales and the sea,
When angels push open the gold bars of heaven,
And show us the light that for us is to be.

The winter was chilly, and gathered a harvest
Of all that the spring and the summer caressed,
The birds and the blossoms, the songs of the rivers,
The verdure in which all the mountains were dressed.

And hearts that were happy with us in the spring-time
Were chilled by the coldness, and withered away,
And ties that were tender are hardened or broken,
And loves have grown cold with the wintery sway.

Then hasten, ye zephyrs, come up from the southward,
All fragrant with flowers and grass of the lea,
Stay not on thy journey to rest thy light pinions
Nor toy with the waves of the loud-sounding sea.

HAMLET.

MEN of renowned literary merit agree, that no play of Shakespeare exhibits so perfect a portraiture of his great mind as that of Hamlet. One has said, "The perfection of art is to conceal art." According to this definition, Shakespeare's plays are masterpieces in the art gallery of dramatic literature. His characters are faithfully painted. There are no random touches in their delineation. The minor incidents are so delicately shaded as to blend harmoniously with the main design. In your interest and admiration you forget it is a picture, and for the moment believe the events portrayed as actually occurring. After reading Hamlet one feels like exclaiming, Good! most excellent! grand! These are general terms, expressive of delight and satisfaction. But to be more specific. The play under consideration embraces many and varied characters. The central figure is Hamlet. For him the greatest interest is felt, and to him is extended our deepest sympathy. His movements throughout the play are watched with the closest attention, and the faintest whisper from Hamlet's lips is listened to in breathless silence. All the characters are most fittingly chosen, and use language becoming their profession. There seems nothing

overstrained or unnatural in the demeanor or conversation of any. These characters do not represent individuals living in imagination only, but persons who walk the earth, talk, and act as men would under like circumstances. Though the play be not founded wholly upon facts, yet it is not impossible to find the counterparts in the actual events of life. Similar things have undoubtedly happened in the world's history. The play gives evidence of the author's keen insight into human nature; it evinces a thorough acquaintance with the intricate workings of the human mind. To this fact is due its immortality. Until human nature shall become radically changed, this drama will ever meet with unbounded applause, interest, and effect. Deserving especial notice in this drama is the timely introduction and exit of the characters. They enter not a second too late nor withdraw a whit too soon. They come and go just at the right time. Notice the first entrance of the ghost. Bernardo is in the act of describing to faithless Horatio its appearance a night or two ago. Notwithstanding the earnest and straightforward manner in which Bernardo tells his story, still Horatio is inclined to doubts. What better time for a ghost to enter

than in the midst of this conversation. This is only one instance of a timely introduction, but many more might be mentioned. An example of a timely, and ingenious withdrawal is seen in the exit of this very same ghost. Horatio, highly wrought upon by the sight, and in desperate eagerness, is on the point of conversing with it, when the cock crows, and suddenly the ghost disappears. The supernatural element is peculiar to this play. By some this may be considered as a blemish, but nothing seems more natural than for a ghost to appear under the then present state of things. The deed was foul and bloody enough to call back the murdered father. There is nothing in this piece to produce a weary, restless state of mind. The constantly changing scenes and the continued occurrence of unsuspected and startling events cause the interest to increase from first to last. Another thing of which it is said Shakespeare is the sole inventor, and which invention appears alone in this drama, is the introduction of a *play* within a *play*. Hamlet arranges with a company of players to act before the king and queen a scene of murder, similar in plan and execution to the bloody deed perpetrated by his uncle. His object is to draw forth some sign of guilt from the murderous king. This device is suggested by his having observed,

"That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions."

During the performance of the allotted parts, Hamlet eyes the king most sharply. He has previously said, in view of the proposed play,

"I'll observe his looks ;
I'll tent him to the quick."

This strange project has its desired effect. The king, overcome, rises to go out, angered and self-condemned. What a cunningly devised contrivance! Who but a Shakespeare would have thought of it? Notice what shrewdness Hamlet displays in naming the play. In answer to the king's question, "What do you call it?" Hamlet replies, "Mouse Trap." A mouse trap indeed, and successfully sprung upon the old rat in that it drew forth signs of self-conviction. The above reply discloses the vein of humor which now and then crops out in Hamlet's nature. Again, the circumstance of the clownish jocularity of the gravediggers fills us at once with disgust and pity. There is something repulsive in their light-mindedness. There appears a want of harmony between their conduct and profession. We can not understand at first how they can sing love songs, and engage in such foolish jesting while digging graves. Upon reflection, however, we see illustrated in this

harsh rudeness a principle of human nature ; the same oft-repeated acts tend to lessen the novelty, and diminish the strength of impressions at first received. "Thoughts, by often passing through the mind, are felt less sensibly ; being accustomed to instances of others' mortality lessens the sensible apprehension of our own." Without the scene of the churchyard, an important part would have been omitted. Now that it comes in we see how immensely it adds to the grand effect. We can not pass by Polonius, a character representing a class of persons too much concerned in other people's business. He is a meddlesome fellow, too willing to become a tool for others. At one time secreted behind the arras, intent upon listening to a private conversation between Hamlet and his mother, he receives a mortal wound from the rapier of Hamlet. Poor, wretched old man, how dearly didst thou pay for thy unlawful intrusion ! Notwithstanding his glaring fault, Polonius had some good qualities. His advice to his son Laertes is most excellent and practical. His words give evidence of a close observance of human nature and the ways of the world. The soliloquy of the king soon after viewing the play introduced by Hamlet, contains important and essential truths. There is a moral philosophy in it. The king, goaded by

conscience with the vision of the bloody deed distinctly before him, tries to pray ; he seeks forgiveness, but is still unwilling to restore the unlawful possessions so treacherously seized. Whether Shakespeare knew it or not, he has given us in this soliloquy one view of the Scripture idea of repentance.

"May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?"

The king's wretched, blackened soul, conscious of guilt, presents a most frightful picture of the torments of hell. A question has been raised by some, whether the madness of Hamlet was real or feigned. No doubt the loss of his father, and especially the manner of his death weighed heavily upon his mind, and at times led him almost captive to his grief. But when we consider the shrewdness of his plans, and their successful execution ; when we study his soliloquies, and observe the connection of his thoughts, we can not believe he was afflicted with anything but *rational* madness. Polonius himself says of Hamlet, "Though this be madness, yet there is method in't." Ophelia's madness was undoubtedly real. She was a victim to insanity in consequence of disappointed love. Poor, unfortunate woman. The play ends in a tragedy. The drama closes with a general scene of death, sad and horrible. Here, all is excitement, confusion and terror. The queen is poisoned. The king is stabbed. Laertes dies

a victim to his own treachery. Hamlet receives a death blow from the sword of Laertes while engaged in most desperate combat. The play of Hamlet can not be attentively read without much profit. One, two or three readings do not satisfy, nor with the same number can we discover

all its beauty and strength. It teaches very impressively many moral lessons. In short, the play under consideration appeals to almost every faculty in man. His reason, imagination and affections are all regarded, and occasions are constantly furnished for their most lively exercise.

OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP ANGARNARLI, INDIA, }
January, 21st, 1874. }

M^{R.} EDITOR:—The Santals are one of the aboriginal tribes of India. They have no written language, but the Bengali characters, and also the Roman, are used to represent their sounds. Their speech is most regular and complicate, and no grammar of it has yet been successfully prepared, though several attempts have been made. Like the Greek and the Sanscrit, the Santal language has three numbers, the singular, dual and plural. The verb is wonderfully flexible, and probably has more forms than that of any other language known to scholars. In a recent grammar of this remarkable language, the au-

thor lays down twenty-three tenses! No wonder that the distinguished European linguist, August Schleicher, puts the Santal into the "Turanian family of speech," or what is denominated by him "compounding languages." I believe the unlettered speech of these interesting denizens of the forest will ere long attract the attention and claim the studious research of savans.

We are making a rapid run through the Santal country, inspecting schools and publishing the gospel. The other day, on entering a long tract of dense jungle, we came upon a few burnt sticks and some fresh leaves. My Santal guide was not slow to point out a chicken's head, a little rice,

turmeric, oil, red paint, &c., that lay on the ground, and to give us the history of a bit of bone, a fragment of a human skull, that we found in the grass. Shall I tell you what it was ?

When a Santal dies, his body is burned, and from the pile of ashes, some one of the relatives takes away a piece of the skull bone. This is carefully buried under a tree until the time comes for visiting the Damudar, the Santal Ganges. Then the bone is taken to the edge of the forest and there the departed spirit is worshipped. A tripod of sticks supports the vessel containing the charred bone. A little oil is poured on the head of a chicken, already daubed with red paint, rice is scattered on the ground, a fire is kindled, and then the poor hen is beheaded and its blood sprinkled on the other offerings. All this accomplished, the superstitious man puts a bit of the skull bone in a bag, and giving the tripod a blow with a club, he walks off without looking round. This worship over, he takes the bag containing the bone and starts for the sacred stream. The journey occupies several days. On reaching the Damudar, a little rice and a few copper coins are flung

into the water, and after these the skull bone. Unless all this is done, the spirit of the deceased can never rest in peace, but in many ways will be sure to vex the impious survivors.

In the sacred groves attached to every Santal village there are little sheds erected to the *Mancko* and *Tureciko*. These words mean the Five and the Six, and refer to the spirits of those recently deceased. These are worshiped at regular intervals, and every child is taught to reverence and fear them.

But the greatest object of dread amongst Santals is the *Marang Buro*. This literally means Great Mountain, but refers to the Evil One. To appease Satan's wrath and gain his favor, they offer up many sacrifices. From the fear and service of this enemy, we are trying to win these poor, superstitious people to him who is the Friend of sinners. On New Year's day our first Santal church was organized, and we hope to see many more throughout the jungles. Let the Santals be remembered in the student's prayer-meetings, and may Bates soon send them help, even her own representative.

J. L. P.

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

V.

FOR the past month our meetings have been frequent and to ourselves important. Literary exercises, however, have been done away with. Of course, the good orthodox reader will give us up in despair as having thrown overboard the last moral hope. With a shake of the head he argues to himself—a club without literary exercises must be social, and social clubs are immoral.

The real, fundamental reason why the meetings of the Club have so degenerated, which we willingly allow, is that we are in the vortex of Commencement. "Cramming" for examinations,—reading up our "parts" and subjecting ourselves to a general reformation, in order to present the normal condition of a man, and, perhaps, something more, to our expected friends.

Our meetings are frequent, then, because we have a great deal to talk about; and important because the time is drawing nigh when they must be broken up. Besides Commencement matters, the main question is, "What are you going to do?" There are some fortunate ones who seem to have never questioned themselves as to the means they will

use to win bread and a name. But, on the other hand, the majority of us wander up through the years, and finally drift into the nearest harbor, there to grumble the remainder of our days because we didn't drift somewhere else.

It is quite probable that this is the last you will hear of the College Club, or any of its members. It has not claimed much dignity, and yet we trust it has not merited to be beneath the notice of respectable people. Dignity is no criterion of worth. A little good nature avails more. Most of us have more to do with individuals than with the public. If the Club has occasioned any loss of knowledge of books, this has been more than made good by the knowledge it has given us of men and things. It has developed our social bump, and this is the one on which we strike the world.

No paper had been assigned for our last meeting, and nothing of the kind was expected; but it had been whispered about that Harrie had been caught in the act of invoking the Muse, and after which bantering he owned, "merely a literal translation, of Horace which, to keep you quiet, I will read."

BOOK FIRST.

OF THE ODES OF HORACE.

ODE I.

NOW has the Father sent o'er hill and vale
Enough of wasting snow and hail,
And, hurling down with flaming hand
The rural towers of the land,
Terrified the city.

Terrified the nations, lest once more,
With prodigies e'en stranger than before,
Return the age of Pyrrhus, sad to tell,
When Proteus led his flocks from out the dell,
Upon the mountains ;

And tribes of fishes in the highest elms,
Entangled, when the water overwhelms
The wonted home of peaceful birds ;
And o'er the waste swam startled herds
Of timid deer.

We have seen the Tiber's baffled waves—
Cast madly back by the sea that laves
The Tuscan shore—go hurling down
The gilded palace of the crown
And Vesta's Temples.

This fond river, leaving his moss bed,
Far and wide o'erflows the mead instead,
Himself the vowed avenger bold proclaiming
Of deep grieved Ilia's complaining,
Jove disapproving.

Our children, few because of father's crimes,
Shall hear of Romans whetting swords in times
Of civil war (by which 't were better far to tell
The brave opposing Persians fell)
And battles fierce.

The College Club.

Whom of the gods shall Romans in this hour
Invoke to aid the Empire's dying power?
With what prayer shall the virgins plead
With Vesta, now unmindful of their need,
Their tearful hymns?

To whom, O Jupiter, wilt thou give the task
Of expiating crimes like ours, we ask?
O thou prophetic god, Apollo, haste,
Throw o'er thy radiant shoulders chaste
A dewy cloud.

Or laughing Venus, if thou think it best,
Around whom fly the gods of Love and Jest:
Or as descendants and a race neglect,
Thou dost, O Mars, regard us with respect,
Come to our aid:

Mars, whom clamor, harsh music of the fight,
And fierce assault of Moorish infantry delight,
And helmets bright against the enemy arrayed,
Satiated with thy sport, played
Mars too long.

Or if thou, O winged messenger of peace,
The son of gentle Maia, wilt release
Thy wings, and personate here on earth
A youth, becoming in our dearth
Cæsar's avenger,—

Late mayest thou hence to the skies return,
And joyously among the Romans learn
To dwell; nor may an untimely blast
Bear thee from us horrified at last
By our crimes.

Rather let the pomp of triumphs here delight you,
The honors of father, prince, requite you;
Nor suffer unpunished the Parthians' raid,
Whilst thou our leader, art obeyed,
O Cæsar.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

CHARLES SUMNER.

IN the life and death of Charles Sumner is a lesson for every young man; especially for every educated young man. Here was a man who began his career as the advocate of a despised and apparently hopeless cause; who was almost always in the minority; who never sought for popularity, or yielded, against his conscience, to public opinion; who spoke again and again against the popular measure or the popular favorite; who was intensely hated by the whites of the South, and not always loved or respected by the North, and who, barely a year ago, was declared to be politically dead. Yet, when death closes the scene, and Charles Sumner passes into history, the nation mourns. The largest cities in the land beg for his body, though it be only for an hour. The villages and cities of New England vie with one another to do honor to his remains. Massachusetts sends her highest talent and culture to his funeral, and even in South Carolina the bells toll and the flags are at half mast.

What is the reason of this universal sorrow? Is it because of his surpassing genius? We think not,

since even he said of himself, "People should remember that I am not a fountain. I am a cistern, and they must wait for me to fill up."

Was it not rather on account of his rigid, straight-forward honesty? because of his earnest conscientiousness? No breath of suspicion touched him. Amid all the chicanery and log-rolling of Washington he stood aloof. Friends and enemies alike believed in his honesty and devotion to duty. He ever had a distinct purpose in view which he pursued from a conviction of its rightfulness.

Here we believe was the main-spring of his success, and here is a lesson for us to learn. It is well for us to have a definite object for which to strive, in order that our strength may be concentrated. Otherwise, we pursue a given course for a short time only. A purpose is a balance wheel which regulates our efforts. But before deciding to pursue any object, we should be convinced of its worthiness, if we wish for true success.

If by success we mean simply the attainment of an object, Ben. Butler is a successful man, and yet we apprehend that few of our young men desire to obtain a sim-

ilar notoriety. Charles Sumner was morally, as well as intellectually, great. His purposes were noble, and he was terribly in earnest in his efforts to carry them out. His dying words, "Don't let the civil rights bill fail," show us how his thoughts were bound up in the accomplishment of his great purposes, and however he may have been regarded hitherto, now that death has claimed him, all unite in pronouncing his life a success.

So is it ever. A man who resolves to do his duty in all circumstances, will never make life a failure. Sooner or later he will be appreciated. His sphere may be limited, but it is certainly better to do small things well, than to attempt great things and fail. Though we can not all be Charles Sumners, we can succeed according to our abilities, remembering always that, "The best gift of a man to his fellows is character, out of which alone flows noble service."

A NEED OF THE STUDENTS.

The students recently sent a petition to the Faculty, requesting that doors be cut through the brick wall which separates the two divisions of Parker Hall. The petition was laid on the table, as our petitions usually are; or, more likely, *under* the table, for we seldom hear anything from them afterward. We do not wish to be understood as finding fault with

the Faculty, for, as a whole, we have great reason to respect them and honor them. But we did and do feel that this request is a reasonable one, and all unite in urging that it be granted. It is very inconvenient for students in the west end of the hall to be obliged to don overcoats and rubbers every time they desire to drop into the reading room, upon a rainy day, not to speak of frequent necessary errands between the two divisions. We understand that the chief objection offered by the Faculty is the danger which would be incurred in case of fire. We fail to see the force of this. The wall of division separates neither the attic nor the cellar, and if one end burns, so as to fall in, then the other must inevitably ignite. It has been objected, too, that if the building were to burn after the doors were cut through, nothing could be collected upon the present insurance policy. But the policy can be changed at any time. Dread of fire is really our strongest motive for desiring some means of communication between the two halls. There are no fire escapes connected with the building, and if the stairs were to take fire, there are no means of escape except by jumping from the windows, at the risk of broken limbs. Some provision for escape should be made; and this passage would answer every purpose, as both ends of the building are not likely

to take fire at the same time. It may cost a few dollars more every year for insurance, but the exigencies fully warrant the cost, even if iron doors have to be hung to serve in the place of the wall. This is not a move in which a few students are interested; the desire is general.

BASE BALL.

The weather is pleasant, the ground is fast drying off, and Base Ball is gradually putting in an appearance. We learn that we are to have a regular nine this season, and it is generally understood what men will be chosen to fill the positions, though the Captain has not yet made up his list. In view of this fact, we are sorry to see that same spirit evinced which caused so much trouble last year. We mean an indisposition on the part of some of our best players to practice. We are rather backward in the science of the game ourselves, but we believe it is generally agreed, that it is necessary for a nine to practice a great deal together, in order to become accustomed to one another's playing. We have noticed, too, that some of our surest players in the field are a little "shaky" at the bat. A little practice every day in striking would do much toward remedying this fault, and thus insuring a better score.

If we intend to play match or friendly games with other clubs, we ought to take more pride in

playing a good game, instead of consoling ourselves under defeat, with the excuse that we were "out of practice, and came off a great deal better than we expected."

We certainly have material for a good club, and it is too bad to be beaten so often for want of practice. Something has been said about a uniform for the club; it would certainly be an improvement, and we hope to see it.

POSTPONEMENT.

Apologies are always disagreeable, both to the writer and reader, and it is with no feeling of pleasure that we write this. Necessity, however, compels us. Owing to the illness of the person entrusted with the duty of writing a sketch of the life and character of the late Dr. Balkam, we have been obliged to postpone the article promised for this month to the May number.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Yale Literary Magazine* for March is hardly up to its usual standard. It contains an amusing article on criticism, which many students would do well to read and profit by. The old board of Editors close their labors with this number. As a rule, we consider this our best exchange. — We are glad to welcome the *Dartmouth* to our table once more. It had been absent so long that we had begun to despair of seeing it again. The incidents of Web-

ster's home life are very interesting. As a whole, the prose articles are good, but we must confess that we fail to appreciate the poetry.—The *Packer Quarterly* is always carefully perused, but with the exception of *Dream Fancies* and *Middlemarch* and *George Eliot*, we found little in the last number to repay us.—The *Williams Vidette* is readable as usual. It contains a pleasant little poem, entitled, "Found! A Valentine." To be sure the ideas are not new, but the language is so fresh and the rhythm so easy and natural, that we hardly notice this. Let us have another poem by the same author.—The *Advocate* presents its usual fine selection, especially of poems. Of these, "A Dream" is very amusing, as well as "My Uncle's Madeira." The former will be better appreciated by the editor than by the general reader.—The *Targum* for March is made up of short, pithy articles which interest us without being studied either in thought or expression. The poetry is about average.—The *Olio* is one of the best of our western exchanges. The last number devotes rather too much of its space to Quakers and Shakers. We wish the new board of editors the

greatest success.—We have received the third number of the *Alfred Student*, and are much pleased with it, as, indeed, we have been with its predecessors. The *Student* has already taken a high rank in college journalism. We are glad to welcome it to our exchange list.—The *College Mercury* makes good selections of poetry, but where is the original?—The *Madisonensis* has an article on long lessons which we would like to have all Professors read and act upon. A few less "Flakes" would be an improvement.—The *Western Collegian* is quite rich in College news. It protests with reason against the discontinuance of the University Reading Room. It is certainly surprising that it should be thought of.

NOTE. We call attention to the advertisement of Robert J. Mulligan & Co., which appears for the first time in our columns. A large size Family Sewing Machine at the low price of ten dollars. This small sum brings the great labor-saving power within the reach of hundreds of families that are unable to purchase the more expensive machines. All would do well to read their advertisement carefully before purchasing elsewhere.

some of the Juniors indulged at the sight of the masons *doing up that hole*, he would despair of ever impressing them with Evidences of Christianity.

—A Senior, working hard upon his Commencement Part, and not liking to be disturbed, gave the candy boy a quarter to stay out of his room for a week. Next day boy was around as usual. "Here! young man," said the irate Senior, "did n't I pay you to stay out of here for a week?" "Yes," replied the youth, "but *I ain't begun to stay out yet.*"

—Dr. Hopkins—“What does your enjoyment of a witty man depend on?” Student—“It is in proportion to his wit.” Dr. H.—“Suppose he is a good man?” Student—“In proportion to his goodness.” Dr. H.—“Well, suppose he knows a great deal?” Student—“In proportion to his nose.” (Class howls.)—*Williams Review.*

VIRTUTIS NARRATIO.

The light of morn was coming fast,
As in to recitation passed
A youth, who, in his noble mien,
Proclaimed a virtue never seen,—
Stamina!

—The principal parts of college life at Harvard — Gormandizo, Guzzleiri, Snoozivi, Flunkum. — *Williams Review*.

—SCENE.— Junior den, student scanning. There comes a tapping at the door — visitor enters, while student concludes his scanning, with the exclamation, “Quod si com-min-u-as !”—[Ex.

—If Prof. ——— could have heard the expressions in which

His brow was smooth ; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a sun-flower in a wreath,
 And like a Freshman's fish horn rung
 The accents of his supple tongue,—
 Stamina !

In Parker Hall he saw the light
 Of Vernon's fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above a little hatchet shone,
 And from his lips escaped a moan,—
 Stamina !

"Do not go in," his class-mates said,
 "With ancient Greek to stock your head.
 Stay out with us. We'll rest to-day."
 But this was all they heard him say,—
 Stamina !

"You'd better stay," said one and all,
 As he went through the outer hall.
 A tear rolled down his manly cheek,
 And he replied, "I'll go for Greek,"—
 Stamina !

"Don't mind the Prof's unjust request ;
 Beware the direful anapest ;"
 Such were the shouts sent on his track,
 But still that unknown word came back,—
 Stamina !

A moment more, and down the stair
 He came with proud and lofty air ;
 A look of joy beamed in his eye,
 As still he murmured with a sigh,—
 Stamina !

He then went to his den and wrote
 A mournful, sad, but silly note,
 Of him who hacked the cherry-tree,
 And a boy who cried beneath the sea,—
 Stamina !

In that an axiom can be seen,
 That things will "cut" if they are keen.
 And while his holy words go round,
 He still keeps up that wondrous sound,—
 Stamina !

Molest him not, but let him raise
 His songs of virtue and of praise.
 And let the Class adopt his cry,
 Resolved to shout it till they die,—
 Stamina !

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COLLEGE ITEMS.

THERE is great rejoicing over the fact that the college gymnasium is to be fitted up soon. It is to be hoped that the good work will not stop until some new balls are placed in the bowling alley.

The Germania Band, assisted by some distinguished vocalist, will furnish music for the Commencement Concert, the 16th of June. Persons out of town, wishing to secure seats, can do so by letter or telegram after May 1st. Address Thos. Spooner, Jr., Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

The orator for Commencement is Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., of Harvard University. Dr. Peabody was for several years the editor of the North American Review, and has lectured before lyceums quite extensively. The lecture will take place Wednesday evening, June 17th.

The Sophomore Declamations, of March 19th, came off very pleasantly at the Main St. Free Baptist Church. The declamations—partly original and partly selected—were rendered very creditably indeed. Mr. Douglass was awarded the prize, apparently with the approval of the entire audience.

The students of Princeton have long desired to publish a weekly or monthly college newspaper, and have made repeated requests to the Faculty for permission, but have been met with a peremptory refusal in every case.—*Courant*.

The Senior Exhibition occurred at the College Chapel on the evening of the 25th of March, and was certainly a success. The class was well represented both in numbers and talent. The subjects were happily chosen and ably treated, and each speaker held the attention of the audience throughout.

The new Yale boat-house will cost \$12,000, and will be the best in the country. It will be built with a view to elegance as well as convenience; will be surmounted by a spire, have a covered piazza on three sides, and be capable of containing 80 boats.

The course of historical lectures by Prof. Malcom will commence Tuesday, May 12th. The lectures are before the Senior Class, and more especially for their benefit, but are open to all. They will be delivered in the college chapel as follows: May 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.; 16th, at 9, A. M.; 18th, 19th and 20th, at 7 1-2, P. M.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'71.—J. N. Ham has tendered his resignation as principal of the Augusta High School.

'71.—J. T. Abbott was married to Miss Alice Merryman, of Boston, Mass., Feb. 7, and is now in the Conveyance Office of Fitch & Kern, Court Square, Boston.

'73.—E. P. Sampson is having a vacation of three weeks, and occasionally puts in an appearance at B. College.

'73.—A. C. Libby is at Lowell, Mass., in the Engineer's Office of the Lowell and Andover R. R.

'74.—F. P. Moulton,—*Nondum laureati*,—has been appointed Instructor in the Lewiston High School.

[Space will be given each month to the record of one alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1869.

FILES, GEORGE BYRON.—Born at Troy, Maine, April 11, 1843. Son of Reuben W. and Mary J. Files.

1869—'73.—Principal of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine.

1871, August 14, married, to Miss Aroline M. Fernald, only daughter of Rev. Samuel P. and Hannah E. Fernald, Melvin Village, N. H.

1874.—March 28, was elected principal of the Augusta High School.

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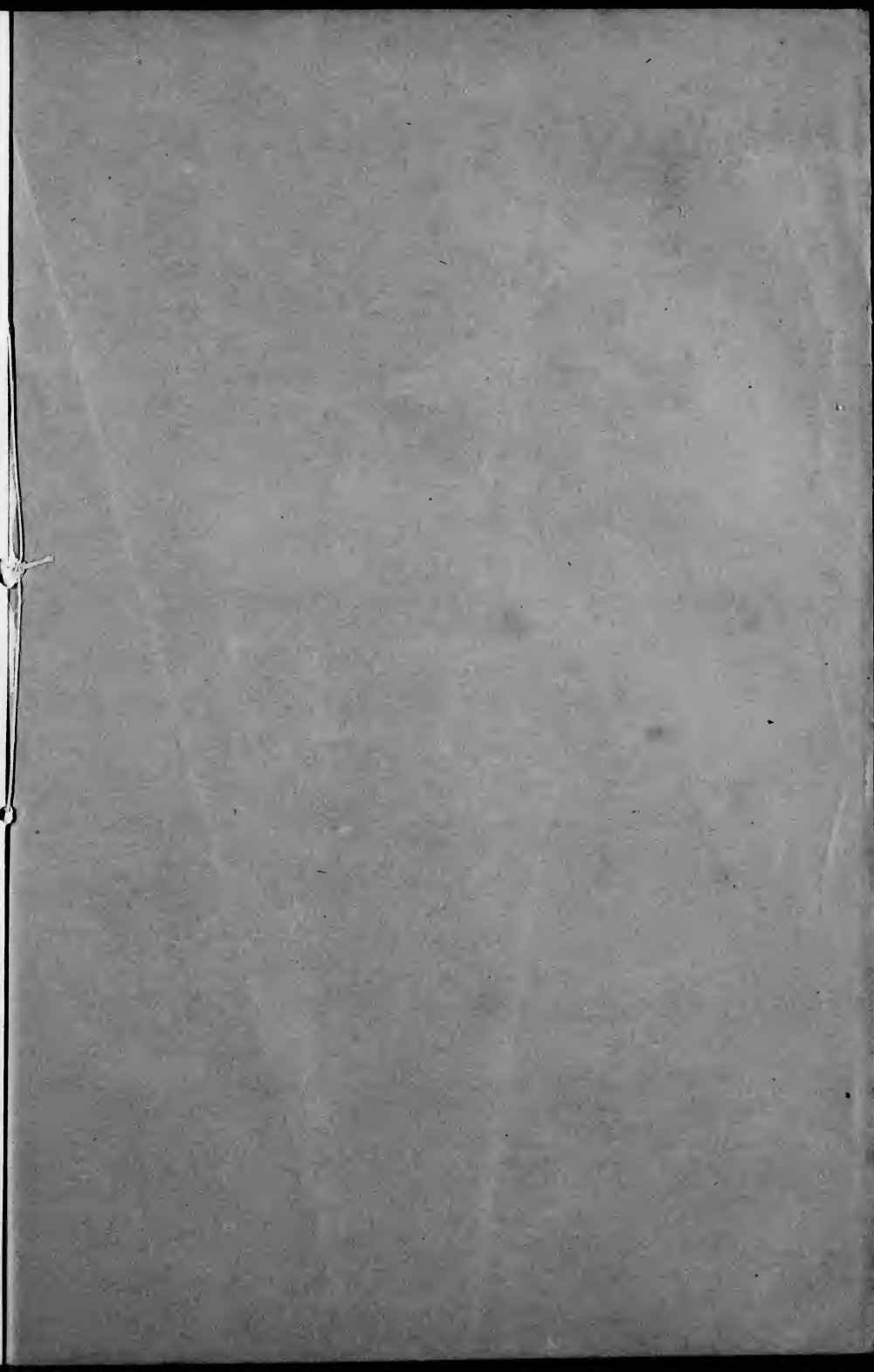
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No. 5.

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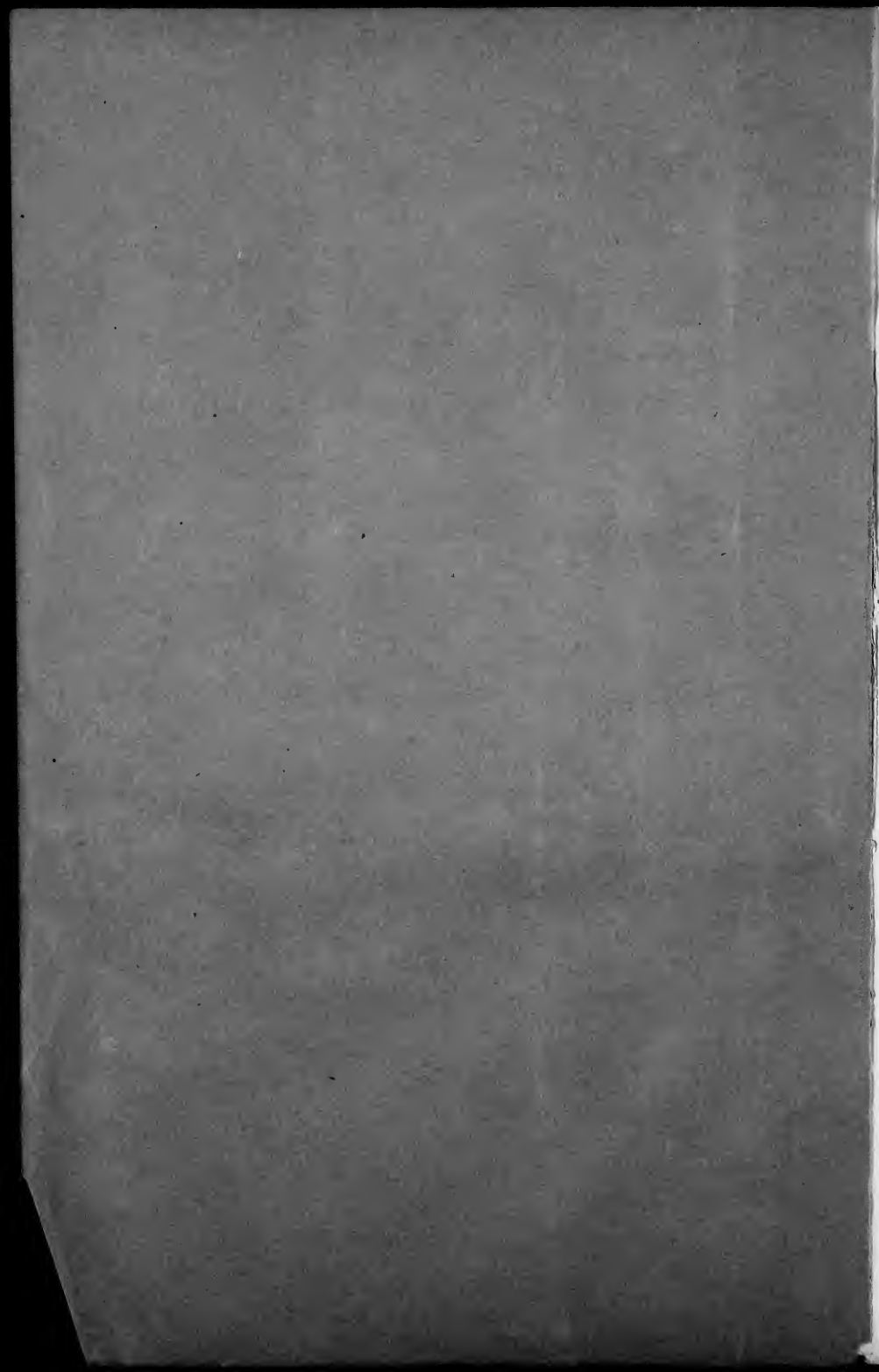
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1874.



THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1874.

No. 5.

PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER II.

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text.
—As You Like It.

"Frank Dinsmore is a great booby!"

The reader has it on the authority of one of the prettiest young ladies in Mooseville, that Frank Dinsmore was a great booby. The language is certainly expressive, if not elegant. It is but fair to say, however, in behalf of Frank, that he was not a booby at all, pretty young lady to the contrary notwithstanding.

Seriously, Frank Dinsmore was, as has been already asserted, a boy of almost unbounded possibilities. But he belonged to that unfortunate class of people, whose positive need of appreciation and encouragement is often met by coldness, and sometimes by contempt. It is impossible to say how much these persons themselves aid in

the creation of the cold atmosphere that surrounds them. If they shun the fire, they can not hope to be warmed.

Now and then, as you stand, uncertain, in the streets of a busy, bustling city, you are thrilled by the sound of a kindly voice, asking, "Can I direct you?" but in general, you must, at least, make bold inquiry, or remain as uncertain as ever. Men of business can not stop to help you; others will not.

And so, certain classes of men, some from reserve or diffidence, others from true, gentlemanly feeling, stand in the background and let the hurrying crowds of brothers who would gladly answer their call for sympathy pass on beyond the reach of their voices.

In New England, where every one is expected to be "doing something," such persons are usually held in low estimation. 'Modest worth should grace a missionary, not a man.' Smartness is the great requirement. Parents must have a "smart" teacher for their children. No matter if his speech is vulgar and his manners are boorish; he is "smart." And even the minister of the gospel, though graced with every virtue, must be "smart" or he is doomed to hard work, debt, and disgrace. Thus true merit often meets with the neglect which a showy recklessness deserves.

But it was not wholly this Yankee contempt for modesty which prompted the opening words of our chapter. If you had asked the pretty young lady why she spoke them, she might have answered with Harl Linscott: "A man should never be a woman!" Woman has so long been called the weaker sex that she herself has come to despise delicacy of feeling, especially in man, as an unpardonable weakness. And in this way, Frank Dinsmore came to be looked upon at first as a necessary and endurable evil, and then as a positive nuisance. "He has no spunk" is a phrase which has proved fatal to the happiness of many another besides Frank.

He had, at least, a quick feeling, and when he saw how matters were turning, he withdrew

himself as much as possible from all companionship. Had it not been for Alice Percival, he would have shunned society altogether.

The secret of the whole matter lies here: He was a shy, bashful boy; weak, if delicacy of feeling be weakness, and truly weak in his inability to overcome discouragements. Lacking confidence in himself, he needed constant encouragement. Cheer him with kind words and there was nothing that he could not and would not do; sneer at him, and he would drop down at your feet in despair. Ah! the world crushes thousands of noble, throbbing hearts and, passing on, despises the sacrifice which it claimed. Where are Christian charity and Christian love that these hearts do not find them?

The study of Frank's inward life is not a pleasant study. How could it be pleasant to us, when it was so fraught with pain to himself? The smallest things, the slightest word of his, which the hearer forgot as soon as it was uttered, sometimes caused him real and lasting regret. He often dwelt upon a slight till it became an insult. At such times, he was ready to cry out against God for making him so weak; or,—and this was at rare intervals—against the whole human family for their coldness and lack of charity. It is no wonder that, in this way, he became fretful. Not having elastic

force enough to repel his morbid thoughts, he sank into a state of grieving at his lot, a thing which was all the more to be lamented as it sometimes manifested itself in fits of sullenness and positive ill temper.

On the morning after our excursion, Frank awoke much earlier than usual and looked about him with a sleepy, half-petulant gaze. 'He always did awake earlier Sunday morning and he would like to know the reason. He didn't know as any one was to blame, but he really did wish he wasn't so wakeful on Sabbath morning,—the only time in the week when he was at liberty to sleep as long as he chose. He didn't know what he should do, for he couldn't get to sleep.' So he did just what he had done a hundred times before under like circumstances. His eye followed the old familiar tracings of the wall-paper. He began with a faded rose above the mantel. There was another faded rose at the left, just across a rope of vines; and so on around the room, in an unbroken line. Then he followed them vertically and obliquely till they disappeared behind the ceiling or the floor. While he is lying in this half-dreamy state, let us look more closely about the room.

A new-fashioned bureau, an old-fashioned chair and stand, and two old pictures constituted all the furniture of the room besides the

bed. No! not all. It would be inexcusable not to mention that genealogical, worsted palm-tree on the wall, "Wrought by Mehitable, Daughter to Piam, in the year 1755, aged 11." It would be equally inexcusable not to make more explicit mention of the two pictures that graced the wall. There was none of that uncertainty about them which is the plague of modern art. Look at a modern (or ancient, for that matter) statue of Apollo, for instance, and how are you going to know whether it is Apollo, or Hercules, or Jim Fiske, or any other of those old Roman celebrities? But here, every element of doubt was eliminated. The prints represented the "Death-bed of Washington," and the "Death-bed of President Harrison." There might have been room for doubt, even here, whether the two pictures did not portray the same scene, had it not been for their different names and the foot-notes under each. The same stiff-looking man stared at you over the head-board; the same very black negro held to his eyes the same exceedingly white handkerchief; the same lady in deep mourning knelt beside the same dying man; and the same two boys were squeezed in a similar agony between the bedstead and the wall, in both pictures. In both pictures, too, the stiff-looking man and the very black negro were put down in the foot-note

as, respectively, the physician and the colored servant. And here the resemblance ends. The lady in deep mourning is Lady Washington or Lady Harrison, according as you consult the first picture or the second. And now, mark how the artist has improved upon history itself; for here, behind the bedstead, stand Washington's two sons, of whose existence even, history is complacently ignorant. And again, with the very refinement of accuracy, the artist absolutely settles all doubts as to the identity of the dying man, by writing the name, "George Washington," below the bed.

Such were the surroundings of Frank Dinsmore, on that Sabbath morning. For a long time he lay in that half-sleeping, half-waking state, when, if ever, the mind is at rest. At length, however, some mysterious association suggested to his mind the scenes of yesterday, and roused him in an instant. The remembrance of his own display of weakness came to him with a painful shock. He should never dare to hold his head up any more. People would point at him the finger of scorn and call him "baby." Oh, why had God made him as he was?

He recalled the kindness of Alice Percival and the scorn of Linscott. Strange to say, he harbored toward the latter no resentment whatever. "It's all in me," he said to himself. And this was

the way he always reasoned, in such cases. Self-condemnation was an element of his nature.

Something in the character of Linscott filled Frank with admiration. He looked upon the former as a stern censor, an upright judge of the actions of men. He admired that serene contempt for the good or bad opinion of others which appeared to characterize Linscott. This, together with a calm assurance of his own good judgment, seemed to Frank to constitute the very essence of manliness. He desired to know him better, though he knew that his tender spirit would shrink from the companionship as the flesh from the knife.

Occupied with these thoughts, Frank arose and went down stairs. His mother had breakfast and a smile all ready for him.

"How do you feel, this morning?" she asked.

"Don't ask me any questions, mother. I feel well enough."

He repented his crossness before it found vent, and made up for it by putting on a "smiling morning face" and changing his tone to one of cheerfulness. The next hour was spent in a cheery, thoughtless happiness, till the ringing of the bells summoned the drowsy town to church.

Mooseville had been asleep all the morning. The sun had shed its unclouded glory on lowly cottage and lofty spire, to no purpose.

The streets were as silent as if the Angel of Death had visited every house in the watches of the previous night. Occasionally, you might see a girlish face peeping out from an inconspicuous doorway, and then a girlish form gliding, with anxious and unnecessary stillness, to a neighbor's house. This is a full two hours before service. Wait till her toilet is complete, and you shall see this same miss sail out of the front doorway under a flutter of ribbons and a battery of admiring eyes.

A half-dozen such girls stood ready to answer the first stroke of the bell by rushing out of doors and into the church. These wanted to see everybody that came. A half-dozen others gauged their time so that they might enter the church on the very last stroke. These wanted to be seen by everybody. Still other six walked in demurely with their mothers and sat down quietly. These wanted to see nobody and be seen by nobody.

I will not delay to tell you all about this Sabbath scene, — how the boys sat outside on the fence, till they saw the parson approaching; nor how the middle-aged men stood out on the platform, talking politics, or telling yarns of the sea, and a hundred other things. Suffice it to say, that lame old men and tottering old women; loafers from the wharves and gentlemen from the mansions; well-

dressed children and poorly-dressed children, all came to hear the good Parson Polyglot in the white church on the hill. Even Harl Linscott came, and the usher put him and George Farjeon in Mrs. Dinsmore's seat.

Behind the minister came Charlie Templeton and his mother and sister; for Parson Polyglot, so-called by the parish, was no other than the Rev. Mr. Templeton, Charlie's father.

The minister stood, noble and erect, behind the pulpit. He read the 6th chapter of Romans, and chose for his text the 20th verse: "For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness." His theme, though not formally announced, was,—*The Nature of Sin.*

"It needs not," he said in conclusion, "the words of inspiration to tell us what sin is. When we look around us and see how disease fastens itself upon the man of wicked ways; how remorse or vain regret follows him all the days of his life, what can we think, but that God is punishing him for his iniquity? And again, when we behold the prosperity of the upright; when we note their peace of mind even in adversity, what can we think, but that God is rewarding them for their uprightness? Oh, my hearers, what must be the heinousness of sin, when God thus sets upon it the seal of his displeasure!"

He then passed from the laws of God as shown in nature to the same laws as set forth in the Bible, and closed with an earnest appeal for nobility of soul and purpose.

It was a sermon full of thought, but not calculated to stir men's souls. The audience went out, meditative. George Farjeon invited Frank Dinsmore to his room, and they walked on in silence. No one spoke until they had reached the room, when Harl Linscott broke out: "This, then, is the Parson Polyglot of whose goodness we have heard so much! This is the 'good Parson whose name everybody loves'! A fine Parson, indeed. A fine old hypocrite, rather!"

Frank looked horrified, but Harl went on without noticing it.

"Do you suppose he believes what he said this morning?" he continued. "And yet I suppose the people all swallowed it for gospel truth."

"Why, don't you believe what he said?" asked Frank, timidly.

A sneer rose to Harl's lips, and he was going on without noticing the interruption; but suddenly he winked to George, and, turning to Frank, asked: "How do you know there is any such thing as sin?"

"Why, the Bible says so," answered Frank, confidently.

"And what is the Bible?"

"The Bible is God's word."

"But how do you know that the Bible is God's word?"

"Why," said Frank, who had never thought it a thing to be doubted, "because everybody says so."

"Yes," said Harl, smiling, "but are you sure that *everybody* believes in the Bible?"

"Oh, of course the heathen don't. They don't know any better."

Linscott seemed amused at the simplicity of this answer. He continued his catechism thus: "Don't the heathen have any religion?"

"Oh, yes,"—

"Oh, yes," interrupted Harl, with an expression of disgust, "they have a religion! 'But they are poor heathen. They don't know any better.' Why don't they say to us: 'We worship Allah. You worship a false God. But we pity you. You are poor heathen. You don't know any better.'"

"Oh, this vile superstition is the ruin of us all! If one whom we call a bad man is sick, the Parson calls it a punishment for his sins; if the same man regains his health and becomes wealthy and powerful, God is preparing to embitter his happiness by a fall; and if, despite these croakings, he comes to a good old age and then quietly dies, straightway the town is shocked by the terrible judgment that has fallen upon the wicked

man. By what authority do we call men bad? We approve to-day the acts which our fathers condemned. A few generations, and men will laugh at our bigotry and do deeds which would horrify us by their monstrosity. Talk about Parson Polyglot's believing what

he said this morning! He knows too much for that!"

Frank Dinsmore was confused and astounded. He went home to meditate in secret upon what he had heard. A doubt had been suggested to his mind, and from that doubt grew branches that shadowed his whole life.

MUSIC.

ALL the world is full of music,
Nature is not dumb;
Life and action rouse creation
With their busy hum.

There is music in the whirlwinds,
When the tempests gather;
Music in the stream that murmurs
On its way forever.

Forest depths are ever vocal
With the life they hold;
While winds breathe a soothing requiem
Through their branches bold.

In the rich and busy city
With its deaf'ning din,
Music comes from countless sources,
Life and joy to win.

Bells that ring their call to duty
In a sterner note,
Chime their sounds with mellow voices,
Mingling as they float.

The Profession of Politics.

Ocean's billows breaking ever
 On the pebbly sand,
 Make sad music for the exile
 From his native land;

For they fill his soul with musings
 Of life's early spring,
 As he strives to read the meaning
 Of the dirge they sing.

Valleys rich with life and verdure,
 Mountains wild and high,
 All the works of God's great wisdom
 'Twixt the earth and sky,

Blend their varied sounds together,—
 One harmonious band,—
 Filling earth's remotest confines
 With their chorus grand.

THE PROFESSION OF POLITICS.

WHEN I consider the several professions, I can not help regarding the profession of politics the most inviting and noblest of them all."

"Why, dear sir, what do you mean by such a use of terms? Do you mean to say there is a profession of politics?"

"Certainly. When I think of the signification of the word 'profession,'—the preparation, trained powers and field of action it im-

plies, — I see no inconsistency in the expression, 'profession of politics.'"

"I must thank you for introducing a topic, which, though the lateness of the hour forbids present discussion, will surely be a pleasant theme of thought to me. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night."

This conversation, which took place at the close of a meeting of a literary society, sug-

gested the subject of this paper.

What is meant by profession ? Says Webster : "Profession is the business which one professes to understand and follow for subsistence." Formerly, there were three professions—or learned professions as they were called—theology, law, and medicine. No one will deny that by established usage the word is now properly applied to many employments outside the so-called learned professions. "The business which one professes to understand and follow for subsistence." The lawyer acquires a certain amount of knowledge, and uses it to earn his bread. The politician does the same. How then can it be consistent to say profession of law, and inconsistent to say profession of politics ?

"A lawyer," says the objector, "spends two or three years in acquiring knowledge essential to his success. He reads the works of the best jurists. He drills himself in mute courts. In short he serves an apprenticeship, as does the mechanic. The same is equally true of the clergyman and the physician. Their influence, the influence wielded by cultivated minds, is a national blessing. Place the politician in turn beside the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician. How marked in each case is the contrast ! A professional man, properly so called, has served a long apprenticeship ; has

lofty aims ; has a broad field for the exercise of his powers. None of these things can be said of the politician."

Let us consider these objections. There is a certain amount of superiority, of dignity, connected with our idea of a professional man. Knowledge always commands respect. In looking at politics, men notice only what is far too prominent, trickery and knavery. They utterly confound the terms, political trickery, and profession of politics. They see in Butler the politician, in Sumner the statesman. "If all political men had served an apprenticeship similar to that of Sumner ; if they had as lofty aims ; if they exerted a like influence, then we might speak of a profession of politics." Thus says the objector.

Is it true that politicians do not serve an apprenticeship ? Does not every politician prepare himself for his business by study more or less extensive ? The idea of a politician implies a knowledge of the condition, needs and prospects of a certain number of people. But how can this knowledge be gained save by study ? It is not necessary that it be obtained at the schools. It is essential only that it be acquired. To say that many, or even the majority of politicians are not educated, is not proving the non-existence of a profession of politics. To say, as can be said with truth, that many

lawyers are ignorant men, is not proving the non-existence of a profession of law. In each instance, it simply proves that there are ignorant men earning their livelihood in these professions. Hence, our common expressions, — a shrewd lawyer, an eminent jurist, a shrewd politician, a great statesman. We do not exclude a shrewd lawyer from the profession of law. Why then should we exclude a shrewd politician from the profession of politics? In like manner, the existence of medical and theological quacks does not prove the non-existence of the professions of medicine and theology. Yet in each of these are men worse, in point of education, than the worst politicians.

“Again,” urges the objector, “the aims of professional men are high. Petty politicians are not men of high aims.” Be it so. But are those men of high aims who, calling themselves physicians, spend their time in boiling herbs, and mixing poisons? or those who, styling themselves clergymen, employ their time in carefully transcribing Beecher or Spurgeon for the edifying of their hearers? Luther, John Marshall and Charles Sumner belonged respectively to the professions of theology, law, and politics, notwithstanding they were surrounded by men of low aims who disgraced these professions.

The graduate of the medical

school steps forth into the world eager to improve men’s physical condition, and thus enlarge the measure of their happiness. He has studied that curious piece of God’s handiwork, the human body. He has been inspired by the noble successes of those who have honored the profession with their genius. He feels his to be a high calling, and the circle of his influence to be of almost incalculable diameter.

The law student hangs out his shingle and waits for business. He is versed in history. The writings of the finest jurists of all ages are familiar to him. He nobly resolves to honor the profession in which so many of earth’s greatest minds have loved to labor. Think you the field of his influence is narrow?

The student leaves the theological seminary, steeped in ecclesiastical history, filled with inspiration by the grand achievements of the heroes of the church, eager to press forward toward the realization of his ideal. He is to labor for the welfare of men’s souls. He is a teacher; the world is his school; men’s present and eternal happiness is the object of his labors. How wide his influence! How grand his mission!

Lofty are the ideals; grand, indeed, are the fields of action of the physician, the lawyer, the clergyman! How immeasurably grand, then, must be the sphere

of his influence, whose duty it is to combine these! Yet such is the business of the politician. The physical well-being of the people demands that he have a knowledge of the human body, of the sanitary regulations of his own country and others, of the history of the causes and cures of epidemics. A knowledge of the laws of his own country, of the important laws of the leading nations,—of their influence, their likeness or unlikeness to those of his country—is obviously indispensable. A knowledge, too, of the morality of different nations, of the history of the relations of church and state in certain periods, of the causes and tendencies of religious upheavals, is plainly essential.

Thus, in point of apprenticeship, or preparation for his business, in the character of his aims, in the extent of his field of action, in brief, in the grandeur of his mission, the politician compares favorably with the physician, the lawyer, or the clergyman. Why, then, the comparison being thus favorable, shall we have a profession of medicine, of law, of theology, and not a profession of politics? Must we not admit that, when we think of the signification of the word profession — “the preparation, trained powers, and

field of action it implies”—we see no inconsistency in the expression, profession of politics?

The objections to the expression, profession of politics, arise from regarding political trickery and the profession of politics as synonymous terms. That they are not has, I think, been shown. This misapprehension of terms is common. A college graduate chooses the law, or theology, or medicine, as his profession. His friends congratulate him on his choice, and wish him success. But let him elect politics as his profession, and his friends can not restrain their disgust. They immediately picture to themselves the disgraceful part he must play in political intrigues. It is ignorance which prepares such mental phantasmagoria. There is no greater danger to the true man in politics than in any other business. Such objectors are eager for the promotion of education, but sneer when a college graduate proposes to carry the influence of his disciplined mind into this their realm of ignorance. What shortsightedness! What consummate folly! Let such objectors consider the effect upon our national well-being, had we possessed ten Sumners instead of one.

OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

UNPATRIOTIC JOURNALISM.

THERE is abundant ground for mortification and pain in the actual dishonesty that has found play in public affairs, and carried distrust into all spheres of political and financial responsibility. The demonstrated want of moral stamina, the utter selfishness in so many holders of responsible trusts, can never be too deeply lamented nor rebuked with too severe a condemnation. But there is hardly less ground for regret and shame in the reckless manner in which political and sensational journals exaggerate suspicions of these things into affirmations, proclaim charges for partisan effect without regard to fact, and sting, with their envenomed insinuations, reputations that can in no other way be impaired, simply in order to weaken an opposite party or discredit an enterprise which they dislike. The employment of such weapons by persons or journals to whose characters they are appropriate can do little harm where they are known. But when employed by journals of world-wide repute and national circulation, no amount of good they can do by the exposure of actual wrong, can atone for the mischief they create by filling the air with unjust insinuations.

I believe one gets a more impres-

sive and distressing view of these things when he goes out of the country, and sees how foreign peoples, who can not estimate the value of these partisan representations, are affected by them, when they equally believe what either side says of the other, and must conclude, either that our political journals are convicted though unpunished liars and libelers, or that all our public men and most beloved and trusted army officers are knaves. The circumspection which the press is everywhere obliged to preserve in this country, makes it difficult to accept the former conclusion, and so the latter seems far more general in this country than I like to confess.

The impression is produced that dishonesty and corruption are immeasurably more prevalent and colossal than the reality, that they make the custom not the exception; and hence the conclusion can not be avoided, that the protest and resistance bear no proportion to the magnitude of the evil, and, either that the whole country is so in league with dishonesty, or so entirely prostrated beneath its colossal stride, so helpless in the power of rings and railroads, that resistance and remedy are alike impossible. It can hardly admit of question, that the two

circumstances now alluded to, turned American bonds out of the European market last autumn, augmented the legitimate distrust at home, and so precipitated the financial crisis.

These causes of the financial crisis have undoubtedly contributed, independently as well as through that, to produce a falling off in the emigration from this country to the United States. The supposed general dishonesty of government officials and the ring robberies, are so paraded in the German newspapers, along with exaggerated statements of the real and imagined consequences of the late disasters in the stock and money markets, as to dissuade Germans from emigrating to America.

The effect of these representations, we can not doubt, is greatest upon that class whose emigration would be of the greatest advantage to the United States, viz. : the honest, who wish to accumulate by their own industry, who aspire to improve the condition of their families, but not to be a prey to the harpies of dishonesty nor be compelled, as in this country, to yield a lion's share of their earnings to the collector of taxes. Those who have schooled themselves here in the practice of dishonesty are only too likely to be attracted by the common report, that in America the meanest men become speedily rich and politi-

cally exalted. This unenviable reputation presents to European minds a perplexing enigma. They can easily understand what it is to be betrayed and cheated. It is no mystery, that the baker who cooks their flour should let a part of it swell his own loaf. That is expected; and the utmost that vigilance can hope to secure in these relations of common life, with the working classes, is to prevent the cheating from going beyond an endurable limit. But how people of official and commercial rank, and in positions of Governmental trust, should not be inspired with a higher self-respect, and a more becoming regard for the station itself, is to them a mystery. And how people known to lack these qualities can still retain official position, is to them a still greater mystery, and a sad interpreter of the genius of American institutions, as well as of the American conception of honor. An American here meets many people who desire to ask for an explanation of these things, but who only with hesitation yield to the desire. It seems to them, and no wonder, like asking a stranger, whose brother was hung, or ought to have been, to explain how a member of a once reputable family could become so wicked. Honest and patriotic Americans, when abroad, even more than while at home, must feel personally deeply wronged

by the men who have so debauched public sentiment, and dishonored their country by the origination of black Fridays, railroad stock swindles, city government and revenue rings, and Credit Mobilier schemes.

But no less worthy of indignation and chastisement are those persons, or journals, so insensible to moral distinctions and to the value of personal and national honor, that they wittingly contribute directly or indirectly to create the impression, that the principles and motives manifest in the transactions just alluded to are universal in public life. Those partisans who seem determined never to cease their endeavors to pro-

duce the impression that Gen. Howard is animated by no purer and more unselfish motives than some of the men who in public life have endeavored to maintain and to profit by that system of caste, for the ultimate destruction of which he has done so much, are not only the enemies of one man; they are the foes of the country, the defamers of its good name; they wrong every honest patriot who wishes that modesty and honesty and Christian virtue should not refuse to hold office nor be driven from places of public trust and benefaction, and who wishes to belong to a country where honesty has power, and not to a nation of reputed thieves.

PROFESSOR BALKAM.

REV. Uriah Balkam, D. D., whose sudden death was noticed in a previous number of *The Student*, was born in Robbinston, in this State, March 27, 1812.

He graduated from Amherst College in 1837, and afterwards went through a theological course at Bangor. He was three times settled as a pastor, first, at Union, Maine, from which place he went

to Wiscasset, where he remained ten years. In 1855, he became pastor of the Pine St. Congregational church in Lewiston. This pastorate he resigned in October, 1870. At the session of the Trustees of Bates College in 1873, Dr. Balkam was elected "Cobb Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences." He entered on his duties in the College at the begin-

ning of the fall term, but as Prof. Hayes has been in Europe this year, Dr. Balkam performed the duties of the professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy during his connection with the College.

Dr. Balkam was a man of rare endowments. The vigor of his intellect, the versatility of his talents, and his scholarly tastes were such as to have insured him success in any of the higher callings, and yet we feel that he was singularly fortunate in his choice of a profession. He had in a marked degree the qualifications of a good preacher and pastor.

He was a natural orator. His fine form and expressive face rendered his personal appearance very attractive. His voice was rich, full and melodious; his enunciation remarkably distinct, and the easy, unaffected dignity and earnestness of his manner are seldom surpassed.

The vigor of his intellect was unusual. Activity, not rest, seemed to be its normal condition. His mind was so constituted that it must work, therefore everything, natural scenery, ordinary conversation, all the occurrences of everyday life furnished him subjects for thought. Even those things which to many would have been hindrances to thought, he subjected to the processes of his mind, and made them of use in his work. He was a genuine lover of books, and although they were never authorita-

tive, the contact with thinking minds afforded by them, was always suggestive and stimulating.

A mind so active must be productive. Notwithstanding his very remarkable powers of expression, he had, upon any subject to which he gave his attention, more thoughts than he could express. His severe critical taste compelled him to reject more material than he used. What he rejected would have seemed invaluable to ordinary writers. If, after hearing him preach, you conversed with him about the sermon, you learned that the presentation of the subject to which you had listened was one of many which he had been considering. In fact, he gave the impression to his hearers that he had great powers in reserve, that he was always capable of something better than he had done. The fertility of his mind rendered the temptation to any form of plagiarism impossible. He was, therefore, very original. His hearers felt that what he uttered was his own.

His liberality of spirit and freedom from all forms of bigotry, combined with great earnestness of purpose, made him a very effective preacher. His pulpit themes were the great truths of the Bible, such as the mission of Christ, the necessity and utility of prayer, the duties and the hopes of the Christian. While he was a sincere lover of truth, I do not

believe he ever preached a sermon that was sectarian in its spirit. He instinctively avoided those subjects, merely sectarian, upon which more narrow-minded men have wasted their energies. But, while he was careful to avoid subjects about which honest men might differ, if he did not regard them as essential, he was as bold as a lion in defense of great truths.

Rev. A. C. Adams, formerly of Auburn, in an article written for the *Christian Mirror*, gives an illustration of his fearlessness on the subject of slavery. "He stood up" says Mr. Adams, "in the crowded State Conference, and put forth suddenly, yet in his resolute and imperturbable way, a series of resolutions bearing on the subject of Slavery, at which prudent men stood aghast, but which, yet, after much debate, carried almost the entire body with him."

He was a deeply religious man. His religion was practical and gave the impulse to all his efforts. While he was interested in politics, in all the reforms, in general literature, he derived his chief enjoyment from religious sources. He especially loved devotional books and devotional hymns; and the conversation in which he most delighted was on subjects of spiritual interest. Prayer was his "vital breath." No one who heard him pray could doubt that he had communion with God. Rev. Mr.

Adams, in the article already alluded to, speaks of his wonderful prayers. At his funeral, Rev. Mr. Matthews, of Court St. Baptist church, Auburn, after an appreciative tribute to his qualifications as a preacher, in which he remarked, "I feel that we ministers of Lewiston and Auburn have lost our leader and our king in the pulpit," spoke at some length of his prayers. "No man ever prayed in my presence," said he, "who made me feel the possibilities of salvation in Christ so deeply as he did."

It is seldom, I think, that one, who is so much of a student and who prepares so thoroughly for the pulpit, is so social in his nature, and so good a pastor, as was Dr. Balkam. But with him, as may be inferred from what has been already said, pastoral work and preparation for the pulpit did not interfere with each other, but his work in either of these departments assisted him in performing the duties of the other.

To his originality and thoughtfulness, his catholic spirit, and his large fund of general information, were joined an enthusiasm and an ingenuousness almost child-like, making him one of the most delightful conversationalists I have ever met. It was easy and natural for him to make common conversation instructive, but even then, he never failed to be entertaining. By his strong and tender

sympathies, he was drawn to those in affliction and peculiarly fitted to minister to them. Lewiston never had a better citizen. He was thoroughly interested in everything which promised any material, educational or moral advantage to the place. I know scarcely a Free Baptist minister who has been a warmer friend to Bates College than he was from its start. He sympathized heartily with all the religious societies in Lewiston and Auburn, and was ever ready to acknowledge the good that they were doing. Although he was everywhere regarded as a leading and faithful minister in his own denomination, as was remarked at his funeral by his friend, Rev. Dr. Fisk, of Bath, yet he had none of the petty feeling which seeks to build up "my church" at the expense of others. Rev. Mr. Burgess, of Pine St. Free Baptist church, in his remarks at the funeral, spoke of the spirit which he manifested when he came here. "I do not want," said he to Mr. Burgess, then preaching in Main St. Free Baptist church, "to interfere with your particular sphere of labor, but I want to help you do the hard work which ought to be done in this growing place." Mr. Burgess gave him a cordial welcome, and it is worthy of remark, and creditable alike to both these pioneers in Christian work in Lewiston, that, during about twenty years of association and almost brotherly friendship, there

was no misunderstanding between them, but a constant growth in mutual affection and confidence.

When Dr. Balkam entered upon his duties in the College, he found himself associated, as an instructor, with men who had long loved and respected him. He also received a hearty welcome from the students. That the young men of the Senior Class so fully appreciated his instructions, and became so warmly attached to him personally, is the best criticism on this part of his work.

It would be impossible that the people of Lewiston should not keenly feel the loss of a man who had been, for nearly twenty years, in their midst, so able and faithful a minister. And it was a touching testimony to his excellence in these respects, that the members of the church in Wiscasset had so kept him in their hearts during the twenty years that he had been away from them, as to send their present pastor, Rev. Mr. Bolster, to attend the funeral, that he might speak for them, of their affection and their grief.

But while, not only in the College and throughout this community, but wherever Dr. Balkam was known, there is a deep sense of loss, we are grateful for the memories that remain to us, and we feel that

"We have not lost him all; he is not gone
To the dumb herd of them that wholly die;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire."

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

VETO AND PRESS.

EVERY honest man must have been gratified at the action of the President in vetoing the Senate currency bill, so unwisely passed by the House. The telegram that brought the news of the surrender of Vicksburg was received among thoughtful men with scarcely greater satisfaction. At the battle of the Wilderness, Gen. Grant was placed between two fires, as it were ; on the one hand was an intelligent staff, all advising retreat ; and on the other, the press of the North, clamoring for advance. In the midst of this bewildering storm of conflicting counsel, he evinced a tenacity of right purpose and an independence of judgment that alone solved the problem and saved the Union. Again has he been placed in a similar position. By a large majority, both houses in Congress decided to inflate the national currency, and again the press were almost a unit in protesting against it. Once more the President proved himself equal to the occasion. Himself a Western man, the West vehemently demanding inflation, surrounded by a host of inflationists, comprising many of the most gifted men in the country, besieged

by delegations of Boston and New York merchants, arrogantly informing him as to what course he ought to pursue, with Johnson's example staring him in the face, yet, notwithstanding all these influences, he placed himself squarely, as he always has, to fight it out on the line of honor and principle, thus vindicating his own promises as well as the pledges of his party.

Yet this is the man whom some of our prominent journals one day ridicule as an ignoramus, entirely dependent upon party advisers, and the next, inconsistently deplore as an arrogant Cæsar. "He makes mistakes," say the leading papers, and the little ones take up the cry. Is it not possible that some of these mistakes are viewed with a beam in the eye ? These same organs called vigorously for the Emancipation Proclamation, long before it was issued in September, 1862, and strongly censured President Lincoln for withholding it. Now, they nearly all grant that its issue at any time much prior to that date would have been, at least, a move of doubtful propriety. The future may discover that many supposed mistakes were but wisdom veiled. It is amusing to see how some of our

dailies occasionally make blunders, "bark up the wrong stump," so to speak, and also with what facility and assurance they change their tune. For instance, when the Senate passed the inflation measure, the *Tribune* and other journals cried out in horror against the outrage, and loudly condemned the addition of \$90,000,000 to the circulation. But when the *Bulletin* pointed out that the modifications of the reserve laws incorporated in the bill would really serve as a contraction of the circulation of legal tenders, then they turn about, and jeer at the ignorance of the House in passing a contraction bill, when they had supposed it a measure of inflation; howbeit, they themselves had been in a like state of delusion until enlightened by the *Bulletin*. It is interesting, and perhaps instructive, to note the difference in spirit with which certain papers greet the President's veto. Of all we have seen, the *Tribune* alone withholds credit where credit is due. It says that there is no strain of probabilities in recognizing the duty of a hearty vote of thanks to the President's *sound advisers*. This, from a paper constantly iterating that the Presidential ear is completely monopolized by ignorant and corrupt advisers, partakes rather too much of the contradictory to insure conviction. *Harper's Weekly*, always fair and charitable withal, is only strengthened in its

often expressed conviction, that, whatever his failures, General Grant is animated with a sincere and patriotic desire to do his duty.

The *Christian Union* was charitable toward the President in his perplexing position before the veto, and eulogizes his courage and judgment in making a decision. The *Nation*, usually a little caustic, discusses, in a candid manner, the merits of the message, allows its worth, and does not jealously or foolishly attribute it to any one but the President. It is truly refreshing to note how the veto has reunited the Republican press, and restored, in a certain measure, the confidence of the party. The manner in which many influential members of the press (which is the guide of the people) deprecate the condition of the government and predict its ruin, is deplorable and shameful. Although Wendell Phillips did say, "The boy is now in our schools who will write the decline and fall of the American Republic," and notwithstanding it has been the cry of Radicalism ever since, the Ship still lives, and, increasing in strength from year to year, will yet "breast successfully the storms of ages." True, barnacles still cling to her timbers; but time wasted in useless whining, if properly employed in honest criticism, coupled with sound advice, would serve, in a great measure, to clear them away. The man who stands at the helm has

just given renewed evidence of skill, and every loyal man will have strong hopes of the verdict of the future.

STUDY OF HISTORY.

Nearly a year ago, an article was published in these columns upon the study of history, and we are glad that something is being done in this direction in the form of a series of lectures by Professor Malcom; but is this enough? We fear not. Able as these lectures undoubtedly are,—and in what we say we do not wish to be understood as reflecting in the slightest degree upon Professor Malcom,—they fail to supply our need. First, because the lecturer must necessarily confine himself to a limited portion of history, and, secondly, on account of the short time occupied in the delivery of the course. This last objection, which should have been avoided if possible, is perhaps of more importance than appears at first thought. The object of such a course, as we understand it, is, not to present to the student the dry facts of history, but to introduce him to the spirit of it, to show him the proper manner of studying it; to assist us in weighing and classifying its statements, and in properly drawing deductions and conclusions from these. If these views are correct, then the subjects of the course should be announced in advance,

so that the students could familiarize themselves with the principal events of the period treated upon, and thereby be able to listen understandingly. Sufficient space to give time for reflection should also intervene between the lectures. In this way the course would be made much more profitable, and would do much more towards supplying our great need.

But to return to our first objection. It is certainly a matter of surprise that the Faculties of our American colleges are so indifferent to the claims of history and political science. While we are all drilled from two to three years in the language and literature of Greece and Rome, little attention is paid, comparatively, to what should interest us most, the history and institutions of our own country. Space forbids our considering the value of history as a disciplinary study, but even if it had no value in this direction, there are sufficient reasons for its introduction, outside of this, to confirm us in our opinion. The best minds of our time declare that we are fast approaching, if we have not already reached, a crisis in our history, and that the Republic must rely for assistance upon its educated men. Butlerism, in all its forms of political corruption and chicanery, has already attained gigantic proportions, and is every day increasing and striking its

roots still deeper in the political soil. Now, if ever, should we be acquainted with the history and principles of our government; and yet our college authorities permit class after class to graduate, totally ignorant,—with the exception of what information they pick up in the course of desultory reading,—of what most intimately concerns them, and make no effort to acquaint them with their duties as citizens, and perchance as political leaders. Let us hope that Bates will be one of the first to correct this great evil.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We were most agreeably astonished,—not to use a stronger expression,—at receiving, a short time since, an unsolicited contribution. We know not what generous emotion actuated the author, but certainly he is entitled to be considered as a Columbus in this direction. No one has ever discovered before that our columns are open to all, or has seemed to realize that the magazine was established for the benefit of the students at large; and, if we could believe that this contribution was but the precursor of many more, we should consider the future of the STUDENT as full of promise. But, alas! again and again has the invitation been given; again and again has it been urged that such contributions were necessary to make the

magazine what it should be, and yet our eyes have been gladdened by the sight of only a single article.

Now, we appeal to the good sense of the students, to say whether this is as it ought to be. We believe that every one is interested in the prosperity of the STUDENT, and that they realize the conditions necessary to attain this in the highest degree. Therefore, we take this opportunity of again extending a cordial invitation to all to send in their contributions, and cherish a faint hope that some one will respond.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Vassar Miscellany for April comes to us full of good things, and is in itself an answer to all doubts of female ability. It presents a careful selection of articles, which are not only well written but are full of thought. Among the best of the prose articles is "The Two Phases of Intellectuality." The original poem is very fine in sentiment, but fails a little in execution. — *The Tyro* appears to have been prepared under difficulties. The editors first appointed resigned, just at the time when they should have been at work, and the present editors were of course hurried. No apology was necessary, however, the present number being fully up to the usual standard of the magazine. Call again, friend Tyro,

you will always find a welcome. —We are glad to welcome the *Brunonian* again. As the March number failed to reach us, we had begun to think that it had cut our acquaintance. Considerable space is taken up by a "History of Class of '57," which is rather dull reading for those outside of the College. The "Bias of Scholarship" is a very able production, and the original poem is quite good. The editorials are above par.—The *Harvard Advocate* of April 3, contains one of the finest poems we have seen for a long time, entitled, "The Wave." We quote the first stanza:

"Fast from the wind I fly,
Both great and small am I,
Fain would I break and die,
Ceaseless my motion!
Rolling from year to year,
Many's the tale I hear,
Accents of love and fear,
In the mid ocean."

The *Cornell Times* rejoices, with reason, over the failure of the charges against the University and its founder. In spite of the numerous assaults upon it, the *Times* appears to be improving. —The *High School Budget* is by far the ablest paper of its kind with which we are acquainted,

and, in our opinion, many of our college exchanges are inferior to it. We are glad to see that peace has been proclaimed between the *Budget* and the *Herald*.—The *Bowdoin Orient* has just made another of its "splendidly null" assaults upon Bates, but truly, friend Orient,

" 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill."

By the way, is it not singular that a college of so much "prestige" as Bowdoin should stoop low enough to interest itself in anything pertaining to Bates?—We have received the first number of the *Crescent*, published by the Literary Societies of Hillsdale. It is issued monthly, and the present number is filled with short, spicy articles, which well repay the reading. We are glad to see our sister college so well represented, and wish the *Crescent* the largest success.

We have received the *College Argus*, and noticed its criticism upon us. We "acknowledge the corn," and are trying to remedy the defect; but we presume the *Argus* understands the difficulty of always procuring just such articles as one desires.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak!" Question of the day: Aren't you awful lame?

—Oh, bother cremation! We have to earn our living—and we don't want to be compelled to urn our dead.—*Ex.*

—Scene.—Recitation in Zoology. Prof.—Mr. A., what is the distinguishing characteristic of the Vertebrates? Mr. A.—Well—they have a backbone round which they *revolve* as an axis.

—The Freshmen, as a class, "embrace two young ladies." Individually they embrace an indefinite number, and the supply is not yet equal to the demand.

—One of our Seniors, while teaching in the "rural districts" this winter, was surprised to hear the S. S. Superintendent declare—looking directly at him—that, "Our young people can not be *suppressed* by any one, either inside or outside of the district." 'Tis astonishing how people sometimes hit the truth unintentionally.

—WANTED.—Fifteen or twenty copies of the *Student* for January, 1873. Persons having copies which they wish to dispose of can do so by applying to the manager, J. Herbert Hutchins.

—An exchange says, "Our nervous editor, whenever he gets excited, goes into the composing room and becomes composed." He must be a temperance man, then, else he'd go to a sample room and get "set up."—*Ex.*

—We recommend our Sophomore brethren to abstain from singing in the Chapel before the "authorities" arrive. We lately discovered a baker's dozen of Freshmen trembling before the door, and refusing to enter because "exercises had commenced."

—A Boston paper wonders why a member of Congress who recently spoke with so much feeling of the "hay seed in his hair" and "oats in his throat," forgot to complete the diagnosis of the case by alluding to the rye in his stomach.

SCENE.—Examination in Moral Philosophy.—Senior hands in paper on the topic of benevolence. Professor.—"Have you written all you can on that subject, Mr. W.?" "Yes sir; I think so." Professor (seizing an opportunity to speak a word in due season)—"It's a very good subject; a *very* good subject, Mr. W. I hope you will exemplify it in your life." Senior (also reflecting upon the proper use of a word in due season, re-

traces his steps and adds in an appealing tone)—“I hope you will exemplify it, Professor, in marking my paper.” Professor coughs and Senior retreats, wearing the blandest of smiles.—*Cornell Review*.

—A man left a bony steed on Main street last Saturday, and, coming back a short time afterwards, discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs bearing the notice, “Oats wanted—inquire within.”—*Qui Vive*.

—“Uncle Cheney: I send you two dollars for the College, which is all the money I have, except my gold half dollar.”

The above is taken from the old Me. State Sem. Advocate, and was written by one of his nephews, now in College, to Pres. Cheney. As to which one, “You pays your money, and you takes your choice.”

—**LEXICOGRAPHY.**—If we have not yet produced that great American novel to astonish the world—which, with Mrs. Stowe in mind, we do not so soon acknowledge—we have still enough to be proud of in that wonderful product of American scholarship—Webster’s Dictionary. There has never before been such a dictionary of any language—not even as the result of those years of labor which the whole French Academy, a congregation of the best scholars of France, spent upon the lexi-

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COLLEGE ITEMS.

COMMUNICATION is soon to be *re-opened* between the two divisions of Parker Hall. Iron doors have been ordered for that purpose.

A Base Ball Association has been formed recently, consisting of sixty-two members. Funds have been raised, two nines chosen, and the one thing needful now is practice. By the way, while so many improvements are being made, can't something be done towards a better ground?

Most of the apparatus for the gymnasium has been put in place, and, as a natural consequence, everybody is troubled with a sudden longing for exercise.

The Commencement Concert, the 16th of June, will be given by the Germania Band, assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Vocalist, Madame Camilla Urso, the celebrated violinist, and Mons. Auguste Sauret, pianist. Persons out of town, wishing to secure seats, can do so by letter or telegram. Address, Thos. Spooner, Jr., Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

Dr. Peabody has chosen "The Culture of the Christian Scholar," as the subject of his lecture before the united Literary Societies com-

mencement week. The lecture takes place at City Hall, Wednesday evening, June 17th.

The Seniors are to be congratulated upon the fact that they have secured City Hall for all the exercises of commencement week over which they have any control. The audience can enjoy the exercises, instead of being exhausted with frantic endeavors to keep cool.

Delegates from Williams, Princeton, Columbia, Wesleyan, and University of New York, met at the 5th Avenue Hotel in New York City, on the 3d of April, to make the preliminary arrangements for the Inter-collegiate Contest. The time was fixed as January 7th, 1875. The contest will be in oratory and essay writing, and will be held in the Academy of Music. The judges of oratory are Whitelaw Reid, Wm. C. Bryant and Dr. Chapin. Essays, Prof. Moses Carl Tyler, T. W. Higginson, James T. Fields.

Each College is entitled to one representative in oratory and two in essay writing. \$1000 was guaranteed by the committee to start a fund for prizes in scholarship, but the project will not be put in operation until the second contest.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—Rev. W. S. Stockbridge has accepted a call from the Congregationalist church in Deering, Me.

'71.—G. W. Flint, Assistant in the Bath High School, has been elected Principal of the Graded School, at Collinsville, Conn.

'73.—J. P. Marston has resigned his position at South Paris, and has gone to Wiscasset to take charge of the Academy in that place.

'74.—Nondum laureati.—Martin A. Way has been appointed Principal of the High School at Woonsocket, R. I.

—T. P. Smith has engaged the Academy at Athens, Me.

—F. T. Crommett has been

elected in J. P. Marston's position at South Paris.

[Space will be given each month to the record of our alumnus in the form of the one below. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1869.

SMALL, ADDISON.—Born, 18—.

1870 — '74, Engaged in the Wholesale Fancy Goods Business in the city of Portland, Me.

—Married, Nov. 29, 1862, to Miss Florence S. Wilder, by Rev. A. P. Tracy, in Manchester, N. H.

—Children, William Bryant, born Sept. 21, 1863, and Roscoe Addison, born Jan. 10, 1871.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

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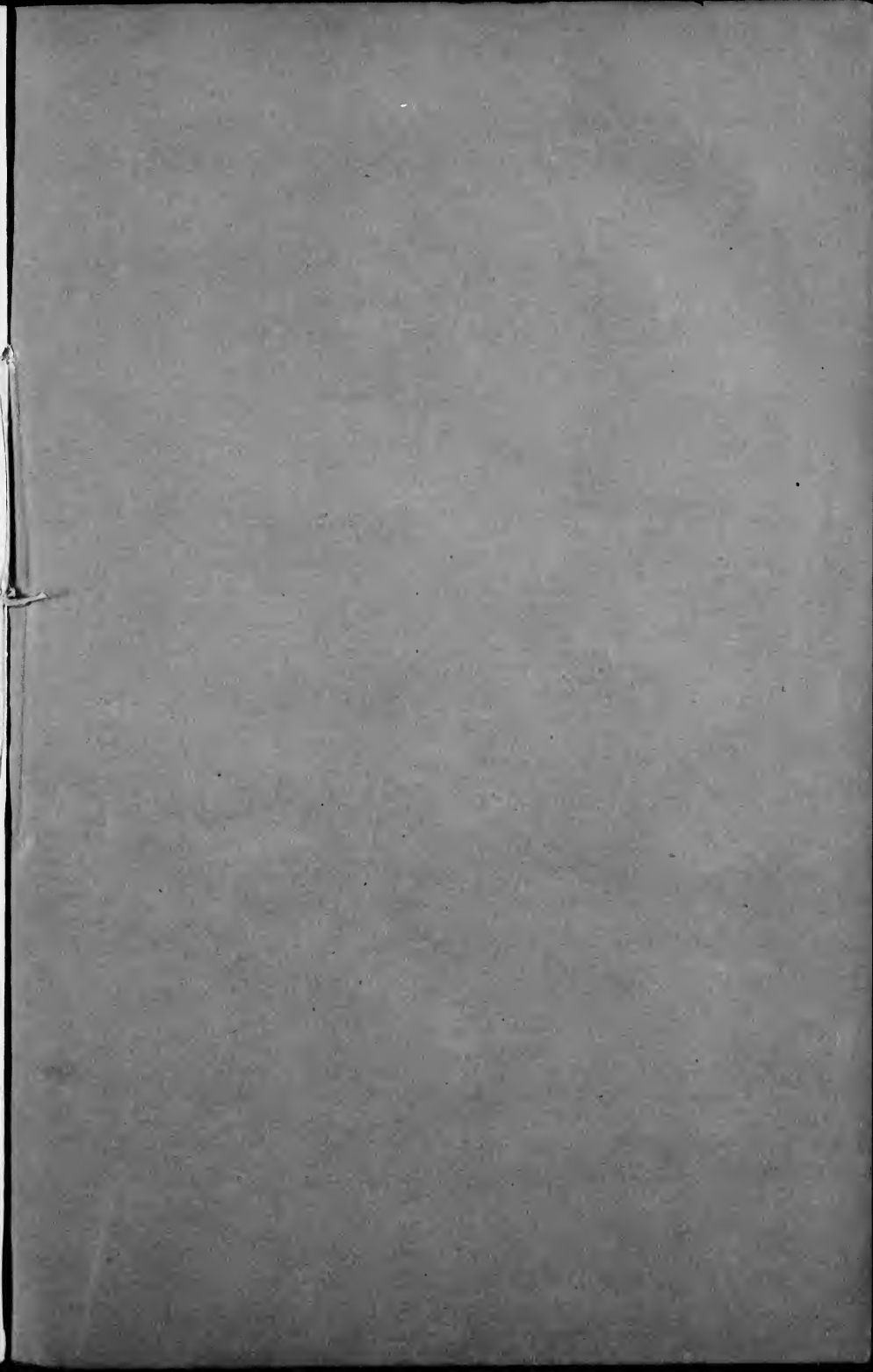
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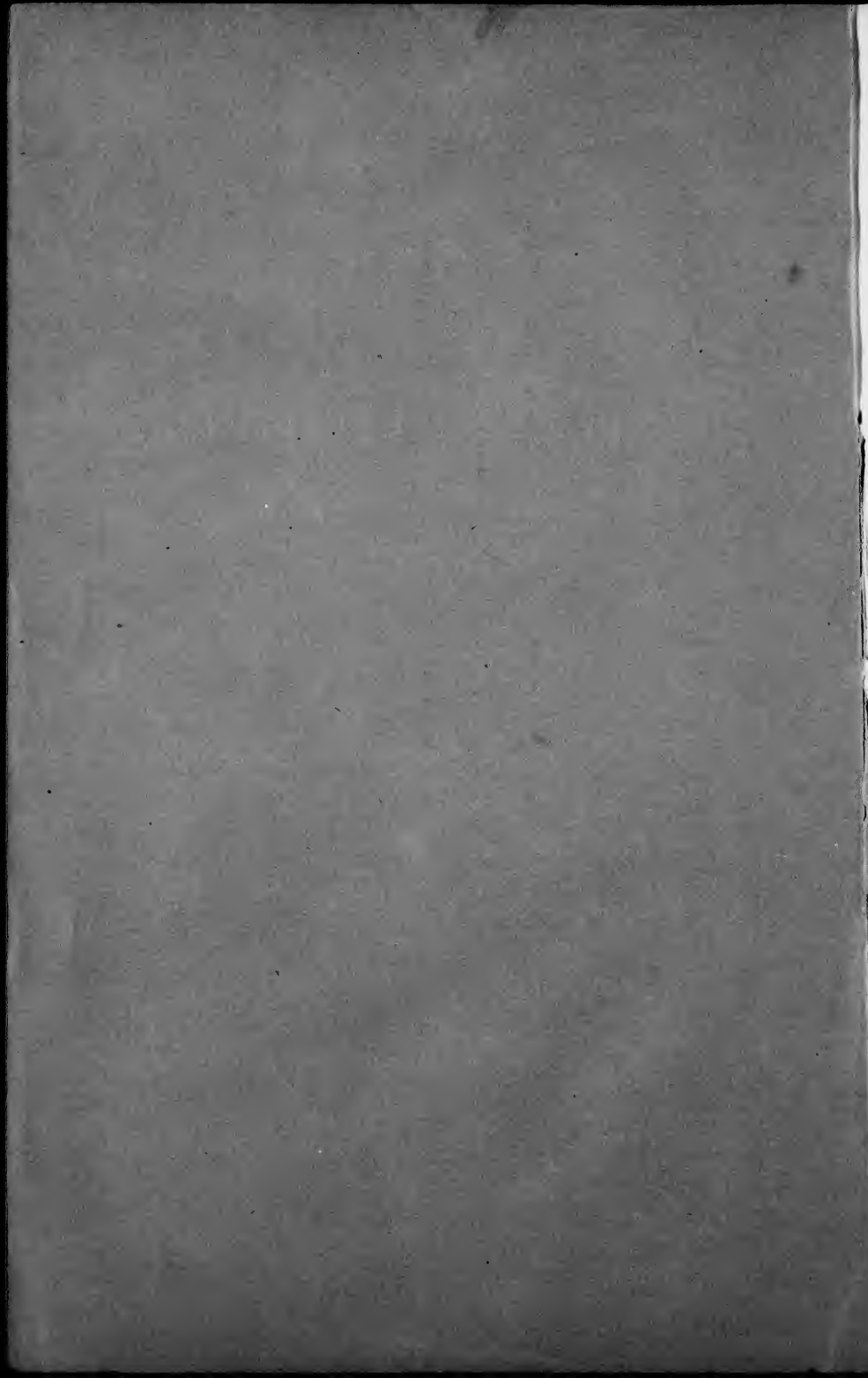
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THE
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PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER III.

"It is very possible," writes Caudle, "that she talked two hours more."

Douglass Jerrold.

GRANDMOTHERS are your true philosophers, after all. They are not intellectual icebergs, like your ordinary philosopher. If they are not impressed so strongly by the degeneracy of mankind, they have, at least, more compassion for its weakness. I remember with what a deep-drawn sigh my grandmother used to say: "This is a desp'ut' wicked world!" and I am more than half inclined to believe her. The particular abhorrence of my grandmother was the sin of lying, and she commonly ended her laments on the world's wickedness with the pointed declaration: "All men are liars." Her truthful grandson was then a small boy.

Though I must confess that my grandmother's assertion requires

qualification, yet I shall always trust that she meant well, and that her faultiness of statement was due, wholly, to her ignorance of the rules of logic. If she had been asked to state her argument in the form of a syllogism, I doubt if she would have made any reply other than an echo of the last word, with a slight change of pronunciation and tone. For the honor of her memory, let me indicate the process of reasoning by which she arrived at her conclusion.

Suppose you are staying over night at the "Dewdrop Inn," in a town where a classmate is teaching school. It will not do to make inquiries concerning him of your host; for, besides the fact that inn-keepers are notorious scandal-mongers, it is ten to one that the

inn-keeper's boy got a sound thrashing at school yesterday. Inn-keepers' boys are always doing such things. Still, it would be equally unsafe to consult the honored deacon across the way; for it may be asserted with even greater certainty, that the deacon's daughter has received flattering attentions from the school-master. In either case the chances for an unprejudiced judgment are exceedingly slight.

What my grandmother meant to say, then, was:

Prejudice unfits a man for speaking the truth.

All men are subject to prejudice.

Ergo, no man invariably speaks the truth.

If any other excuse for my grandmother is needed, it lies in the fact that she resided in Mooseville.

The Father of Lies himself seems to have made the locality a place of frequent, if not constant, abode. The Devil's Paradise and the Devil's Pass have been mentioned already. Besides these, there were the Devil's Cove and the Devil's Head; the Devil's Pool and the Devil's Cave; Devil Inlet and Devil Island. The Devil's Cave had been hollowed out by the waves under a wild, beetling cliff beyond the northern extremity of the village. Near the entrance to the cave was a little hollow in the rock, known in

all the country around as the Devil's Footprint. The shape of the impression proves, either that the Arch-enemy was disguised in the form of a man, when he laid his foot there, or that the old story of his being cloven-footed is a myth. Strange sounds were often heard issuing from this cave, and the superstitious declared that Satan himself sometimes came forth from the entrance and hovered over the village in the form of a dense fog. This declaration, proved true, would account for the wide spread, in the village, of that Satanic quality which has been already hinted.

In one sense, Mooseville was not an exceptionally wicked place. Considered with respect to crime, it was exceptionally pure. With respect to those petty (?) sins that cause much of the worry and fret and real trouble of life, it was lamentably wicked. That is to say, the people of Mooseville, having nothing in particular to do, spent their time in a lively kind of gossip which was peculiarly their own. Its spirit seemed to form a part of the atmosphere itself. It was mingled with the breeze from the wharves, where a crowd of loafers was always collected. It might be felt anywhere except in the old school-house, which was the only busy place in the whole village.

A few days after the opening of our story, it was whispered at the sewing-circle,—in perfect confi-

dence, you know, — that Humphrey Barstock was a brute.

"Yes," said a fidgety little woman with a remarkably large and industrious mouth, "I wouldn't a' believed it, if I hadn't heard it with my own ears. But you mustn't mention it, for the world. I wouldn't have the story start from me for anything, Mrs. Pillkins."

"Hem! I rather guess I know how to keep a still tongue in my head," said Mrs. Pillkins, indignantly.

"And they do say," broke in the fidgety little woman, "they do say that he drinks like fury. But I shouldn't want to say that on my authority; for I've lived right opposite to their house goin' on six year', and I never see nothin' o' that kind, though, if this is true that I've told you of, it looks like it. Now don't it, Mrs. Pillkins?"

Mrs. Pillkins averred that, to her mind, it *did* look *decidedly* like it. And what was more, she believed every word of it.

"I shouldn't wonder," she continued, "if he had been drinking the other day. Susanna Shubob told me that, do all they could, they couldn't get that man to take them to Arnold's Cove. At last, he said he wouldn't go anyway. Now when a man will do that, he is either drunk, or he is a brute." *Quod erat demonstrandum*, she might have added.

"Oh, by the way," she continued in a mysterious tone, as the number of her hearers grew larger, "do you know how it happened that that Farjeon feller come down here with that what's-his-name?"

"Harl Linscott," suggested a modest-looking lady.

"I didn't ask for no interruptions, if you please!" said Mrs. Pillkins, with a killing look. She gazed at the offender for a few moments in silent scorn, and then went on. Not, however, till she had indicated, by turning her back on the modest-looking lady, that she had no more to say to *her*.

"Wall, my sister Jerushy's husband, he's got a cousin that lives in Boston; and he knows these Farjeons very intimate. He goes there, regular. He's rich, you know, Jerushy's husband's cousin is. Now this cousin writes to Jerushy's husband, and Jerushy tells me, direct, that old man Farjeon wanted George to go to college, but, get that boy to study there at home, he couldn't. He was always up to some deviltry or other, and you couldn't keep him out of it. So the old man, he advertised in all the papers for a private tutor to travel with his boy. It hadn't been more'n an hour, Jerushy says, before this,—this,—Linscott come along, and old Farjeon engaged him in two minutes."

"For my part, I think he might

ha' found better company for his boy than that old hateful!" exclaimed the fidgety little woman, who could hold in no longer.

"I think so, too," said Mrs. Pillkins, with a knowing smile. "I'll tell you a thing or two about that, in a minute."

The circle of listeners drew closer around Mrs. Pillkins, as she continued in a hushed voice.

"Yes," she repeated, "I'll tell you a thing or two. And the first is, that Harl Linscott is jest as bad's a murderer."

"A murderer!" exclaimed a chorus of horrified voices.

"Yes, a murderer. It was on'y yisterday that Sarah Lovejoy, —she's my niece that's be'n visitin' me from New Hampshire,—was gittin' ready to go back home, when she happened to remember that she must git sunthin' down to the store. So we started out, and the first person we see, walkin' on the other side o' the street, was Harl Linscott. 'Giles Maycook, as I live!' said my niece. Them was her very words, ladies: 'Giles Maycook, as I live!' and she turned as pale as a sheet. I led her right back into the house and made her tell me what in the world she meant. At first, I couldn't git a word out of her. She was wrought up to that pitch that she could not speak; and it's the honest truth, too, if you do laugh, Miss Pettigree."

These last words were aimed

at the previous offender, whose face now wore an incredulous smile,—whether because the wearer of the face suspected that Mrs. Pillkins was getting into one of her fits of exaggeration, or because she had serious doubts if a woman could ever arrive at that state of speechlessness which Mrs. Pillkins described, has not transpired. Mrs. Pillkins, after another prolonged look of silent scorn, deigned to proceed.

"At last, she give me the whole story, and it just amounts to this: Giles Maycook (Sarah declares it's him; she's jest certain of it,) used to live in the same town that Sarah does, and she knows all about him. She says that people tell her that he was kind of a queer boy always. When she first saw him, at any rate, he was a kind of a misnomer,—kinder hated everybody, you know. But somehow or other, Sarah says, he got acquainted with a girl the' was there, and fell in love with her. Wall, if you'll believe it, after that he wa'n't the same feller. He turned right 'round and behaved himself like anybody, only he was mighty jealous. Lord! he wouldn't let that poor girl speak to no man but him.

"Wall, one day," here Mrs. Pillkins dropped her voice to a tone half way between moderate loudness and a whisper. The faces of her listeners grew, correspondingly, more eager. "One

day," she repeated, "he found out that she'd be'n kinder flirtin' with a feller named Jones. That, you know, was jest like settin' a match to the tinder. People don't know anything for certain about who did it, but they do know this: That same evenin', somebody fired a gun through the Jones's winder, and the bullet jest grazed this Jones feller's head and stuck in the wall on the other side o' the room. And that very night, this same person set fire to the buildin's, and they was every one burnt down."

"Did they arrest him?" asked the fidgety little woman, in a great flutter.

"The next day," said Mrs. Pillkins in reply, "Giles Maycook was missin'; and he hasn't be'n heard of from that day to this

till Sarah saw him, no longer ago than yisterday."

How much longer Mrs. Pillkins entertained her hearers on the same subject, need not be told. It is certain that whatever she said, served only to confirm the other ladies in the opinion they had formed of Linscott at first sight. They all 'knew there was something wrong about that man, the minute they set eyes on him.' Their conversation was interrupted for about five minutes at tea time, while Deacon Lufkin was asking a blessing; but it received its final check much later in the evening, when a furious ringing of the bells filled the town with clamor, and the sound of a prolonged and indistinguishable cry came up from the streets below.

SUCSESSES AND FAILURES.

IN this world of joy and sadness,
In this life of love and hate,
Many a great man lives unnoticed,
Fettered by the bonds of fate.

On the bloody field of battle,
Mid the carnage, din, and strife,
Many a noble, unknown hero
For his country gives his life.

Successes and Failures.

In the lonely, quiet church-yard,
Moss-bound head-stones guard the sod
Neath which many a pilgrim sleepeth,
Known to few except his God.

In the world's broad field of action,
Many a man mistakes his place,
Makes of life a mournful failure,
Fails to benefit his race.

In the dark, primeval forest,
Many a woodman fells the pine,
Whom God fitted for the pulpit,
To expound his truth divine.

In our rich and costly churches,
Many a parson talks of sin,
Who has talents for a woodman,
And a woodman should have been.

In the fields and on the hill-sides,
Many a peasant tills the ground,
Who, in halls of legislation,
First and foremost would be found.

From the depths of pain and sorrow,
Many a soul sends up a prayer
To the God who gave it being,
And bestows his watchful care.

God has given man the power
Over evil to prevail,
Some, in poverty will triumph,
Some, in highest stations fail.

At the golden gate of heaven,
When the final trump shall sound,
Many a proud heart will be stricken,
Many a lowly head be crowned.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

ITS INFLUENCE ON INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

HUMAN experience has clearly demonstrated this fact, that we are the helpless subjects of influence. We may discipline our minds to a rigid individuality, or even isolate our hearts from human sympathy, yet our characters are largely molded by external influences. To our own zeal we add the stimulating impulses of kindred spirits, or are restrained from the pursuit of their natural bent by the counter spirit of inaction. Our characters are built upon the moral or immoral principles which we adopt in life.

These physical natures are formed out of the material substances that surround us. So the inherent principle of physical and moral action is developed under the stimulating or restraining influence of social life. Like the mighty ocean streams, the current of public thought and action carries to every household its energizing power.

In our own country there has never been a time since the establishment of our government, when young men were actuated by a more elevating spirit of public morals and industrial energy than at the present. Every throb of patriotism, every moral emotion, every spirit of industry, that inspires the public heart, must

awaken some kindred feelings in these breasts of ours.

Hence, we owe a twofold indebtedness to our country; first, for the higher love and respect for labor which she infuses into our minds; and, second, for the moral influences with which she actuates our higher natures. The industrial energy of our people has rendered honorable and accessible every sphere of labor.

Genius can boast no superiority over the humblest laborer. There are no exclusive privileges growing out of the possession of wealth or knowledge; these are prizes which the throng may hope to win. It is America's glory that she recognizes no social distinctions except those that spring from refinement and intelligence; for the brave defender of liberty or the rescuer of a few shipwrecked sailors can call forth as hearty an approval for heroism and devotion to duty as the most honored statesman.

In whatever direction we turn our energy, our industry finds a recompense and our zeal an approval. The young men of to-day are mainly what our country makes them. Just entering the arena of the world's great battlefield, they catch its inspiring theme and, were military life the aspiration of the hour, they would

all be soldiers; but were cock-fights and bull-fights the popular amusement, they would grow up slaves to cruel passion.

The present is our country's happiest mood; industry, education and religion are the necessary prerogatives of American citizenship. Our genius is fostered and developed under the quickening influences of radical ideas. Were we as spiritless by nature as the stones beneath our feet, we might hope to resist the strong currents of public thought as they pass.

Scattered all over our country are institutions of learning which are constantly sending forth men of strong minds and warm sympathies; we can not escape their influence; we have caught their spirit, and are following in their footsteps. Humbling as may be the thought, we are only reproducing,—can we hope in nobler forms?—the lives and characters of others. In the hour of our greatest peril, the throbbings of national patriotism found a response in every childish heart.

The germs of liberty, the spirit of industry and all our aspirations after knowledge are cherished from our earliest day; we grow up into the spirit of the times.

I repeat it, we are greatly indebted to our country for the spirit of industrial energy which she awakens within us; but even more than this for the moral training which she gives us. We are all

ready to admit that life, without an underlying moral principle, is a curse to society and the world. We first learn to respect, then to love, and lastly to idealize whatever is popular;—hence our ideals.

But it may be safely stated that the character of our life is determined by the nature of our ideals. It is not necessary to search men's hearts to determine their character; we discover it by their conduct; but our conduct is only a reproduction of our motives in material form, and they exhibit to the world the sum and substance of this inner life of thought and purpose materialized. The source from whence our thoughts and purposes acquire their character is the ideal treasure in the heart. We constantly associate our thoughts with our conceptions of what is most honorable, which gives completion and character to our resolves. We have deified certain attributes of human conduct and are translating them into a real picture of life. In observing the conditions of barbarism, we find a strange harmony existing between public chastity and deified heroes. The same relation exists in every state of society. The stream rises no higher than the fountain; nor does our conduct exhibit a higher degree of morals than our preconceived notions of morality itself. From the ideal, enthroned in our moral natures, flow down, through the

portals of our being, ennobling influences to lift us into angelic freedom, as debasing influences to render us more grossly material. It is not impossible for us to rise into a purer moral atmosphere than that which envelops the mass of men; but the tendency is to a general assimilation of character which can be counteracted only by the exercise of will.

The labyrinth of fortune stands with open gates to allure us into its intricate mazes by a thousand fleeting phantoms. But the ascending paths of true progress, which lead us up into the pure realms of thought and reason, are

lined with far more worthy objects. Why is there so narrow a conception of the soul's mission on earth?

The mind, with its limitless capacity for improvement, was designed to be actuated by nobler impulses than those that spring from sensual indulgences.

The world has its claims upon us, which ought to be faithfully met; but truth is the only acquisition which we can carry with us across the boundaries of time. If truth is our aim, life will be full of the sweetest joy, and in heaven a coronet woven by angel hands will await our coming.

GRUMBLERS.

IN one ward of the huge "Hospital of Incurables," as society has been sneeringly denominated, are to be found victims of bilious affections. They mistake the torpid state of their livers for the disorders of society, and settle into a state of imbecility and grumbling. Such persons are most afraid of innovation, and are full of fearful forebodings for the future. They are ever regaling

you with homilies upon the corruption of the age and the impossibility of checking it. With them this world is a "vale of tears," and few, very few, will escape the fire that is unquenched, unless, perchance, they elongate their faces and join in an everlasting whine. Diogenes, is their type of manhood, and our wonder is that they don't shave their heads and live in tubs.

As "Each substance of grief hath twenty shadows, which show like grief, yet are not so," so each appearance of evil is distorted into many shapes by these inert grumblers. Let one rogue be elected to office, and instead of trying to prevent the recurrence of the like, these prophetic souls whine out predictions of the overthrow of the Republic. Let them hear a sermon not in accordance with their gloomy views, their disordered fancies see floods of atheism and pantheism rolling in to overwhelm us. Tortoise-like, they view everything good or bad with a lazy, suspicious glance, and at the approach of danger draw themselves into the shell of indifference or silly despair. To them correctness of practice and completeness of opinion are ever receding. As though merely criticizing and rejecting supposed wrong, would ever attain the right. Such persons are neither independent thinkers nor actors, although they usually claim that merit. For it is a universal law that the diseased weak become the dupes of the diseased strong. If their favorite author ignores politics, they ignore them also. They read of the Puritans, and straightway assume a meek demeanor and utter their words with a nasal twang. Meet them at a place of mourning, they button-hole you, and simperingly make the astounding revelation that life is short and

uncertain, as though, by virtue of that revelation, they were bound to make it dubious as well. Very much of this cant and whining hypocrisy comes from the habit of taking on trust the ideas and habits of others, and trying to apply them in the most out-of-the-way places. It is that sort of intellectual conservatism which, in its adoration for one author or one age, falls into vassalage and loses its own being in that of another. Its type is to be found in him who, when reproved for beating his father, answered, "It has been the custom in our family for several generations." Instead of drawing from all sources, assimilating the good and rejecting the bad, the thoughts and actions of some one else are adopted. As a result comes that intellectual state which sees nothing but corruption and ruin before it. Considering the importance of hope, energy, and independent thought, especially in a country governed like ours, how deplorable seems the habit of fault-finding and despair. Well has it been said: "Recklessness is a bad quality, but so is wild and extravagant hope, while neither is so inglorious as inactive despair." We ought to remember that God, not the devil, made this world. Can we, then, think that evil shall always prosper? We might also remember that out of all evil comes good, and there is no true good that shall not one

day be realized. Yesterday can not be to-day, neither can the thoughts and acts of to-day, if fittest, exactly correspond to those of yesterday. Therefore, as Carlyle says, "seeing well what is to be done at our hands, let it be done with submission, courage, and heroic joy." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." As a source of inspiration "there are behind us,

behind each one of us, one thousand years of human effort, of human conquest; and before us boundless time with its as yet uncreated continents and El Doradoes, which we, even we, have to conquer, to create; and from the bosom of eternity shine for us celestial guiding stars."

"My inheritance how wide and fair,
Time is my fair seed field, of time I'm heir."

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

BEWARE of the Devil, his imps, and his heirs,
His treacherous traps, and spider-like snares,—
So slyly and artfully laid,—

That have flooded the earth with its follies and fears,
The cause of all sorrow, the source of all tears,
Since Adam from paradise strayed.

I imagined when young, that the frightful "*Old Cloot*,"
Had a panther-like claw, and a huge cloven foot,
And horns that were branching and tall,
A visage begrimed as if covered with soot,
A long forked tongue that would from his mouth shoot,
And an eye with a fiery ball,—

That he dwelt in a pit, where a wonderful hoard
Of blue-burning brimstone and charcoal was stored,
Where the red liquid yawned like the sea;
And loud like the thunders, the hissing flame roared,
And forth from his nostrils the lava stream poured,
Like the belchings of Mount Mouna Kea.

But experience teaches such notions were wrong,
 For we meet him, quite oft, in the erudite throng,
 With a smile most bewitchingly fair ;
 While rhetoric flows from the tip of his tongue,
 Deceiving the aged, alluring the young,
 Till many are caught in his snare.

We see that our Statesmen are oft led away,
 Are led in the path-way of error astray
 By some of his imps or his tools ;
 But they learn that though they, at deception can play,
 Often times, in the chase, by the creature at bay,
 The huntsman, himself, may be fooled.

Some are led on by Afrit, half frolic, half frantic,
 Like a rudderless ship, on the ocean Atlantic,
 Where the tempests rush hoarse and sonorous,
 In chase of lewd pleasures and passions so antic,
 Ever singing their solo, so rude and romantic,
 With a tra, la la la, for a chorus.

THE POWER OF OBTRUSION.

LET us have a little worldly advantage the obtrusive man wisdom. "To push on in makes his way along. He reaches the crowd," says Thackery, "every his destination in season, has male or female struggler must his business done and is ready for use his shoulders. If a better the calls of the next hour. While place than yours presents itself the unobtrusive individual partakes certainly of the angelic nature just beyond your neighbor, elbow him and take it." Let one watch if the serenity of his spirit be the passing to and fro in a crowded not perturbed by the elbows he thoroughfare, and see at what feels and the staggering march he

makes. Did you ever try to pass people in the street and have another step in before you?

Bacon, in his essay on boldness, speaking of the reply made by Demosthenes to him who inquired what should be the chief quality of an orator, says: "Wonderful like is the case of boldness in civil business. What first? boldness; what second and third? boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness far inferior to other parts; but nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevaieth with wise men at weak times. . . . There is in human nature more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken, are most potent." We quote these passages to show the need of obtrusion in our efforts for worldly success; and, secondly, to contradict those who claim that obtrusion belongs to the foolish but has little weight with the wise.

These sentiments are not congenial to human pride; yet, are they not true? Call it not the bosh of a misanthrope; for will any sane man disagree with Bacon and say that it is not in human nature, as manifested in the acts of every-day life, to give more weight to the foolish than to the wise? We may be heroes in

thought, yet are we not cowards in action?

Obtrusion may be defined as putting one's self forward beyond what polite usage recognizes as the limits of decorum. Could we read the biography of the successful men in our country, read it as it is written in their characters, how many would reveal the fact that obtrusion played no part in gaining that success which the world has bestowed upon them? Look into the high places, and, even if you are not a "sore-head," I think you will admit that, as a rule, the most worthy are not there found. It is mediocrity and obtrusion that make a man. When obtrusion rests upon genius or high talent, the record of its deeds is marvelous.

Watch the scholars of a primary school at recess. You will find certain ones who lead in their sports, who with success obtrude their method of playing upon their schoolmates. They may not evince those promises of talent bestowed upon some of their play-fellows. They may not possess superior qualities for leadership. Yet they are leaders,—leaders by the very virtue of forcing themselves into leadership. If we follow the lives of the scholars, we shall find the same qualities giving the same rank. Jump the little fellows into college. Has obtrusion lost its powers as the years increase? Take a thoughtful glance

over college life. Note him with care who asserts himself, forces himself into the coveted honors, who obtrudes. Mark with attention the meetings of the literary societies. Look into the manner they are conducted. According to whose plan is it done? Who is it that has his way? We make full allowance for the numerous and sometimes rather sudden declensions of the froward. It seems to us that the students in college are influenced less by the aggressions of the would-be dictators than people in the world. Yet even here, who is it that accomplishes the most in managing? Take any chance scheme that may be carried out in college life; who has the controlling influence in its execution? It seems to us, that the impartial observer would at once see the pervading power of a shrewd and well-played obtrusion.

After graduation it is the same obtrusion that plays so important a part in attaining worldly success. It is the ruling doctrine, to state the naked truth, to push yourself in if you can do so by ousting another. This is not idealistic, we confess, but is it not realistic? We are all more or less desirous of living after this principle. We may pray with our lips for a higher life, but our works are ever tending to the realization of a lower life. We are willing to agree with the essayist in the last number of the *STUDENT* in calling

politics a profession. But what a profession! We may point with pride to a Sumner, but we can point with shame to a thousand followers of Butler.

Make a catalogue of all the phases of society you can bring to mind, and among the actors in each you will certainly find the obtruder. The obtruder is found alive in the country and the city. In the meetings of the sewing circle and the farmers' club, and among the coteries of the nabobs in the metropolis.

It is the curse of politics that the obtruders can not be expelled. In spite of fate, they manage the caucuses and control more rather than less in legislatures. They inevitably obtrude an opinion or a dollar where it will do the most good.

Democratic institutions are especially favorable to obtrusion. Society is constantly undergoing a change. The low assume high positions, and the rich and powerful are reduced to want and weakness. No caste to hold a man up when he is personally down, nor to bridge over a weak scion of a family, reserving the place for the next in succession. This leads to an abandonment of supreme faith in man's surroundings and the growth of a firmer faith in his unknown possibilities. So every obtruder, at the start, has more or less of this uncertainty among the people to aid him. In this

country, a doctor going into a strange place will get a larger practice, without letting the inhabitants know much about his antecedents, than in the countries of Europe. There he is questioned more thoroughly, both by the government and the people. Thus an obtruder has a better opportunity to force himself upon a community under democratic rule.

In looking upon this subject, we must lay aside our likes or dislikes. The question is whether or not the obtruder gains his end, not whether he has risen or fallen in our estimation.

Obtrusion arises from an excessive self-esteem, and a corresponding disbelief in the power of others. It is the positive of pretension. It acts while pretension

struts. It is always a means for gaining some end. Neither reasoning nor entreaty will check a resolute obtruder. Obtrusion itself is required to check obtrusion. Hence, its power is evinced in two ways. First, as obtrusion is decidedly unpopular, one would rather bear with it, than to appear obtrusive one's self; and, second, it is the power of obtrusion that checks obtrusion.

The blind obtruders are those who are held up for derision more especially; while the more cunning in the art, by means of hypocrisy, conceal in a great measure, the real nature of their works.

The power of obtrusion is great and its rewards are alluring, but whowould not rather say with Emerson: "Be and not seem."

A FRAGMENT.

As oft the sunset's russet gold I view
O'er distant hills in glory fade away,
Or, through the broad expanse of ether blue,
Watch the fair beams of slow-departing day,
I wonder if the coming of the night
Mirrors the eve that creeps on earthly things,
And hides beneath its shade, from mortal sight,
The brightness which eternal morning brings.
While yet I think, a whisper comes to me,—
"Fill well life's measure; then that brightness see."

MISREPRESENTATION.

ONE direct method of falsehood, generally considered, is misrepresentation. It is a "flag of truce" between a truth and a lie. I can misrepresent a fact and not lie. This, however, does not atone for the injustice connected with misrepresentation. Men, failing to make a proper distinction between falsehood and misrepresentation, run into gross blunders and egregious sins. Every existing class of men misrepresents. The merchant becomes quite proficient in the art. The contractor may be a little exorbitant. The lawyer will construct a scientific misrepresentation; the clergyman a sanctimonious one. All unite in this magnificent enterprise of misrepresentation.

Among the leading results engendered by it, we mention selfishness, a tendency to weaken faith in humanity and a liability to confuse the notions of right and wrong. Through misrepresentation the moral law is transgressed.

Selfishness is in utter contradiction to goodness. Experience evinces that misrepresentation is in most cases a scheme concocted for personal aggrandizement. When one intentionally and nefariously simulates his own or another's virtue for attaining his end, that person gives loose rein to selfishness. No man can perform a

rash act without influencing some faculty of the mind. Thus the statesman, through political excitement, zeal for party, a desire for office with the view to fame, often misrepresents in behalf of self.

Misrepresentation is a powerful auxiliary in shaking one's confidence in all mankind. A single illustration, from *actual experience*, will suffice.

The person who has canvassed extensively for books, or other merchandise, knows full well the alluring besetments of misrepresentation. The same individual desires to purchase an article of clothing. A clerk shows the goods, making some general, well-polished statements as to quality and price. The purchaser listens with the utmost disgust and is opinionated that the sleek-looking clerk strongly misrepresents, though in point of fact he may be sincere and honest.

The novel writer misrepresents. He purposely exaggerates, connecting circumstances and statements in a manner best suited to serve his object. True, novel reading is not to be discarded, for, through it, the imagination receives an impetus and sublime notions are conceived. The bad influence, however, preponderates; for extensive reading of fiction

leads to instability, and manacles profundity of thought.

The press is an advocate of misrepresentation. Quibbling, making much out of little, for the sake of gaining public opinion and the public dollar, are synonymous with misrepresentation.

Alexander Hamilton, during the trial of Henry Cuswell, uttered these words: "The liberty of the press consists in the right to publish the *truth*, with good motives and for justifiable ends, whether in respect to governments, magistrates or individuals." What per cent. of the emanations from the press reach this standard? The study of moral philosophy demonstrates what is embodied and implied in right and wrong. The mass of mankind are limited in

knowledge as to theoretical and practical moral science, hence they are somewhat in the dark as to what is right and what is wrong, whether the notion of moral law is original or derivative. Anything which serves to misdirect the conscience as a moral guide, must have a corresponding deteriorating result upon character. The individual, through mistake, malice or negligence, misrepresents, and the conscience, the regulator of all ethics, becomes diseased, refuses to perform its functions; the character is at once ugly in appearance and nature. The remedy is simple: "Do to others, as you would that they should do to you." Life will be subject to higher powers. Great will be the reward.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

LIBRARY BOOKS DURING VACATION.

IF there is one rule of the college which the students would gladly see changed, we believe it to be that which denies to them the use of library books during vacation. This is no exceptional feeling, but, as far as our observation extends, is shared by every one connected with the institution. Knowing as they do that, in some at least, if not most other colleges, this privilege is freely accorded, it is not at all surprising that they fail to see the necessity of the course pursued at Bates. That a change would be most advantageous to the students, no one, we think, will deny. All have more or less leisure time during vacation which might be both pleasantly and profitably employed, if the proper kind of reading matter was procurable. To many this is impossible. Passing vacation at a distance from any public library, and being shut out from that of the college, their only recourse is in the society libraries. Every one knows what this amounts to. Limited as these libraries are, even when we take into consideration the Congressional Documents and Patent Office Reports, the number of *readable* volumes

is very small, so much so that only three volumes can be allowed to each member. Judging from our own experience, these do not furnish a third of the reading possible during vacation.

If, then, this privilege is so desirable to the students, why should it not be granted them? Common sense forbids the idea that any advantage to the college results from this locking up of books, and the only plausible reason we can conceive of is, that their loss is feared. Certainly, we should be sorry to believe that any one would willfully retain a book belonging to the College, even if it were possible for him to do so without detection, but admitting this to be the case, does it furnish a valid reason? Even if it were deemed advisable to guard against the possible loss of one or two books each year, it certainly seems possible to accomplish this in a different manner. Students taking out books to retain during vacation, might be required to make a deposit with the librarian, either of money or property in some form, and thus the students would obtain the desired privilege, and at the same time the college would be guarded against loss. We

sincerely hope that some action will be taken in this matter, and that we may be allowed, either upon these or some other terms, to retain books during the coming vacation.

LECTURES OF DR. MALCOM.

The lectures of Dr. Malcom having now closed, and sufficient time having elapsed to admit of calm consideration of and dispassionate judgment upon them, a brief review of the course may not be inopportune or unprofitable. Commencing with the Saxon Period, the lecturer gave us a vivid picture of the manners, characters, and times of our Teutonic forefathers, before, during, and after the introduction of Christianity. Their influence upon the present age was outlined, and to them were attributed the foundations upon which the political, social, and individual characters of the English speaking peoples are built. Then followed an account of the Norman Conquest, with its romantic incidents and semi-religious character. Thence we were carried, by a rapid succession of shifting scenes, through the crusade of Richard the Lion-hearted, half king half knight-errant; through the reign of King John, pregnant with the greatest event of English history,—the execution of the Magna Charta,—and amidst the Wars of the Roses, until we were called upon to follow the rise and

growth of the English Constitution. From the first, a plan was evident, the aim being, as was explained by the lecturer, not only to make each lecture complete in itself, briefly summarizing at the close the effect of the period considered, upon the political, religious, and social condition of the country, but also to make each lecture supplementary to the preceding. Here, however, we think that one more lecture was needed to enable us to fully understand the origin and growth of the English Constitution, namely: upon the life of Simon Mountfort and the reign of Edward the First. Embracing, as they do, one of the most important eras of English history,—the time when Saxons and Normans became merged into Englishmen,—the absence of a lecture upon these periods was very noticeable, and on account of it we did not understand as fully as was desirable the rise and growth of the English Constitution.

In the seventh lecture,—upon the founders of Rhode Island,—the spirit of English liberty was traced to its logical conclusion, in the establishment of the first commonwealth founded upon the broad principles of complete civil and religious liberty. The lecture upon the Rise of the English Universities, was of course especially interesting to students.

The abilities of Dr. Malcom as

a lecturer are indisputable. Forcible in his expressions, and happy in his illustrations, he holds the attention of his audience throughout. His powers of description are of the highest order, and were most happily displayed in the account of the Norman Conquest and the Crusade of Richard. These romantic scenes were portrayed by the most vivid of pen-pictures; yet, highly as we appreciated them, we confess to the wish that less space had been allotted to them. In our opinion, the lectures would have been more profitable if much of this space had been occupied in treating at more length of the cause and effects of the events considered, and in a fuller account of the manners, customs and political history of the period. It is not the romantic portions of history which need to be explained and illustrated, so much as those portions which, while they are really the most important, are usually the most dry and uninteresting to the average student. We rejoice to learn that Dr. Malcom is to mark out a course of historical reading for the Seniors next year, and we hope that, when he next visits us, he will not only extend his course in English, but will also deliver a course in American history.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges for this month are, with a few exceptions, rather

dull. As vacation approaches, there is always a tendency to get along with as little work as possible, and editors form no exception to this rule. However, as all are similarly affected, it is well to exercise forbearance.

The Cornell Review claims our attention first, since it reached us just as our last number went to press, and too late for notice. We have to thank the *Review* for its kindly expression of sympathy, and we assure it of our appreciation. This is the largest, and, despite the jealousy towards Cornell existing in various quarters, is one of the ablest of our exchanges. The Faculty have done much to prevent cramming by empowering the dean of each college to order an examination in his department whenever he sees fit. — *The Yale Lit.* is again before us. It contains an excellent article on "Literature among Studies," which offers some thoughtful, and, as far as we can see, practicable, suggestions on the formation of clubs for the purpose of reading and discussing the various authors. We should be glad to see some such plan carried out here. — *The Dartmouth* still continues its articles on Webster. They form interesting and instructive reading. The appointments for Commencement this year are made with reference to writing and speaking qualifications. We clip the following from

the Editorial Department, for the benefit of some students at Bates: "Don't feel troubled if it sometimes appears that you are deriving no improvement from college life. The main thing is to keep up your connection with your class four years and get a diploma. If you do this, your success in life will be assured. The world is much given to asking whether a man has a diploma or not, very little to inquiring what work he has fitted himself for." — The *Crescent* for May disappoints us. We expected an improvement, but it falls much below the April number. Among the interesting subjects treated are the following: "She Wants a Pair of Shoes," and, "That Chicken." The following is one of the most profound sentences: "Why, you may select a young chicken and run ten miles after it, only to find that you have been running the last five after its grandmother." It is to be hoped, too, that the author of "The Maiden" has written his last poem, and retired to enjoy his laurels, or perhaps we should have said *hers*. — The *Chronicle* devotes most of its space to the discussion of the recent hazing and the consequent suspensions, together with the comments of the press. A card is published by the Senior and Junior classes for the purpose of putting the affair in its true light, and they certainly make out a strong

case. It appears that the only form of hazing practiced is pumping, and that this is engaged in by both classes with the utmost good feeling, only "hazers being hazed." Hazing has been frequently engaged in "under the direct observation of the city officers without remonstrance," and the sympathy of the people of Ann Arbor appears to be with the students. On the whole, there appears to be two sides to the question, and it is not impossible that the Faculty acted hastily. — We have received the *High School*, published by the students of Omaha High School, and noted its contents. It presents to us a good selection of interesting and well written articles, and is evidently under the charge of an able corps of editors. We are glad to welcome it.

—We have received Part 9, Book V., of the *Union Era*, and are much pleased with its literary merit and general appearance.

—According to established custom, the *STUDENT* will not be issued during the summer vacation, July and August. Mail for the *STUDENT* should be directed to the college, during vacation, as usual.

NOTE. We would call attention to the advertisement of Rob't J. Mulligan & Co., which is to be seen on another page, and advise all wanting anything in their line to patronize them.

ODDS AND ENDS.

SEEKING in vain.—The Juniors after evidences.

—Shakespeare on the Seniors: “Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.”

—Recitation in Geology. Prof. —“What is the distinction between birds and reptiles?” Student. “Well,——birds have feathers, and reptiles have *heads*.”

—Class in Political Economy. Professor. —Can you give an early instance where men were warned against the evils of paper currency?

Student. —Yes, sir. The disciples were warned to take no *scrip* for their journey. —*Harvard Advocate*.

—“I’m so thirsty!” said a boy at work in a corn-field. “Well, work away,” said his industrious father. “You know the prophet says: ‘Hoe, every one that thirsteth.’” —*Ex*.

—Williams has conferred the degree of G. A. G. B., which, being interpreted, is Great American Gas Bag. It is said that the immortal Daniel actually blushed to receive such honors. —*Ex*.

—Recitation in Chemistry. Prof.—“Mr. R, what can you say of the heat of the blow-pipe?”

Mr. R.—“I’m not certain, but I think—it is hot.”

—Host to Student. —“Won’t you talk a little Latin for us?” Student.—“Da mihi partum tauri, Mr. F.” —*Ex*.

—Student to Professor of Geology.—“To what age do I belong, Prof.?” “Don’t know; have only learned to classify rocks, not bricks.” —*Ex*.

Pedagogue from Bates to desultory pupil. —“You want a little more vim, sir, did you know it?” Pupil.—H’m —dunno what that stuff is.”

—Scene, German recitation room. Actors, energetic Prof. and slumbering Soph. Nervous Prof. calls vociferously on the quiet dreamer for action. (Startled Soph. rises and translates.) “Why do you rouse me from my vision?” —*Amherst Student*.

—One of our boys while holding sway in an antiquated school-house, proposed the following questions to his geography class: “What is a hemisphere?” —“Half a sphere.” “What is the composition of the word?” —“Don’t know.” —Teacher (explaining)—“Hemi, which means half.” Pupil (repeats)—“Hemi,

which means half."—T.—"And sphere, — what is that?"—P.—"Oh! that's rest half I spouse."

—Twenty-one Freshmen were recently suspended from an English college because a Professor couldn't find out who put that carpet tack in his chair.—*Courant*.

—The following translation of German is, to say the least, both unique and original. Junior:—"Die Pantoffeln der Gräfin. The pants of the Count." Horrified Prof.—"No! no! look at the gender! look at the gender!" Junior.—"Oh, yes, yes, the pants of the Countess." (Class howls).

—Witty Sophomore to a Freshman.—"Say, Freshy, I've got a conundrum for you. What's the difference between a man who robs you on the road, and my coal dealers?" Freshy, (after deep deliberation,) "The former gets something, and the latter gets nothing." Soph., (blushingly) "Oh, ah! I didn't mean that. One is a high-(weigh)-man, and the other isn't."—*Courant*.

—We imagine those Marietta students, who recently received the very handsome addition to their library from Grand Duke Alexis, will be especially edified by those ten volumes in Russian type, the title of one of them be-

ing as follows: CAO B ANPBYN COHOAAA BH A FO YAEHAONAAPE-TAT.—*University Herald*.

Scene in Hertzog Hall.—Several students engaged in scuffling, boxing, etc.; a gentle(?) knock is heard at the door; the noise suddenly ceases, and all is quiet. The door is opened, and the Rector enters and speaks:

"What is the cause of all this disturbance?"

Student.—"Prayer meeting, sir; can't we have one meeting without being molested?" Rector withdraws, meditating upon the various ways of expressing religious sentiments.—*Targum*.

—A very rapid, safe and easy way to make money, is to procure territory to introduce the latest useful invention that is wanted every day, by every one, every where, who has a family, a full sized Sewing Machine with Table and Treadle for only \$10, that does the same work as a Machine you would pay \$80 for, rapid, smooth and firm, makes a seam so strong the cloth will tear before the stitches rip apart. Eight new attachments for all work and the improved Button Hole Worker used by us only. Agents only need show them in operation to sell in every house they enter. \$30 and upwards cleared daily by smart agents. No such Machine was ever offered at any such price. 35,000 sold last year, 100,000 Families use them. Demand increasing every day where they become known. Ministers, Judges, Lawyers, Editors, Machinists, Tailors, &c., recommend them as perfect. Rights given free to first applicants. If there is no agency in your place, write for it, or buy a Machine for your Family or a relation, there is none better or so cheap. Machines sent to all parts of the country on receipt of price, \$10. Read advertisement beginning "\$60 saved in every Family" in another part of this Magazine. Address the Proprietors, Robert J. Mulligan & Co., 336 Canal St., New York.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

THE first nine has just procured some extremely neat uniforms. Evidently our base ball men mean business.

Improvement is the order of the day. The College Campus is being graded, supplied with foot-walks and carriage-ways, and otherwise improved. This is all that is needed to make it one of the finest.

The President is entitled to the heartiest thanks of the Association for the prompt manner in which he has met the request for a base ball ground. Good judges pronounce it one of the best in the state.

The following gentlemen will participate in the Junior Prize Declamations, Commencement week; J. R. Brackett, H. S. Cowell, F. L. Evans, F. B. Fuller, H. F. Giles, F. H. Hall, J. H. Hutchins, Jas. Nash, Geo. Oak, L. M. Palmer, A. T. Salley, A. M. Spear, C. G. Warner, F. L. Washburn, G. W. Wood.

The addresses recently delivered before the Literary Societies, by the retiring Presidents, Robert Given, Jr., of the Polymnian, and F. P. Moulton of the Eurosophian, were regarded as very able productions, and were listened to with

great interest by their respective Societies.

A passage between the two divisions of Parker Hall having been promised the students, it is not surprising that much grumbling is heard, and that frequent inquiries are made after those *iron doors*. When shall we be permitted to rejoice?

It is worthy of note that this year the first colored student will graduate from the Theological School at Yale College, and also from the academical department. —*Ex.*

The colleges of Illinois have formed a state association consisting of Chicago University, Northwestern University, Wesleyan University, Ill., Industrial University, Knox College, Monmouth College, Illinois College and Shurtleff College, for the purpose of holding contests in oratory. The first contest will take place at Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Nov. 20, 1874. A resolution was passed inviting the colleges of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa and Wisconsin, to form similar associations, and calling for an Inter-State Convention to meet at Chicago, June 4th, 1874, to make arrangements for an In-

ter-State Contest. Oberlin has taken the initiative in Ohio, and probably the other states will form similar associations.

We recently saw somewhere the statement that students rarely break down from hard work, but from fretting, worrying and chafing under school duties and responsibilities. We presume that it is true, and have seen many things in school life that give plausibility to the notion. We know that there is very much fretting among students here and elsewhere, and the preparations for the various Commencement exercises make the present term full of such frettings. Fretting is always a sign of weakness, and the student who does not overcome the tendency to it is not making very satisfactory progress in self-discipline and culture, without which education is of little worth. Possess your souls in patience, fellow students, if you would do the most and best work possible, enjoy your school-days to their fullest, and show the best training when you depart from these halls. Remember the advice of Dow,

Jr., in one of his sermons, (?) viz.: "Fret not thy spirit."—*Amerst Student*.

BATES COMMENCEMENT.

EXAMINATIONS.

Juniors, Friday, June 12th, 2, P. M.

Sophomores, Saturday, June 13th, 8, A. M.

Freshmen, Saturday, June 13th, 2, P. M.

REV. CHAS. S. PERKINS, A. M. } Examining

REV. JOHN A. LOWELL, A. M. } Committee.

REV. CHAS. F. PENNEY, A. M. }

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES.

Sunday, 2 1-2, P. M., June 14th, at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Sermon before the Theological School, Sunday, June 21st, 7 1-2, P. M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church, by Rev. DeWitt C. Durgin, New Market, New Hampshire.

Original Prize Declamations by Juniors, Monday, June 15th, 7 3-4, P. M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

REV. S. B. W. DAVIS, }

REV. J. E. DAME, } Com. of Award.

REV. A. L. HOUGHTON, }

Annual meeting of the President and Trustees, Tuesday, June 16th, 8, A. M.

CONCERT.

By the Germania Band, assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Madame Camilla Urso, and Mons. Sauret, at City Hall, Tuesday evening, June 16th, at 8 o'clock.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Wednesday, June 17th, at City Hall.

Address before the united Literary Societies Wednesday evening, June 17th, at City Hall.

Orator, Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D.

ALLUMNI EXERCISES.

Thursday, June 18th, 10, A. M., at Main St. Free Baptist Church.

Orator, Rev. A. L. Houghton.

Poet, G. H. Stockbridge.

CLASS EXERCISES.

Thursday Evening, June 18th, at City Hall.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood was installed Pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, in Manchester, N. H., May 22.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin has resigned his position as Teacher of the Lenox High School, and is now in Portland.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1869.

GRAVES, LUCIEN CHASE. — Born at Vienna, Me., Feb. 14, 1849. Son of Jonathan and Lovina Graves.

1870--'72, Employed as a Teacher in the public schools.

1873--'74, Engaged in business in Boston, Mass.

Post Office address, Boston, Mass.

CLASS OF 1870.

CHICK, ALFRED GREENLEAF, — Born, 18—.

1870--'71, Teacher in High School at East Winthrop, Maine.

1872--'74, Preaching at North Hinsdale, Vt.

Married, September 27, 1871, to Miss Helen F. Mitchell, by George C. Lorimer, D. D., at Dover, Me.

Post Office address, Brattleboro', Vt.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

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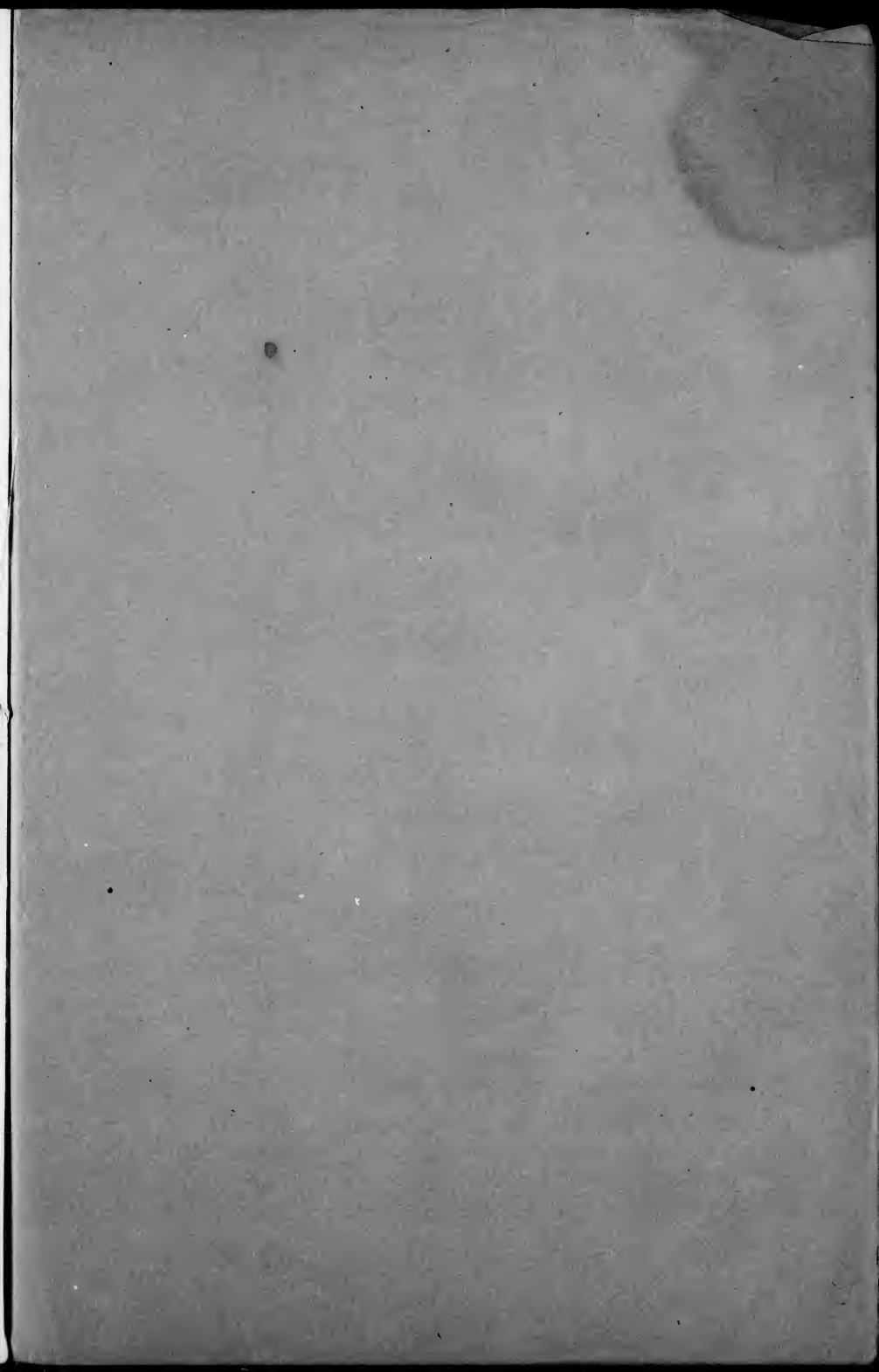
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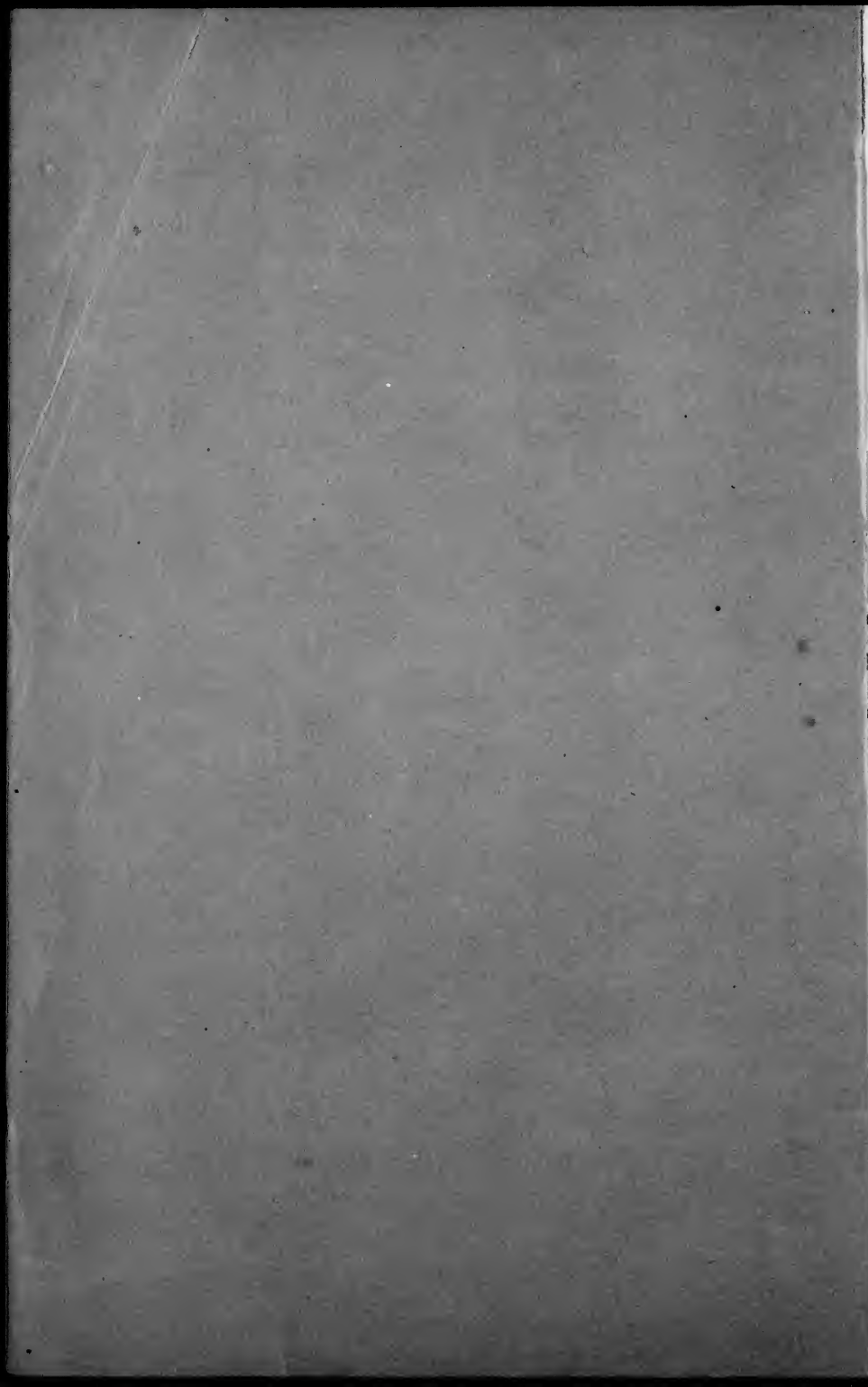
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BATES STUDENT.

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PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER IV.

Scorching spoke in many a wreath,
Sulphurous blast of heated air,
Grim presentment of quick death,
Crouching fear and stern despair.
Hist, to what the the Master saith,—
"Steady, steersman, steady there!"—Ay! Ay!
—*Henry Bateman.*

FIRE! Fire! Fire!" And the dark night shivered, as if the very thought of a conflagration transformed the chilliness of September into the searching cold of March. "Fire! fire! fi-i-ire!" And the listener involuntarily drew his coat closer and shuddered to think of homeless children thrust out into the chill east wind, or, worse than that, sleeping the heavy sleep of youth, only to wake at last to terror and the fatal nervelessness of despair. "Fire! fire! fi-i-ire!" Louder this time than at first, and then dying away as if the speaker had turned his face out toward the bay.

That was all. Three times the cry came, rising up from the wharves, humming along over the houses in the frosty night, and finally diving into the ear with a suddenness that made us start, as when the droning beetle strikes us the half-expected blow.

There was small need to keep up the clamor of the bells. The houses were empty before the twentieth stroke. The men all rushed in one direction,—down toward the wharves, whence the cry had started on its journey of alarm. The clatter of heavy, hurrying feet and the noise of shouting, heard on all sides at the top of the hill, gradually poured themselves together at the bottom into a river of sound, whose murmurings seemed to the listeners on the high ominous of evil. No other reason for alarm could be present-

ed. No building bursting into flame could be seen. The only visible light was the light of the moon, rising in the high east and showing the crescent harbor and Devil Island, opposite the town, seeming to cut off with its extremities the horns of the crescent. The moon? The moon had died of old age only the night before. What was it, then, throwing a radiant path of light along the water,—a path that narrowed from the village down to a bright, star-like point at the distant extremity of the crescent? It looked like a comet and the star-light point was moving nearer and nearer, pushing its beams of light further and further into the town, till a kind of halo seemed to clothe the whole village, and men saw each others' faces pale in the ghastly light.

These impressions lasted but a moment. It was soon apparent that a burning ship was sailing before the east wind directly towards the village. As the vessel approached, it seemed to gather the sparkling gold that lay before it, and with this to gild the sails and rigging, till the whole ship was hung with streamers of gold.

Such was the appearance to the watchers on the hill. What was being done at the wharves could be guessed only from the words of command that could occasionally be heard from that quarter. Sometimes there were moments of almost perfect silence, bating the wash of

the great waves upon the shore. Then a hundred shouts would rise, like birds from cover, and fill the air in all directions.

"Whoever's going here," cried a voice that sounded like Humphrey Barstock's, "must pile in quick."

There must have been a little confusion here, for it was some time before the same voice shouted: "Push off, there, and be quick about it!"

Then came the sound of oars dropping into the rowlocks, and, afterwards, the measured strokes of the oars in the water. In a few moments the field of light was being traversed by a struggling object that made directly for the ship.

When Humphrey Barstock called for volunteers, as just related, he expected that it would require all his efforts to keep back all but the desired number. On the other hand, but two or three presented themselves. The rest, with shamed faces, hung back. Presently, Charlie Templeton stepped forth from the crowd and said: "Let me go, Humphrey, if I can do any good."

"What!" cried the indignant Humphrey, turning to the crowd, "will ye be put to shame by a boy? Jump in here, Charlie, and let's see if the 's any shame in 'em."

After Charlie had got in, and men had come forward to fill the

vacant places, Humphrey would gladly have had him out. But it was too late to change; a single moment of delay might cost a life to some poor wretch in the burning ship.

The moment this had left the shelter of the wharf, it was not difficult to account for the scarcity of volunteers. The harbor, admirably protected on almost every side, was peculiarly open to the sweep of the east wind. Such a wind had been blowing with increasing violence all day, so that now the waves that had sported laughingly in the morning air, crowded each other with hoarse contention, and rose high with the angry passions that swayed them.

At first, Humphrey's new crew could make no headway against the intruding waves. The boat was taken all aback. Like a frightened horse it reared and tried to back away from the object of its terror. Then the strength of men conquered. The boat climbed up the terrace of the waves and moved upon the higher plane.

Then began the real work of the night. Humphrey, from his place at the tiller, could see what the others could not,—that the ship's mainmast had yielded to the fury of the flames. They did not stop to look at their own houses flickering on the hill-side. Humphrey's face, brightening and fading beneath his helmet hat, was the center of their gaze. There was little

need for Humphrey to speak. Every one felt that he must do his best work.

Suddenly, as they looked, the face grew dark, and then ghastly pale. Every man turned in his seat and looked toward the vessel. It had parted amid-ships. The forepart, with the foremast still hanging, had keeled over towards the boat. The hinder part had taken water and sunk outright, all but the very extremity of the stern. The pure, bright light had changed to a lurid glare. Then, for the first time, they saw that living beings, men, women and children, were clinging to the wrecked vessel.

All this they perceived at a glance. It was enough. Again their faces were turned landward and their bodies bent forward to the stroke. A few minutes and they were close upon the object of their struggles. The piteous cries of those upon the wreck, and, here and there, the fainter cries of some that were striving almost against hope in the turbid water, formed a shrill treble, which could be heard above the hoarse bass of the waves. "Help! help! For God's sake, help!" came with distracting multiplicity from all directions. At this time, Charlie's attention was attracted by the screams of a woman, who, clinging to a piece of the wreck, held up a little girl, scarcely more than an infant, to the view of the boatmen. The

woman was almost exhausted. The child, terrified by the strangeness of her mother's face and voice, was crying piteously.

"Heave ahead!" called out Charlie, from the bow. In a few moments he was grasping the arms of the little girl, while strong hands were lifting the helpless woman out of the hungry jaws of the ocean into the safety of the boat.

"For Heaven's sake, find Ernest!" she pleaded, as soon as she could speak. "He is not lost. I bound him, myself, to a piece of floating timber. Look there! Be quick, now! Ernest! Ernest!"

But the eager mother was doomed to disappointment. The boy proved to be another than the one she sought. She tried to persuade her rescuers to strike out in the direction in which she had seen the drifting timber with its precious freight disappear. But Humphrey would not listen to it. They could not forsake the others to go and search for her boy, he said. They must save the many and leave the few.

In this way, the boat was soon filled, and its burden carried to the shore; in this way, too, the same act was repeated again and again, and every time the frantic mother of a lost child stood waiting for her Ernest.

Meanwhile, the wind had veered around to the south, and the waves had abated somewhat of their fury.

The wreck, cleared now of its freight of humanity, had drifted nearer to the watchers on the shore. The night was breaking toward a new day. Indeed, one might see, by looking north, that the pole-star had already vanished at the sun's approach. From the south, a dense fog came in before the wind. The burning remnant of the wreck cast but a feeble light across the waters. It was at this time that Humphrey and his crew determined to make one last, thorough search for those that were still missing. One they found at the very start,—a gray-haired old man, with dead, staring eyes, and features that retained their horror after the agonies of death were passed. They closed his eyes, bore him to the shore, and, it being low water, laid him down tenderly upon the sand beyond the wharves. An old and dying woman tottered out from the crowd of rescued ones that still waited on the shore, and gazed long and silently at the face of the dead man. "Ah, well, Jacob," she finally said, "our time has come at last." And, falling down, she expired upon the old man's breast.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the now frenzied mother of Ernest. "See how they mock me. I send them out to find my Ernest, and they bring me this dead old man." Then, turning to Humphrey: "Ha! ha! Ernest has not gray

hair. Light hair, good sir, light hair, but not gray, as I am his mother. Hark! do you not hear him call?"

It was, indeed, a call or scream, and Humphrey hurried away with his men to the boat. The sound must have come from some one quite near; for the waves still ran high enough to make a heavy surf and a loud roaring; but the thick, drenching fog cut off all vision. They shouted as they went, but heard no sound in reply. At length, when they knew that they must be far enough out, the scream was repeated far in towards the place they had left. As the men turned their boat in that direction, they did not notice what Charlie did,—a boy, loosely tied to a spar, just beyond the bow of the boat. The boy was speechless with terror as he felt himself slipping away into the deep. Charlie saw it, and was in the water in an instant. He was just in time. The frightened boy had yielded his hold and was already sinking, when Charlie seized him by the hair and brought him up to the surface. Charlie grasped the spar, and tried to make his companion do the same; but the poor boy had lost all courage. He clung to Charlie as his last and only hope. Charlie tried to reassure him, and succeeded so far as to make him take hold of the spar and leave him free. By this time, the boat was beyond the reach of his voice.

What could he do? He began to swim toward the land, pushing the spar and its burden before him.

Charlie's absence from the boat was the less readily noticed because his place at the oar had been taken by a new man, and he had come for the purpose of keeping a look-out from the bow. Accordingly, they kept on in the direction from which the scream at intervals came. They found a woman with one arm thrown over a floating beam and a dead infant in the other. As the men drew these two into the boat, Humphrey suddenly cried out: "Good heavens! where's Charlie?"

Consternation stood on every face. Some remembered that he was in the boat just before they turned back; but none had seen him since. Could they find him? Had he fallen overboard and been drowned? Humphrey thought not. He believed he could go back to the place where they turned. They *must* go back. So they went on, shouting and calling all the way. "Hark!" demanded Humphrey, in a terrible voice. "He-e-ere, Charlie!"

Yes, it *was* an answer, and the boat flew through the water as the oars kept time with the motions of Humphrey's body. As Humphrey drew near the spar on which we left our friends, he saw the repetition of a performance that had taken place once before since we parted from them. The terrified

boy was sinking or had sunk into the sea, and Charlie was diving after him. It seemed harder, somehow, this time. The boy had never seemed so heavy before. But he could raise him. Yes, there, the boy was safe. Now he would reach the spar himself. But no! he could not do it. Why was it? Merciful Heaven! Would he never see his parents and friends any more? Oh, how happy he was in that long ago, when he played the simple games of childhood with his mates; how he had loved to think and plan what he would do when he became a man; he must give all of that up now. His mother would never

know what a place he would have built for her. These, and a thousand other thoughts, thoughts of the past and of the future, thoughts of eternity and of God, passed through his mind as he sank down and down and down toward the bottomless depths of the sea.

Half an hour later, the boat touched the shore, and a laughing, weeping, uncontrollably joyful mother had found her lost Ernest; but she knew not how much of that joy she owed to the dark-haired youth, lying with lifeless body stretched upon the sands, and pale face upturned to the hidden sky.

A SHADOW.

RED burned the sun in a cloudless sky,
 Darting its rays on a blistered land;
 The morning zephyrs had all gone by,
 And I was faint on the heated sand.
 Faint for food, and for water dry,
 Weak, with nothing to guide my hand.

Rough were the hills I had left behind,
 Rude were the rocks that had pressed my feet,
 And now 'twas vain that I sought to find
 Protecting shade from the scorching heat,
 Water cool nor a fresh'ning wind
 Came to quiet my temples' beat.

Out on the edge of the bounding rim
Tree-tops nodded, inviting me there,
And rippling waves of a brooklet's hymn
Came faintly over the torrid air ;
Deepest hills with their summits dim,
Promised shade and a rest from care.

Over a pillowy amber sheet
White wing'd ships met the distant sky ;
I knew the breeze there was soft and sweet,
The spray was cool, dashing wild and high,
'Twould soothe my burning temples' beat,
Lend me breath as it bounded by.

But, as I looked to the glowing west,
Over the end of the lapsing plain,
I saw a cloud that was slowly pressed
By cooling air and a misty rain,
Golden volumes were on its crest,
Crimson beauty filled up its train.

Far from my feet were the nodding trees,
Far were the hills with their cooling shade,
The sails were dim on the distant seas,
The song came low from the brooklet's glade.
I so weak could not go to these,
So I trusted the cloud for aid.

Yes, I would wait 'till it came to me,
Wait 'till it climbed up the vaulted blue,
And then it's shade should my refuge be,
My lips should drink in it's moist'ning dew.
Oh, the cloud ever light and free
Would my low drooping life renew.

Brighter and richer it's tints appeared,
Grander and bolder it moved along,
And wider spread in the sky, and neared
The sun, and rolled like a swaying throng :
Soft its face was and pearly teared,
Bearing never a look of wrong.

Then, flashing lights streamed across the air,
 Murmuring sounds echoed far away,
 And yet I thought that the light was fair,
 The joy and life of the cloud at play;
 So the sounds must be music there,—
 Songs, to waken my own that day.

Wrapped was my soul in a pure delight,
 Blinding my eyes, and I could not see
 The coming gloom, for across my sight
 A mist of pleasure there seemed to be,
 Till a fire of blue and white
 Filled the air, and awakened me.

Heavy and rough came a thunder crash,
 Then it was dark as a night could be,
 The rain fell down like a tyrant's lash
 To sweep the land and to beat on me.
 Rushing winds, with a whirling dash,
 Flung my hair to the falling sea.

Wildly I reached out my weary arms,
 Throwing them up through the murky night,
 And cried, "Oh, where are the pleasing charms,
 The songs of love, and the golden light?"
 All was vain, and my blistered palms
 Hugged the earth, and I shrank with fright.

THE CRITIC.

IT is a trite remark that no two things in the world are precisely alike. Individuals of the same species have the same essential qualities, but they also present diversities which are more or less noticeable. This is conspicuously true of human minds. What two persons have exactly the same mental disposition, the same turn

of thought, the same tastes, habits, ambition and experiences? There are minds whose dissimilarities are so much more obvious and striking than their essential and accidental resemblances combined, that we declare them to be totally unlike. Of others, it may be remarked, we affirm, with like extravagance, that they are in all respects similar.

Men unconsciously either attract or repel each other, according to the resemblances and diversities of their minds. Similarity of thoughts, tastes and purposes seems to be the ground of all purely voluntary association. Perhaps exceptions to this rule exist, for it appears that persons are sometimes attracted by qualities which they do not possess, and are repelled by others which they undoubtedly have; but many instances, which seem to be exceptions, are not really such. Bulwer has somewhere said, "It is ever the case with stern and stormy spirits that the weak ones which contract them steal strangely into their affections." This is, indeed, often so; but is it not to be believed that these rough exteriors conceal an inner fountain of sweet and tender feelings, which can never run dry nor be wholly choked up?

Difference of character and of pursuits will, so far as the necessary regulations of society permit, break up every community into parties, circles and unions, which

are more or less distinct and exclusive. Everywhere persons of the same temperaments and tastes will be found in association. Philosophers will congregate in the same academic groves; merchants may always be found in the marts; poets, except when envy and other evil passions poison their hearts, will most delight in the company and converse of each other; and in every generation will be re-born, somewhere, the conception of a pantisocracy, of the family at Fruitlands, and of the community at Brook Farm. Like experiences, too, will often bring together persons who, otherwise, would have felt no mutual attraction. "With the exception of rapturous love, there is no sympathy in the world so intense and profound as that between those who have known the same griefs." This is because similar experiences tend to assimilate the thoughts and tastes of different individuals.

I proceed to observe further that with very much the same emotions and passions which men manifest towards each other, they are wont to regard the products of each other's genius or skill, especially such products as most evince the mind and character of their author. It is a law of our nature that whatever feeling, either of esteem or of dislike, one individual may have for another, the same feeling, in greater or in less measure, is extended to such persons and

things as are known to be closely related to the primary object ; and, of all things thus related, none more avail to quicken the pleasant or the painful feeling than those which most forcibly recall to its possessor the characteristics of the individual who first occasioned it. Now, what are the works of men but an expression, to a greater or a less extent, of their thoughts, their tastes and their desires—those very things which, manifest in their own persons, either delight or displease their fellows? Hence, it appears that men, obeying their natural impulses, are led to regard each other's works very much as they do each other,—whether with emotions and passions which are pleasant or with such as are painful. This conclusion perfectly accords with observation and experience.

The question arises, should one permit himself to be governed by his natural impulses, in judging men and their works? In other words, should one regard men as worthy of esteem only so far as they resemble himself, and the works of men as praiseworthy only so far as they accord with his own individual tastes and wants? To ask this question is to answer it. The objects which delight most men are neither numerous nor of much variety. All the objects, however, which please one individual are not identical with those which delight another ; both

may admire a fine landscape, yet only one find enjoyment in the arts of husbandry. No two persons live in exactly the same world, for no two persons are exactly alike ; the outward world takes form, relations and significance very much according to the fashion of the inward man ; and beyond the extent of the understanding and the power to appreciate, possessed by any one person, there are innumerable worthy and beneficent objects around us. It takes the combined power of a whole race to discern and appreciate all the goodly things wherewith God has completed and adorned this earth.

But it is to be inquired further, should one judge men and their works by preconceived notions of excellence, which have been more or less widely received and established? Conceptions as to what constitutes the model man, and views in morals, change more or less from generation to generation ; and as to the works of men, it should be remembered that it is only the works of common minds and of professed imitators that closely resemble previous productions. Minds of great originality always produce something unique, *sui generis*, patterned after no model in the world. One work of genius may be of a higher order than another, but the merits of the latter are not to be ascertained by comparing it with the former. ' We can not affirm any imparity

where the ground is preoccupied by disparity. Where there is no parity of principle, there is no basis for comparison." "One poem, which is composed upon a law of its own, and has a characteristic or separate beauty of its own, can not be inferior to any other poem whatsoever. The class, the order, may be inferior; the scale may be a lower one; but the individual work, the degree of merit marked upon the scale, must be equal—if only the poem is equally original." The "Excursion" is not to be condemned and ridiculed because it is constructed upon other principles than those which governed Homer or any other of the world's great poets. An objection to Wordsworth's great poem, thus grounded, is far more unjust and unimportant than one based upon some positive characteristic or quality of the poem,—for instance, its metaphysical obscurity and tedious prolixity. Addison's "Cato" is not redeemed from mediocrity because its author kept within the limits prescribed by the three unities, nor are Shakespeare's marvelous dramas less worthy because the great poet transgressed those limits. Times change, human tastes and human wants vary with varying circumstances, men differ from their fellows; whatever either has been or will be of advantage to some minds at some times, should not be condemned merely because

it differs from some model which is formed to delight and instruct other minds in other circumstances. He who would rightly estimate the productions of human genius must be cramped by no precise rules and bound by no devotion to set forms and immutable models. He must have a mind as broad as the field of his observation. If there is any one in the world who needs to be free from warping prejudices and dwarfing selfishness; who should possess a profound knowledge of human nature and of human needs; who should be able, by the largeness and power of his sympathy, to put himself in the position of other men, and, for the moment, view things from their stand-point; who, to the greatest possible extent, should be able to appreciate the objects of Nature and the products of Art; who should have power accurately to discern and clearly to state the good and the bad in whatever plan or production he undertakes to examine; who should possess deference without civility, and independence without bigotry, and who, finally, should have constantly before him, as the object of his striving, the beautiful form of Truth and the welfare of his kind,—it is the man who aspires to the place and honor of a professional critic.

Some writers assert that genius consists in that power by which its possessor can invest his personality

with whatever character he pleases, and, amid every variety of circumstances, faithfully represent either the peasant or the prince, the pirate or the sage, the lunatic or the lover. This peculiar power, more than any other, is characteristic of Shakespeare, of Sir Walter Scott, and, indeed, of all great delineators of human character. Now, if this power is the sign of genius, it is most certain that a critic, to be worthy of respect and confidence, must possess genius; for, in examining and judging human productions, whether in literature or in art, he will often find it necessary to put himself alternately in the place of the workman and in that of the workman's admirers. In judging many works, chiefly of a literary nature, it is essential that the critic know something of the life and character of the author. Thomas De Quincey has said, "In a small section of books, the objective in the thought becomes confluent with the subjective in the thinker—the two forces unite for a joint product, and fully to enjoy the product, or fully to apprehend either element, both must be known." "We read a physiology and need no information as to the life and conversation of the author; a meditative poem becomes far better understood by the light of such information; but a work of genial, and at the same time eccentric sentiment, wandering upon

untrodden paths, is barely intelligible without it." Far more important, however, and more frequently needed than mere knowledge of the life and conversation of the workman is sympathy with him and a knowledge of his conception as it exists in his own mind. No truth, no object in Nature, viewed from different points of observation, appears exactly the same. An observer, looking at the stained glass window of a cathedral from the outside, sees scarcely more than an irregular, variegated patch-work; let him step within, and straightway the whole expanse is ablaze with rich and exquisitely blended colors, amid which is seen the clear and majestic figure of St. John or of the Virgin Mother. Even so the critic, by the exercise of a fine and active power, must oftentimes enter the inmost soul and sanctuary of the workman, before he can grasp the latter's conception and rightly appreciate his production. It is of the first importance that a critic fully apprehend the original design of a work which he purposes to examine. Ignorance or misconception in this respect is the source of much ill-judged, unjust and injurious criticism, as well as of some undeserved laudation. In order, also, to know whether a certain production, which is designed to accomplish some end, is likely to realize the expectations of its

author, the critic should know something of the character, the tastes and the needs of the persons or class of persons particularly concerned. But, furthermore, some works can be justly estimated only by the effects which they produce. It is impossible, on their first appearance, to pronounce with certainty whether they be good or bad. Judgment must, therefore, be suspended, and they must be carefully studied until their character becomes evident. Such are many works of great originality ; they are always anomalies, and must be treated as such.

Critics should beware lest they unconsciously impair their own powers ; for criticism is a weapon which will injure him who uses it unless he wields it aright. Undue attention to particulars and exaggeration of minor faults is a wrong done not alone to the work criticised and to its author. Were it no more than this, it would still be indignantly denounced by every just and good man. "The chief bar, I suppose, to the action of imagination, and stop to all greatness in this present age of ours," writes John Ruskin, "is its mean and shallow love of jest, so that if there be in any good and lofty work a flaw, failing, or undipped vulnerable part where sarcasm may stick or stay, it is caught at, and pointed at, and buzzed about, and fixed upon, and stung into as

a recent wound is by flies ; and nothing is ever taken seriously or as it was meant, but always, if it may be, turned the wrong way and misunderstood. And while this is so, there is not and can not be any hope of achievement of high things. Men dare not open their hearts to us if we are to broil them on a thorn fire." But critics, when they carp at unimportant particulars and magnify mole-hills, are oftentimes hurting themselves more than they can possibly injure others. They degrade their powers by an unworthy and a belittling exercise of them. By constant search after defects, no matter how trivial, if only opportunity be given for the display of meager wit and slovenly satire, such critics become at length unable to appreciate, often unable even to perceive, that which is beautiful and truly excellent. The mind is lowered and narrowed by such a use of it, the taste is vitiated, and a morbid appetite for what is faulty and erroneous is created. This, I affirm, is the tendency, and it sometimes leads to results truly lamentable. But it yet remains to be noticed in this connection that habits of criticism which are blameless and even productive of good are not unattended with danger to the taste of the critic. I find in Alison's "*Principles of Taste*," a passage which so nearly expresses the present thought that I am led to quote it. "It is in

consequence of this (namely, that attention to certain special qualities or attributes is never attended with any emotion of taste), that the exercise of criticism never fails to destroy, for the time, our sensibility to the beauty of every composition, and that habits of this kind so generally end in destroying the sensibility of taste. They accustom us to consider every composition in relation only to rules; they turn our attention from those qualities upon which their effect is founded as objects of taste, to the consideration of the principles by which this effect is attained; and instead of that deep and enthusiastic delight which the perception of beauty or sublimity bestows, they afford us at last no higher enjoyment than what arises from the observation of the dexterity of art.' Whatever influences and tendencies, adverse to himself, may naturally be connected with his art, the true critic will constantly guard against them, and, so far as possible, prevent the evil consequences which they would naturally induce.

A certain independence of thought and speech is essential to a good critic—not the independence which springs from an ignorant and officious dogmatism, but that which is based on fullness of knowledge and on well-considered convictions, that which belongs to a mind both wise and courageous. No worthy critic will claim infalli-

bility of judgment, and, in the utterance of his convictions, he will be moved by no love save that of what is true and good, and by no fear save that of doing wrong. These two things greatly weaken the independence, and so the merit, of the critic,—namely, undue regard for the opinions and the esteem of others, and obedience to the dictates of prejudice and dislike. The first induces a criticism remarkable for the bestowal of undeserved and often extravagant praise, and for an unjust and a reprehensible glossing of faults; the second leads to the display of the most evil passions, to uncharity, to slander and to the grossest falsification.

Finally, he whose part it is to point out the errors of his fellow-men, to suggest improvements, and to bestow fitting encomium on all good works, should be filled with a lofty and chivalrous devotion to Truth, and a paramount desire for the welfare of the whole human race. Whether obscure or famous, judging small things or great, he should be scrupulous, faithful and unselfish. Devotion to Truth, such devotion as will triumph over all the petty prejudices and low self-love of our faultful nature, is one of the divinest features of man. It is so ennobling, so truly excellent, that its possessor, though he be the meanest digger of the soil, shall stand in the congregation of the right-

eous forever ; while false-hearted kings and conquerors, and they who, by their counsel, make indistinct the line between truth and error, shall be swept away like chaff before the whirlwind. Critics of all grades have spoken in accordance with cherished prejudices, before now ; they have argued from feelings of enmity, they have insulted the good, de-

faced the beautiful and violated the true, in contending for victory alone, and in so doing they have sinned against God and man. Only those, and their numbers are comparatively few, who have searched with clear eye and steady hand after truth have been, in their important sphere, the faithful servants of God and the benefactors of mankind.

A FEW WORDS ON LEARNING, KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

BY JABEZ BURNS, D.D., LL.D. *

—LONDON, ENGLAND.

THIS Trinity of Terms, when pondered, may save us from confusion of thought and mistaken conclusions. Learning is defined skill in languages or science. It is in fact acquaintance with things and definitions. A botanist has a right conception of plants, their structure, appearances and recognized names. An astronomer is one who knows the science of the

heavens ; a linguist or philologist the nature of languages. An ethnologist is one who is acquainted with the distinctions and peculiarities of the races of man. Now learning is the true acquaintance with these or other sciences or arts, and is distinguished from ignorance or misapprehension on these or other subjects. The area of learning is very spacious, and only a few have been able to go through the greater part of this intellectual territory. As a rule, learning divides its kingdom into different provinces and most men devote their

* The eminent character of the author, as well as the fact that he is unconnected with the institution, has led us to depart from our usual custom and to publish the following article under the writer's name.—Ed.

lives and labors to some one or two selected departments from the whole. One man is learned in tongues, another in certain sciences, another in art, while others roam abroad in the regions of philosophy, mental or moral, or literature special or general. It may be that a man's learning is much limited to abstract ideas, or definitions and phrases.

Knowledge is the understanding of the subject, which learning has taken under her tutorage. Knowledge has to do with causes, effects, attributes, results and phenomena generally. Knowledge seeks socratically to inquire of the why and wherefore, of the how and the then, of subjects that learning presents for reflection and study. One person understands the anatomy of man and is learned on that subject, but knows little of the history of our race, or the varied distinctions that exist in the human family. One is exact on the science of astronomy, but may not be well instructed in the rise and progress of that science, or its bearings in general on the grand laws of the universe. Knowledge illumines the pathway of the progressionist, and illustrates both the terms and bearings of science.

Thus it is that a man may know very much on a given subject and yet he may not in the strictest sense be learned. His definitions

may be crude and his philosophy defective.

Wisdom, in its real and true signification, may be in harmony with either, and yet may differ from both. A man may be wise and yet unlearned. A man may be wise with little knowledge while a man may be learned and have great stores of knowledge and be not only unwise, but the veriest fool. A man's learning may be like some old-fashioned furniture, stored up and laid by in some lumber room without any reference to show or use. Or a man's learning may be like a miser's gold, kept in some locked safe, and neither benefit himself nor others. A learned man may be just a pedant and nothing more, and by the embargo he lays on himself may be far removed from the luminous pathways of knowledge and still farther from the higher walks of wisdom.

Wisdom is the practical application both of learning and knowledge. It is the acting out of what science or general knowledge may have presented to us. Solomon was both learned and intellectual, and yet in his latter days he was probably the least wise man in his kingdom. The most illiterate Jewish peasant, following the few streaks of divine light, and walking in God's fear, was a truer philosopher than he. Learning turned to practical account is wisdom. Knowledge in noble

and moral activity is wisdom ; and learning, rightly directed and illumed with the collected rays of knowledge, is true wisdom, and that true wisdom is the glory of man and a treasure by which he may be enriched for both worlds.

In my happy sojourn at your Commencement, in 1872, I was forcibly and most pleasingly impressed with the indubitable evidences of sound and extensive learning exhibited in the papers and discussions to which I listened with inexpressible delight. But I was equally satisfied that this learning was beautified and built up by the acquisition of ex-

tensive and general knowledge, and I was more than delighted with many evidences that the superstructure reared on both was that of divine wisdom, or the application of learning and knowledge to their highest legitimate ends. May it ever so be and more abundantly, and with abiding permanence. Of the men I have known who were prominent in learning, knowledge and wisdom, I should place in the first rank the late Thomas Dick, LL.D., of Broughty Ferry, and Sir David Brewster,—men whose lives and labors will bless the world to the end of time.

HEROISM.

THE noblest and most exhilarating objects for our contemplation are those which exhibit human nature in its most exalted aspects.

Men, whose courage will rise to meet every exigency which extraordinary circumstances combine to produce ; men, whose souls are of such an exalted nature that they stop not at impediments, however difficult to overcome, which may unexpectedly be met,—hold up to our delighted vision a goal to at-

tain, for which we may well expend our most valuable time and strength ; and though we be often baffled, doomed to repeated disappointment, we feel enriched by the loftiness of our ideal and ennobled by our very defeats.

Such men seem to grasp the future by the comprehensiveness of their views of the past, and their widening and ascending purposes seem to dilate at every new glimpse of the glorious possibilities with which the future may be laden.

Profiting by this foreknowledge and its attendant strength of purpose, they soar above the common realm of action, and make their lofty ideal a living real.

Thus we see that heroism is no extempore work of transient impulse,—a rocket fitfully illumining the sky and soon consuming itself by the intensity of its splendor,—but it sheds a light as steady, as fixed as the orbs of heaven, and, fed like them upon celestial nutriment, it grows out of the gross and material, and throws around its possessor a halo of glory, exalting him to the title and dignity of a god.

Having defined, in a general way, the nature of heroism, let us consider it as divided into four classes, and treat of the hero according as he fixes his upward glance upon war, country, race, or heaven. This will lead us to speak of the soldier, patriot, reformer, and saint.

Glory, in the mind of the mere soldier, trained under the stern requirements of the military drill, who is taught to rely solely upon his sword as a means of advancement; whose nature is warped and dwarfed by the absence of the refining influence of society, can hardly take a more exalted form than such as will cause her devotee to rush, like the "unthinking horse," madly into danger, intent only upon vindicating his name from all imputation of cowardice.

Since such an exhibition of what the world calls heroism is the result, not so much of a mind's being cast in a heroic mold as of its following out the fierce instincts which nature and education may have implanted, we place this in the lowest order of heroic deeds. Still, the love of glory in this rough garb, veiled by no smooth, deceitful appearances, brought to notice by no transcendent genius, may be purer and loftier than it is in the diplomatist or wily statesman.

But when we know a man whose ideas of glory are not confined to himself; whose whole soul is lifted out of narrow, egotistical views into the grand glow of national pride; who feels willing to lay down his life for his country's honor, we feel compelled to award to him the honor of true patriotism. When Napoleon placed his brothers upon the thrones of Europe, his charge to them can scarcely be called a heroic utterance: "Remember that your first duty is to *me*, afterwards to France." We love to turn from such expressions of selfishness and peruse those fatherly words of advice and encouragement which are embodied in Washington's farewell address—a legacy the most remarkable, for the showing what a tender relation may subsist between ruler and people, ever bequeathed to the world.

But those deeds of heroism per-

formed by Napoleon in his early days in defense of France seem to have been prompted by a love for country. So we might attribute to Miltiades the honor of living a life entirely devoted to his state, did we pursue his career no farther than the battle of Marathon.

The common mind is often so cast in the patriotic mold that in its simplicity it can conceive of no form of government, country, or language equal to its own. Thus we hear the old Hollander claiming that Adam and Eve spoke Dutch in Eden, and the Arab boasting that there is no place in the world so beautiful as his desert wilds. But while we admire their spirit and compassionate their ignorance, we are disgusted at the dandy who lisps his contempt for all narrow, national prejudices from the elevation of his moustache.

There are those whose capacities for love and sympathy can not be satisfied with even the strong affection with which their fatherland binds them to itself, but their fine natures constantly reach out after still higher and worthier objects of love; hence, while they may always evince strong attachment to the land of their birth, they manifest no national preference in their desire for the elevation of mankind. These men are our philanthropists and reformers.

John Howard, Florence Nightingale, Whitefield, Luther, Hampden, Sumner, Lorason and Phillips are a few of the noble names which form a galaxy, the brightest of earth's ornaments.

The fourth and last class of men whom we can call heroic is that composed of spirits which do not rely upon the martial clangor of arms, the pride of noble ancestry, nor even their natural boldness of mind to urge them to brave the perils of a life devoted to grand achievements, but trust simply to an over-ruling Power—a divine Master.

Developing within themselves one of the sublimest faculties of the mind—a living faith in an immortal life beyond the grave—they shrink from no peril, however appalling it may appear. Contumely, persecutions and martyrdoms have been their lot in past ages, and, although to-day they enjoy a comparative freedom from what we generally term persecution, there are peculiar trials which require the same heroism to be called into action.

The noblest and grandest deeds of heroism recorded in the history of man are those performed by men who, denying the impulses of their own hearts, have attempted to execute what they thought to be the will of their heavenly Father.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

COMMENCEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT exercises opened with President Cheney's Baccalaureate, on Sunday, P.M., June 14. In the evening, the Rev. D. W. C. Durgin preached an excellent sermon before the Theological department. On Monday evening, the Prize Declamation of the Junior Class occurred. Considerable interest had all along been manifested in this contest, on account of the liberality of the prizes and the circumstances under which they were offered. They were given for the best written original declamation, oratory also to be considered. The first prize, one hundred dollars, was contributed by W. B. Wood, Esq., of Boston, Mass.; the second, fifty dollars, by ladies of the F. B. church of Lowell, Mass.; the third, twenty-five dollars, by ladies of the F. B. church of Lawrence, Mass. The declamations were delivered before a crowded audience, and were pronounced unexceptionably good. The Committee of Award,—Rev. A. L. Houghton, Rev. J. E. Dame and Hon. S. B. W. Davis,—gave the prizes; first, to F. L. Washburn; second, to J. Nash; third, to A. T. Salley. The award was un-

commonly satisfactory. Tuesday, A. M., the Rev. Mr. Houghton, of '70, delivered a scholarly oration before the Alumni, and was followed by Mr. Stockbridge, of '72, with a fine poem.

The concert, on Tuesday evening, is generally acknowledged to have been one of the best ever given in Lewiston. More than a thousand tickets were sold, and the receipts more than paid the expenses of the graduating class. On Wednesday occurred the great event of the week, the graduation of the class of '74. The City Government generously tendered the free use of City Hall, and, notwithstanding the weather was rainy, the hall was well filled. The occasion passed off pleasantly, and the parts averaged well with any we have ever heard. At two o'clock, adjournment was made to Gymnasium Hall, to partake of "Commencement Dinner." The usual number of toasts were drank, and short, though racy speeches made by Dr. Day, of the *Morning Star*, and others. The address before the Literary Societies was made in the evening, by the Rev. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard College. It evinced thorough knowledge and sound

learning. The feature of Commencement which calls forth a great share of interest is the exercises of the graduating class. These recall the past, depict the present, and foretell the future. Lewiston never gathered together a larger audience than collected on Thursday evening, to bid good-bye to the class of '74. The exercises, as a whole, we have never seen excelled; only one criticism,—they were too long. Mr. T. P. Smith's oration was especially good, and well merited the applause which followed. The *Chronicles* were original and spicy, and although rather shaky *history*, were first-rate *fiction*. The Hat Scrape was well told, and made people laugh, but they haven't heard it all yet.

We have only given a mere outline of Commencement Exercises, as our journal is published so late that all the leading newspapers have forestalled us in a detailed account.

Although we omit most of the rather stale practices customary to many colleges, such as the burning of the Calculus and the burial of Anna Lytics, yet, in real merit, we are willing to compare our regular annual exercises with those of a majority of New England institutions.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges for June are filled with foreshadowings of Commencement and with the

farewells of retiring editors. Some are apparently sorry to leave their editorial duties, while others are relieved. All are evidently looking forward to the future with the brightest anticipations. We heartily wish them success, and trust that their places will be ably filled by the incoming editors.

The Packer Quarterly, with its somewhat pretentious array of books upon the cover, first claims our attention. As usual, it is filled with light, pleasant articles, which, without displaying any great depth of thought, form easy and often instructive reading. It appears that they cultivate something besides the fine arts at Packer, for we notice that at the "Commencement of the Junior Club," the supper was prepared by the fair members themselves, prizes being given as follows:—"For the best batch of bread, a rolling-pin and kneading-board; for the best sewing, an emery bag; for the best pan of caramels, a large spoon." — *The Yale Lit.* contains but one "heavy" article for June,—the De-Forest Prize Oration upon Sentimentalism in Literature and Art. There is also an interesting account of the foundation of the University. A slight fling at Bates is indulged in, yet the fire has not descended and the earthquake has passed us by unharmed. — *The Owl* has been steadily improving since the

beginning of the year. The June number contains a continuation of the discussion, "Is the Monkey Father to the Man?" which contains many valuable thoughts. We were much pleased also with the article of the "Plural Origin of Mankind," in reply to the Central Collegian. — *The Crescent* has an article upon societies at Hillsdale, from which we learn that the meetings are public and are frequented largely by the citizens of the place. *The Crescent* claims great advantages from this plan. Here is an idea for our society men. — *The Alfred Student* discusses the prospects of base ball at Alfred University and asks why the Faculty persistently discourage this game, while at the same time no other means of exercise are provided. We hope the *Student* will be successful in arousing an interest in this game. — We have received the June number of the *College Herald*

and noted its comment upon the *Student*. We are glad to find the *Herald* agreeing with us in regard to discussing matters of general interest. — *The University Herald* has the following, which may interest our readers: — "We have received a very interesting letter from a gentleman of some note in England, in which he says: 'Three-fourths of those who go to the Universities here, go because it is 'the proper thing' for a gentleman's son, certainly not with any intention of getting brain fever through over-study. Mathematics would be their strong point, viz., how to make their allowance spin 'out to the end of the term, or the rate per cent. at which they could borrow money on their expectations. . . . The fact is, our Universities and Colleges are more training schools for young gladiators than anything else."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A HORSE! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" quoth the Freshman.

—A certain Senior would do well to look into the Reading Room before calling his Prof. pet (?) names.

—"I say, Freshie," said a Soph the other day, pointing to his friend, "here is a fellow that wants to see the greenest man in college." "Well," coolly replied the Freshman, "I should think he might be satisfied with you."

—Another affecting extract from a Philadelphia obituary poem has appeared. It reads:

"Put away those little breeches,
Do not try to mend the hole;
Little Johnny will not want them,
He has climbed the golden pole."

—Scene.—Recitation in Evidences of Christianity. Fuller, a diminutive Junior, rises to recite. Prof.—"When is belief necessary?" Fuller gives a correct, but *very short*, explanation. Prof. (wishing for details)—"How is that?" Mr. A.—"Didn't he give a correct answer?" Prof.—"Certainly, but I want a little Fuller statement."

—We are pained to notice that papers taking our items, and appropriating them as their own, seek to palliate the theft by pub-

lishing a column of religious miscellany. This may look well enough in the eyes of Heaven, but it don't satisfy us. — *Danbury News*.

—Attention is called to the fact that the phrase "too thin," generally regarded as slang, has a very high authority. In Act. V., scene 2, of Henry VIII., the Monarch retorts as follows to the fulsome adulations of the Bishop of Winchester:—

"You were very good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester, but know I come not
To hear such flattery now, and, in my presence,
They are *too thin* and base to hide offenses."

—*Ex.*

—Recitation in Botany. Prof. —"Of what species is this flower?" Student (with some indecision)—"I—I think it is *Struggleus chokyarmus*." Student sits down in some confusion.

—*Ex.*

—Scene in a Junior Recitation. —Dr.—"Mr. C., what is heat? When you have wood, coal, matches, where does the heat come from—what is heat?" C.—"Heat is a condition." Dr.—"Have you ever been *warmed* by conditions?"—*Ex.*

—Junior, scanning—"In sig |

nis ma | num cu | jus, dam it——”
Prof.—Wait a moment; that last
might do for a remark, but as a
scansion it is a little imperfect.”—

Trin. Tablet.

—We can neither answer for
the originality of the query, nor
satisfy the curiosity of the Fresh-
man, who asks “whether it
would be accepted as a fine rhe-
torical figure, to say, when it
snows, that Jack Frost shakes

from his head the *dandruff* upon
the bosom of Mother Earth.”
Such fine fancies have eluded the
grasp of our most ambitious
thoughts.—*Williams Review.*

—Recitation in Chemistry.

Prof.—“Mr. A., what is the
symbol for Potassium?” Mr. A.—
“P.” Prof.—“No.” Mr. A.—
“Po.” Prof.—“No.” Mr. A.
“Pot.”—General howl.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

The Freshman Class numbers twenty-five.

At length we are permitted to rejoice in the long-wished-for door-way between the two divisions of Parker Hall.

Improvements are still being made upon the Campus. Much has been done, but much remains to do.

The base-ball ground is finished, and is one of the best. All know to whom we are indebted.

At the Junior Prize Declamations, Commencement Week, the first prize was awarded to F. L. Washburn; second, to James Nash, and third, to A. T. Salley.

Prof. Stanton, accompanied by three ladies, sailed for Europe in the steamer Parthia, Cunard Line, July 11th. The party is to be absent one year. At present, they are residing near Lake Windermere, England.

The Seniors have elected the following class officers: Pres., L. M. Palmer; Vice-Pres., H. F. Giles; Sec., F. B. Fuller; Treas., J. H. Hutchins; Chap., A. T. Salley; Orator, F. H. Smith; Poet, H. S. Cowell; Prophet, F. L. Washburn; Historian, George Oak; Odist, C. G. Warner; Parting Address, A. M. Spear; Class Committee, J. H. Hutchins, F. B. Fuller, A. T. Salley.

The following officers have been elected by the Sophomore Class for the ensuing year: President, O. B. Clason; Vice-President, J. A. Chase; Secretary, P. R. Clason; Treasurer, E. H. Patten; Historian, A. Merrill; Prophet, L. A. Burr; Orator, B. T. Hathaway; Poet, G. H. Wyman; Odist, B. Minard; Toast Master, F. F. Phillips; Chaplain, S. J. Gould; Class Committee, H. W. Oakes, N. P. Noble, A. W. Potter.

The Polymnian Society has made choice of the following officers for 1874: President, A. M. Spear; Vice-President, E. H. Besse; Secretary, J. H. Randall; Treasurer, J. W. Smith; Librarian, B. H. Young; Executive Committee, J. R. Brackett, A. L. Morey, O. B. Clason; Editors, L. M. Palmer, G. L. White, G. H. Wyman; Orator, F. L. Evans; Poet, N. S. Palmeter.

Officers for the Eurosophian Society are as follows: President, H. F. Giles; Vice-President, E. Whitney; Secretary, J. Rankin; Treasurer, A. Merrill; Librarian, E. R. Goodwin; Executive Committee, C. G. Warner, A. O. Emerson, N. P. Noble; Editors, F. E. Emrich, W. H. Adams, B. Minard.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—G. S. Ricker has accepted a call from Mt. Vernon chapel, Lowell, Mass.

'71.—L. G. Jordan, for several years past Principal of Nichols Latin School, has been chosen to take charge of Lewiston High School.

'72.—George H. Stockbridge is teaching at Lyndon Center, Vt.

'72.—Fritz W. Baldwin has been chosen Principal of Nichols Latin School, at Lewiston.

'73.—E. P. Sampson is Principal of the High School, at Castine, Me.

'74.—J. F. Keene has been chosen Principal of the High School, at Richmond, Me.

'74.—F. L. Noble is studying law in the office of Strout & Holmes, Portland, Me.

'74.—Augustine Simmons has been elected Principal of Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro.

'74.—C. S. Frost will supply the pulpit of the Court Street F. B. Church, Auburn, during the fall.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1871.

GODDARD, ISAAC.—Born, January 7th, 1846, at Lewiston, Me. Son of Isaac and Betsey Goddard.

1871, Autumn, Studied medicine in New York City.

1871--'72, Student in Dr. Fillebrown's Dental Office, at Lewiston, Me.

1872--'73, Practised Dentistry.

1873, Spring, Attended Medical Lectures, at Brunswick, Me.

1873, Autumn, Formed a partnership with Dr. Bigelow, and opened a Dental Office in Lewiston, Me.

Married, November 26th, 1872, to Miss Viola M. Adams, of Bath, Me., by the Rev. Dr. John O. Fiske, of Bath.

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REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
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GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. URIAH BALKAM, D.D.,
Professor of Logic and Christian Evidences.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Tutor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **Greek:** in three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** in Loomis's or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis's Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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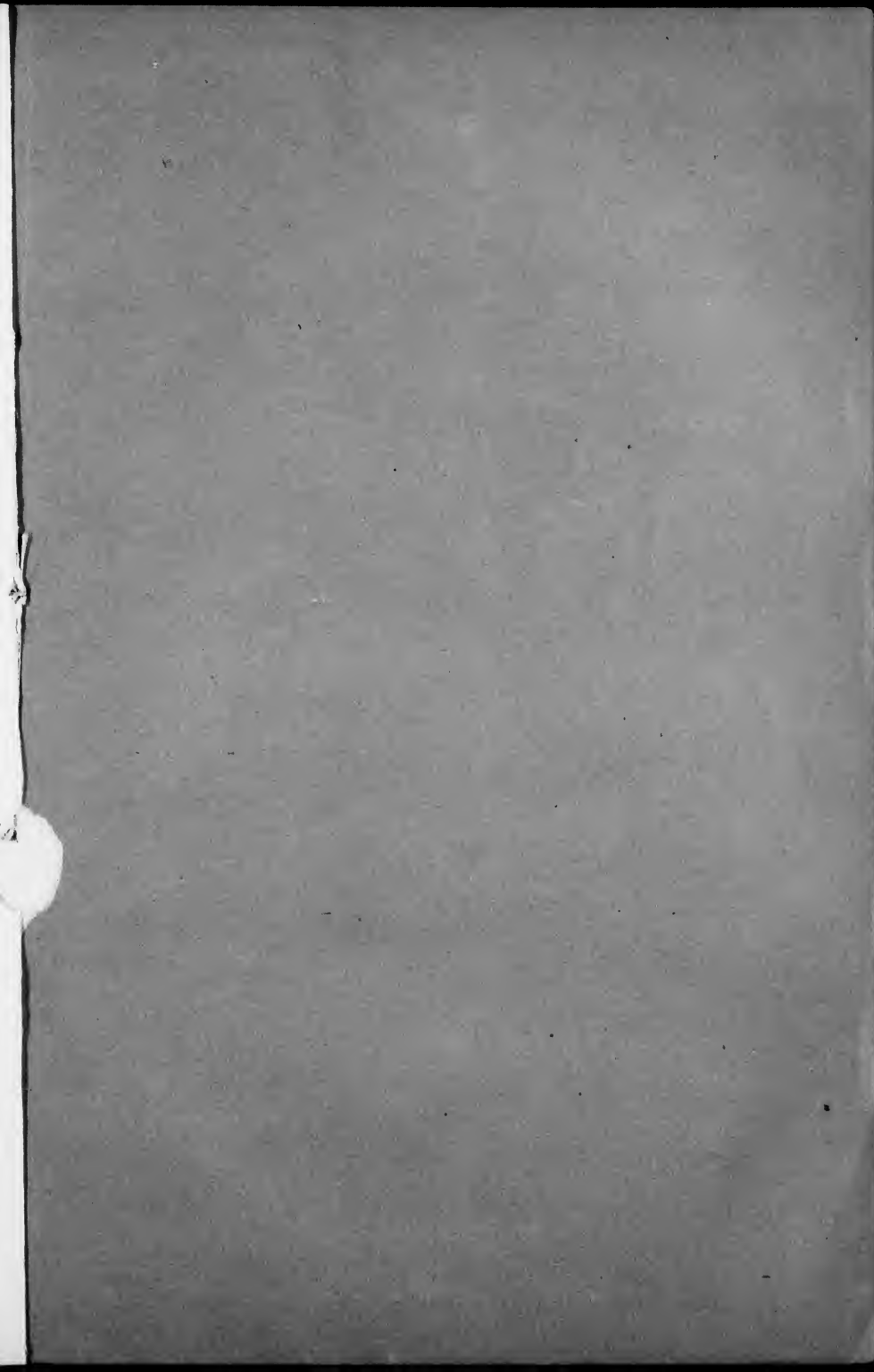
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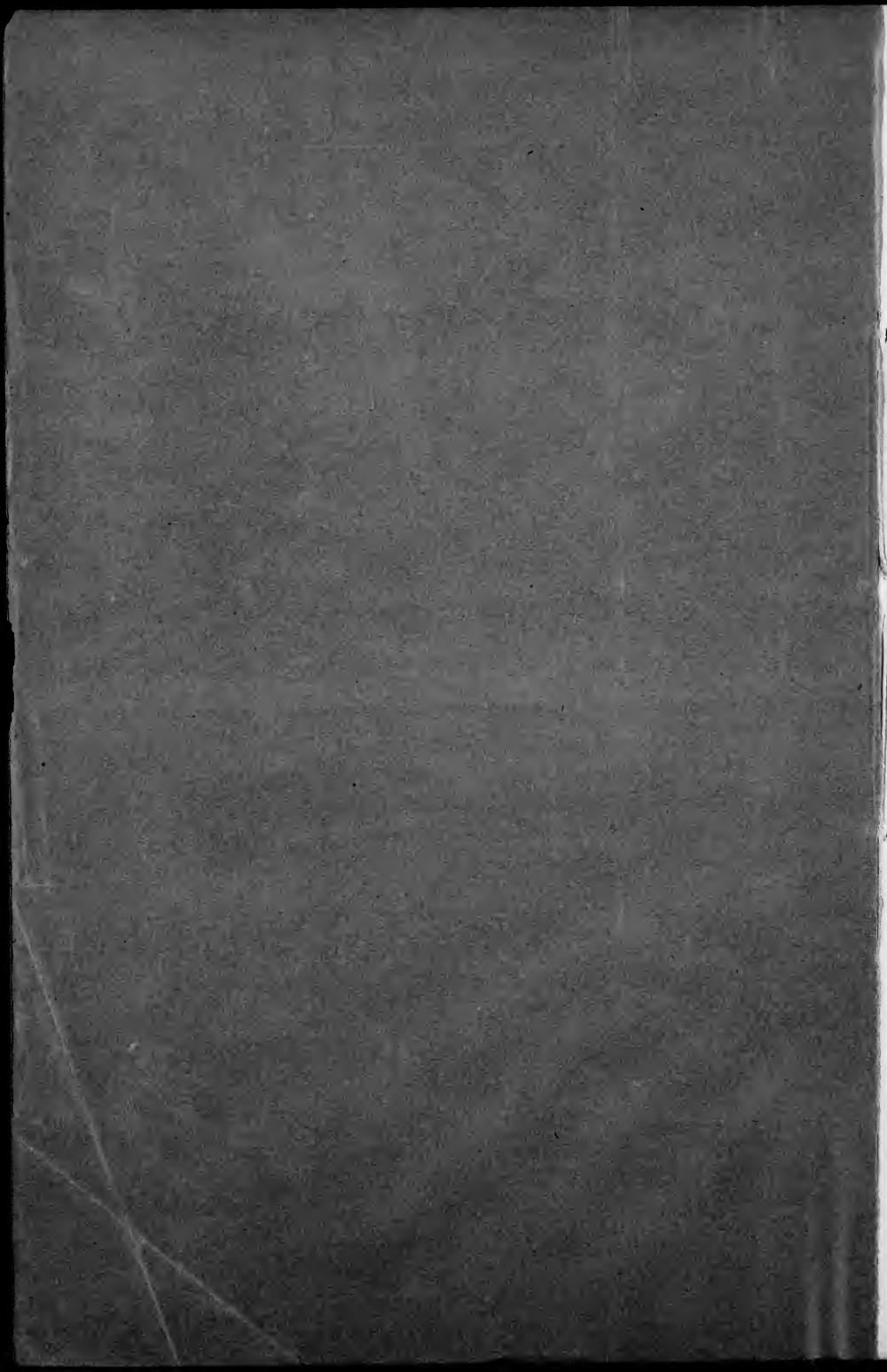
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THE
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PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER V.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet.

—Keats.

IN the chronic phrase of the story-writers, we must now pass rapidly over the space of four years. Think not from this, gentle reader, that your author has turned astrologer, and proposes to disclose to you the secrets of the future. As has already been intimated, the scenes which have been described are not scenes of yesterday. Perhaps it should have been stated before,—again giving credit to the story-writers,—that the time of our story extends over the short but memorable period of years from 18— to 18—. The reader now understands why it is that, after a short pause for breath, we take the earliest opportunity for saying that Charlie Templeton did not die; and also,

why we pass over altogether, the long, lingering sickness, with which he was afflicted. Dead sorrows do not excite the emotions that animate our interest in living ones. Scrubb is not half so much interested in the dead-and-gone death of Methuselah, as in the prospective death of Grubb, head-clerk in the office in which Scrubb is assistant. And yet, in point of reputation, Methuselah is indisputably ahead of Grubb.

We might have killed poor Charlie Templeton as he lay there helpless on the beach, and nobody would have been the wiser. Our tender-heartedness restrained us. Let a knowledge of this put an eternal end to the dumps of our friend Hardcase, who whines dolefully:—"It

is a sad satire on human nature,—this fact that the fear of detection is the only preventive of universal wrong-doing and crime.”

Yes, Charlie Templeton lived. We feel that it is necessary to say this, in order to explain what follows. It might excite surprise, not to mention distrust, in a practical mind, to find our hero moving naturally in earthly society, before it learned that his truant life had been restored to him there in the gray morning. We, for one,—these authorial pronouns must be mended!—being practical, should think it a very strange affair, to say the least. Now, however, we beg that the reader will not be taken aback, if, on entering Mrs. Percival's parlor, nearly four years after the events of the last chapter, he recognizes in the tall young gentleman sitting there, the really dead Charlie Templeton of other days. He has grown handsome since we saw him last, albeit the paleness of his face is no improvement. His college life of two years has given his face a thoughtful, manly look, that well becomes him. His boyish spirits have not left him, as is evident from the laughing animation of his talk with Winnie. Yet the glee of both is subdued, perhaps more so to-night than usual; for he goes back soon to complete his Sophomore year.

And what has Winnie been doing all these years? As you

look at her now, with her deep, laughing, brown eyes, and her warm, rosy cheeks, you think, no doubt, that she must have spent the most of her time in becoming kind-hearted and frank and generous. But no, she has never been other than all these. She has been attending school, too. She is taking a post-graduate course in the village academy. She doesn't do much at home, only study, and help a little about the house, and sew, and read, and—well, once in a while, she writes to Charlie, when he is away. They both thought it very strange,—this idea that a boy and a girl can not be good friends without being lovers. They didn't know why it was so different from the case of two boys, or two girls. So it was agreed that they would write each other good, friendly letters, and no more.

That was when Charlie first went away. They called themselves boy and girl, then. Charlie is a young gentleman now, and Winnie a young lady. There *is* something in a name, after all. Charlie, at any rate, finds it much harder to be only a friend to Winnie than he did when he was a “boy”; and to-night he means to ask her if he may not bear that other title of lover. And what will her answer be? Has she found the same difficulty? She hardly knows. She doesn't realize that there has been any

change,—it has been so natural and so gradual. Yet the change has come. Possibly she will see it all to-night. Possibly she reads in Charlie's manner a hint of what is passing through his mind. She does, she reads it, and it comes to her with a sudden thrill of terror. She is tempted to run from the room, out into the dark street, anywhere, anywhere, out of the sight of him. Then a sweet feeling of peace and satisfaction falls upon and soothes her, like the sound of low music heard through the shadowy twilight of a vast cathedral.

There, reader, we must withdraw, in very deference to the laws of good breeding. Charlie's words are not spoken in the public ear. It is the old, old story,—old, yet ever new. It is a scene too sacred to be exposed to the supercilious sneers of young men who are not foolish enough to fall in love; or to the incredulous pooh-poohs of old men who have forgotten that they were once young, and lovers.

It is one of the deplorable things of this life that we are not oftener at our best. The daily cares, sicknesses and vexations drag us down. It is only when we rise above our ordinary selves that we see the world as it is. Then only can we really appreciate loftiness of life, feeling, or purpose, in our neighbor. Then, because our own hearts are in sympathy with

all true feeling, we respect the character even of our enemy, find something in the zealot to admire, and do not quite scorn the poet. It is not our higher natures that raise all this outcry against sentimentalism. When care - saving machines shall have been invented for the mind, and dyspepsia been driven from the body, we shall hear that outcry no more.

We return to Frank Dinsmore. That Sabbath, when he conversed with Linscott, was a day full of meaning to him. If he had possessed elastic force enough to rebound from the shock Linscott had given him, all would have been well; but his mind was plastic, yielding, easily molded at the will of the workman. Strong influences toward uprightness and virtue, at this time, would have made him firmer than he had ever been. To persons of his self-distrustful nature, the first conscious lapses from rectitude are hard. Not till one loses his faith in all human virtue, does sin become easy and stingless. The very self-distrust of these persons causes them to cry out, not, "Give me license: the world is all sin"; but, "Why am I made so weak, when all others are so strong?" Thus every transgression lowers their own regard for themselves, without detracting from their estimate of the general integrity. Loss of faith in humanity comes at last, as an alternative to despair and suicide.

Linscott's philosophy, however, overcame all the difficulties that would naturally have stood in the way of Frank's becoming a bad man, by taking away the sinfulness of sin at the very outset.

"Who has a right to tell you that his conscience is better than yours?" said he to Frank, a few days after the Sabbath before alluded to. "I tell you, it is all a matter of education."

This was dangerous philosophy for Frank to handle. It worked slowly but surely, for the undermining of his whole character. We see him first at the card-table, then in the billiard-room, in the society of disreputable young men. He found that, under the influence of his new philosophy, he could wear his new character with an air of nonchalance that was quite as surprising as it was gratifying to the ordinarily bashful young man. He began to think that he was somebody, after all.

The incident to be related in the next chapter, took place nearly four years after this, on a wild, gusty night in March. Of Harl Linscott and George Farjeon we need only say that they never returned to Mooseville after that summer. Mrs. Pillkins averred that she "see in the paper that Giles Maycook, alias Harl Linscott, had been arrested in Boston, for an attempt to murder a feller named Jones, up in New Hampshire." She exhibited the very

paper, but, unfortunately, the item referred to had been torn out.

CHAPTER VI.

There are times
When simplest things put on a somber cast.

—*Keats.*

It was a cold, windy, March night. Not so cold, either, if one judged by the sense of feeling alone. If you looked out of the window, there were the pale, cheerless stars shining, cold and un pitying, through a gray atmosphere of drifting snow. Whether you looked out of the window or tried to warm yourself at the fire, there was that sound of hurrying, piercing winds that made you shiver; for the night was windy, beyond a doubt. One of those nights when the wind dies away into a long silence, and then comes creeping, walking, running, hurrying, leaping past the window with a shriek, and then screaming, crying, moaning, whispering, into silence. Ugh! it makes one shiver only to think of it! On such nights, a solitary person hears strange sounds at his ear, or sees ghostly faces before him. The sounds break off in an instant, and the phantoms vanish as quickly as they appear; yet even their momentary presence fills the mind of a timid man with a kind of trembling horror.

Frank Dinsmore was sitting alone in his little room up stairs. He had been standing at the window. The storm, that had, that day, covered the earth with a light, fleecy robe of snow, had ceased; and the north wind, sweeping southward to find a warmer clime, whirled the light flakes into all manner of fantastic cloud-shapes, so that Frank could hardly tell whether the snow-white clouds that overhung the western moon were real or fancied. He had drawn the curtain, however, and now sat in a thoughtful mood before the fire. The fire had burnt low, and whenever, for a moment, it flickered into flame, a look of uneasiness, if not of dread, was visible on Frank's face. His eyes frequently sought the doorway; and often he looked behind him, like one that reads *De Quincey* in the evening. He made a movement as if he would light the candle, and once started to go out; but the thought of the cold night, or, perhaps, of the dark stairway, restrained him. He dared not look at the stiff, staring pictures on the wall. He had drawn the curtain because a tall post on the opposite corner

had persisted in resolving itself into an Indian warrior, armed with an old fusee, and gazing fixedly up toward his window. And now he heard voices in the outer air, upon the roof, everywhere, confused and unintelligible. But, hold! what caused that rush of air through the entry and up the stairs, setting his door ajar? Did the outer door open? If it did, it must have been closed again; for the sudden draft had ceased. Yes, it did open, and some one—who was it?—had come in. Frank could hear him creeping slowly and with cat-like tread up from stair to stair.

Oh, the terror and suspense of those moments! If he would only reveal himself at once!—but no, at every creak of the stairs he paused—it seemed an age. Frank could not stir. The Unknown Being on the stairway moved nearer and nearer. At length he paused upon the landing; and while Frank, almost screaming, and with a face white with terror, stared out into the darkness of the hall, the Being drew stealthily nearer to the room, and a masked face peered in at the doorway.

NONDUM.

HOW oft in meditative mood I've sought
To burst the chain that limits human flight,
And strive beyond the realms of finite thought
To gaze at that which baffles Reason's light.

I love not that which from the hand of God
Would steal the key to all mysterious things;
Nor would I brook a longing for the rod
That warns me of afflictions which it brings.

Yet is it trespass that we here possess
A soul that pants eternal truths to learn?
Or do we honor High Command the less
Because aspiring to those truths discern?

I cannot fathom Heaven's mysterious things;
Nor can I measure God's eternal plan;
My reason staggers at the thought it brings,
When molded and deformed by creeds of Man.

I would t'were mine to hush the clamoring throngs
Of clashing theories my thoughts devise;
And hear the accents of celestial tongues
Dispel false doctrines from my spirit's skies.

I know the future all things sure reveals;
Yet thirst I for that higher knowledge here;
So guide me safe where errors truth conceals,
And lift the unblessed ignorance I bear.

Not yet! But when shall gleam my life's last ray,
And heaven's vaults for me unbarred shall be,
Disrobed of earthly creed, in Heaven's clear day,
The golden truth eternal I shall see.

A FEW WORDS IN REFERENCE TO CALIFORNIA.

THINKING that a few lines in relation to some of the different phases of California life may be in some degree interesting, we take advantage of some of our spare time for this purpose.

We are sorry to say that, as far as our observation and experience go, there is a gross misrepresentation of the West, both on the part of tourists and residents. We do not wish to be understood as saying that those who write about and tell us of the West, intentionally exaggerate their accounts. Their tastes and habits may be different from ours, so that it is to them all they represent it to be. But we will endeavor to give a true statement of California life, as it is there that we have had most of our experience, without prejudice for or against it. The nearest and quickest passage to California from Maine is by rail; so we propose to take that route and hasten along as fast as possible, stopping to notice, however, a few of the most prominent features as we pass.

The journey is a very pleasant one, and full of interest and excitement. After leaving New England and the middle states, everything begins to look new, but the newness soon wears off.

At first the prairies look beautiful and grand, stretching away as far as the eye can extend, a treeless plain apparently as limitless as space itself. But after riding a few hours, the novelty turns into a dreary monotony, which remains unbroken till we cross the Mississippi, and bound away with lightning speed to Council Bluffs, which begin about forty miles this side of the city of the same name on the Missouri.

Council Bluffs take their name from a council held with the Indians by the explorers, Lewis and Clark, in 1804. Their peculiar formation presents one of the most interesting features of the route. They rise, sloping up from the plain, about two or three hundred feet, in cylindrical, pyramidal and conical forms, so perfect that nature seems to have rebuked man for claiming as his own invention those forms which she modeled before his existence.

Leaving Council Bluffs, we cross the Missouri to Omaha, the city of cut-throats and thieves, and thence away through Nebraska, anxious to reach the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and wind through their mighty gorges and along their canyon brinks.

But how disappointed, when we reach Sherman, the highest point of the pass where the railroad crosses, and have found nothing but one ascending plain; yet to the north and south, the peaks raise their snowy crests, which, together with the Black Hills of Wyoming, partially relieve our disappointment.

The Pacific slope presents nearly the same appearance, only we are descending instead of ascending. As we pass along, the next objects of interest which meet our view are the Castle Rocks of Utah.

Huge masses of reddish stone rise up, almost perpendicularly, from one to two thousand feet, upon the tops of which, as upon some lofty high, the Castle Rocks appear, adorned with their towers, and turrets, and battlements. These rocks present such symmetry of parts, and such a miniature of what, at least, a picture of the old feudal castles is, that if Cedric himself had seen them he would have mistaken the delusion for a reality.

Speeding away through Salt Lake Valley and over the fertile plains of the Humbolt, we now arrive at the foot of the Sierras, and our thwarted expectations of the Rockies are here more than realized. We are really among the mountains; sometimes hemmed in on every side by the gray walls of a seemingly impenetrable

prison, where the sun never shines except at noon; and then upon the summit of some lofty peak, the view from which is unimpeded except by the summits themselves. From this point, range on range, gorge upon gorge, with their heads of eternal whiteness piercing the very sky, can be seen, which, it seems to us, can not yield in romantic beauty and awful grandeur even to the legendary fame of the storied Alps. Here we leave the last point of expectation, and glide away into the sunny plains of California.

Now that we have arrived at our point of destination, the Sacramento Valley, we will devote the rest of our space to our subject.

THE CLIMATE.

This is healthful, mild and fruitful. There are no sudden changes of weather, and snow is seen as often here in summer as there in winter, except in the foot-hills and mountains. The air is clear and balmy, and so warm that flowers blossom on the plains all winter, and the orange and lemon trees are laden with yellow fruit. The clearness of the atmosphere is wonderful. An object ten miles away can be seen as distinctly there as at a distance of one mile here. In fact, we think that the climate is as fine as any one has ever represented it to be, and all that could be desired.

SOCIETY.

There are just two classes of society, the aristocracy and commonalty. These never mingle in social circles. The first class consists of the wealthy, regardless of their occupation or calling. Many of the most eminent men of the Pacific coast and leaders of society are professional gamblers. Probably you would be surprised to hear that Colonel Baker, the great senator of Oregon, and "Christian hero of Ball's Bluff," was a professional gambler, nevertheless, such is the fact. Sunday is the day set apart by bankers, merchants and clerks, for sporting, and the report of the shot gun and rifle can be heard to a greater extent than on any other day.

With the above example, set by the leading class of people in all pursuits, we can not expect much else than gamblers and knaves of the lower class, which is, to a great degree, the case. This class has increased much during the last decade, on account of the great influx of Chinese, which has brought white labor into disrepute, and thrown thousands of already desperate men into idleness, the hot-bed of vice. These are unpleasant reflections, for we believe that society is identical with morality, and closely connected with the destiny of a state or nation. If this is true, the omens, which presage the future

of California, are very un auspicious; yet New England men and principles are so widely diffused, and are holding the equilibrium of the force which acts upon society at such a poise, that we believe it will finally fall upon the right side.

THE SCHOOLS.

We have heard a great deal about the superiority of the school system of California over ours, and have noticed in some of our papers about the marvelous advantages of the State University; but in these reports there is "great cry and little wool."

We had the opportunity of visiting the public schools of the city of Marysville several times, and of forming the acquaintance of the teachers, one of whom, the principal of the High School, is a graduate of Bowdoin. The word "thorough" seems to have lost a great deal of its force in crossing the plains, for what they call thorough teaching would be a kind of sale work here. We remember that the teacher of the High School told us, "he intended to teach thoroughly, but didn't mind the technicalities much." We visited the school one day, and it happened to be our good luck to hear the Latin and Greek classes. About the first recitation was the inflection of the verb *amo*, the imperfect of which was given *amabam*, *amabas*, *amabat*. I con-

cluded that this was one of the technicalities, and I thought, by the way they pronounced, that pronunciation was classed under this head. They did not scan Virgil at all. This same carelessness was noticeable in every branch of study. You will be satisfied of the merits of the State University, when you learn that the trustees and faculty are undecided whether

to admit the classics as a part of the course. The fact is, as near as we could learn, that a person can get a more desirable education at any of our preparatory schools or seminaries. We intended to have spoken a word in regard to the Chinese, but our space is full, and we are obliged to omit further details.

OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

INTEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

BHIMPORE, INDIA, 21 JULY, 1874.

MR. EDITOR,—

THE use of intoxicating drink is strictly prohibited by the Indian *Shasters*, and no orthodox Hindu will indulge in it. This is what we used to hear years ago, and it was one of the good points for which India was lavishly complimented on the platform and in the pulpit. But, alas! the hydra Intemperance has begun its work in this fair land of the sun, and its terrible ravages are seen on every hand. When I came to Midnapore, less than ten years ago, there were a few liquor shops, but now, on well nigh every street and

lane of the town, several may be found. Saddest of all, it is chiefly foreign liquor that is doing the mischief in India. In ordinary country shops you may find brandy, gin, Old Tom, and whiskey from Ireland and Scotland, not to speak of French brandies. Young Bengal believes in stimulating. Caste or no caste, he must have his cups, and those who can not afford the genteel article, must put up with country-made liquor. I believe numberless hogsheads of common country liquor are retailed from bottles wearing foreign labels,

as genuine gin and whiskey. Are the people the worse for this? Hardly, I should say, for India has yet to learn all the fine arts of the foreign distiller, who can manufacture the best and handsomest wines from alcohol and chemicals!

Less than two years ago, an English babu died of *delirium tremens* at Midnapore. He was one of my earliest acquaintances at the station, and his was one of the very first zenanas opened to our missionary ladies. He had been educated at a mission school near Calcutta, and spoke English correctly and with ease. His post was that of an engineer in the public works department, and he was getting on well; was in favor with his employers, and was drawing a salary of about \$1500 per annum. I used to converse with this babu on the claims of the Christian religion, and his frankness pleased me much. He at times seemed to be an earnest inquirer after the truth. But he was transferred to another station, and so we lost sight of him and his family too. In '72 he returned to Midnapore, but how changed! The rum-fiend had fastened on him his cruel clutch, and he was but the wreck of the man I knew. I need say no more, for the sequel of such a history is too familiar to Americans. The babu died, and was buried by sorrowing friends, and his horse and carriage went

to the rumseller, to pay up the back bills!

A sadder case still occurred a few months ago at Midnapore. The cleverest Bengali gentleman at the station, the Government Pleader and District Attorney, a "progressive" Hindu (which means that he could eat beef and drink wine without compunctions of conscience), fell to drinking freely with gay associates on Christmas evening, and that night was thrown from his carriage and instantly killed, while in an intoxicated condition. So you see that the vices of enlightened lands are finding fertile soil over here in pagandom, and bid fair to reach a rank and luxurious growth.

Our native churches are suffering much from the inroads of this foe, intemperance. As among the Karens of Burmah, arrak and opium have divided many families and broken up churches too, and it would seem that in India we must have a hand to hand fight with this demon of strong drink. Would that sound temperance views were held by all foreign Christians here. Too many, alas! are tampering with what Mr. Moody rightly called "the infernal stuff," when addressing a select Scotch audience the other day. Not a few ministers, and some missionaries, too, bow at the shrine of Bacchus, and are the popular apologists for fashionable drinking habits. Rev. Dr. Crosby,

of Gotham, has his *confreres* over here in our colleges and pulpits. At the great Allahabad Conference of Indian missionaries of all sects, an Englishman presented a "Memorial on the Spread of Intemperance," and urged that the missionaries, as a body, sign it, and send it up to Government. This move was opposed by several prominent delegates, so the memorial was signed by only those missionaries "who approved of its contents!" The mover of this temperance memorial said to me months afterwards in Calcutta:—"The Americans stood by me to a man."

Don't fancy, Mr. Editor, that nothing is being done in India to stay the tide of intemperance. Already not a few principal stations have their temperance clubs. At Agra River, Mr. Gregson, a Baptist missionary, edits a periodical, entitled, "On Guard," and is doing a good work among the soldiers. At Darjieling, on the lower Himalayan range, the English chaplain and the Scotch missionary are accomplishing much for the reformation of the poor slaves to strong drink. At each of our mission stations we have a thriving temperance society, and are doing all we can to save the children and youth. Our pledge includes all intoxicating drinks and drugs, and also otherwise hurtful articles, prominent among which is tobacco. Opium is being used more than ever

before by the natives of this country, and I am sorry to see, from recent statistics, that this is the case also in the United States. As in China, so here in India, the English Government derives an immense revenue from the sale of intoxicating drinks and drugs. Persons can not sell without license, but all they like with license. Government manufactures the liquor and raises the opium, and individuals doing either are liable to heavy fine and imprisonment. Such a monopoly is a shame and a stigma on the government, and we hope that Christian influence may ultimately prevail, and this blot be removed from the policy of a Christian government.

Missionaries, as a body, present a standing protest against this heaven-defying wickedness, established and protected by English laws; and for this reason Christian missions are not popular with many Englishmen, though such men as Lord Lawrence, Sir Donald F. McLeod, and others, are a striking exception among the ruling classes. Some of your readers may recollect a recent debate in the British Parliament, in the course of which the Duke of Somerset spoke warmly of missionaries as "enthusiasts" and "the instigators of riots," in countries now open to civilization. This worthy nobleman said that "every missionary almost requires a gunboat." Lord Clarendon thought that mission-

aries "should follow in the wake of trade," and not go out pioneering. It was a capital answer that the Bishop of Hereford gave these troubled lords. He said, "There happened to be trades carried on by British subjects, and protected with a high hand by the Government, which would make a most unhappy preliminary to the preaching of the missionary. Should he wait till the beneficent influence of

fire-water or opium had made the people more amenable to the preaching of the Gospel, and then preach to men whom the trader had demoralized or intoxicated with his liquor and his vices?"

I hope Bates College has her temperance league, and sends out her sons and daughters to battle for truth and soberness against the corruptions of modern society.

J. L. P.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THERE are very many very strange things in philosophy, and some facts that are even paradoxical, perfect paragons of mysteries. But, however far we push our inquiries, into whatever province of physical speculation, the contradictions of nature are nowhere so marked, are nowhere brought out in such bold relief as in the history of social and moral life. Phenomenon after phenomenon has been traced back to the normal working of some immutable though secret law, so repeatedly and so accurately as to occasion a general feeling of security under the universal sovereignty of physical order. And in abandoning the assurances of natural

science for the uncertain generalization of social law, we are like phantom spirits, that hurriedly leave the gray of advancing morning to plunge into the dim shadows of the unilluminated western wilds. No science is free from speculation, yet the truth exists, and may be known, giving character and respectability to the whole superstructure of conjecture. The discovery of a single principle of uniform action in the forces of nature is enough to give to the scientist standing ground, and though a curious mind may weave over him a booth of speculative thought, it does not destroy his ground of certainty. But the social and moral world can hardly

be said to possess a single principle, even if we mention the eternal distinction of right and wrong, which most men think is innate, upon which can be built a philosophical system of any stability. The standard of morals is constantly changing. That which meets the approbation of society to-day, may shock our sense of propriety to-morrow, when no change in the estimate of morals is appreciable. The general character of men does not change as their appreciation of certain virtues or vices varies. The religious criterion is, to appearance, but a cluster of virtues, for any one of which another might be substituted, without materially lessening their joint value. In New England the two leading virtues which call forth the highest admiration are truthfulness and chastity. But in another portion of our land, chivalry overtops them both. The frequency of anomalous cases almost destroys the certainty of generalizations, which are the foundations of all law and order. The reason seems to exercise very little influence in dictating what shall be the end of moral attainments, and the controlling principle in our pursuit after material objects.

So to one man utility may be the ultimate of all thought and purpose and art, while disinterested benevolence may shape the career of another. The leanings of

one's nature are under the influence of circumstances more than in the control of his reason. A praiseworthy religious steadfastness is sometimes strangely blended with an utter disregard of the truth. The Spanish chivalry were a fine illustration of this curious combination of opposite characteristics of action. Each age and each nation is distinguished by lifting to the zenith some new member of our social instincts or moral attributes, to guide the ambitions of men; and not unfrequently is the spectacle rendered anomalous by associating with our ideas of perfection some qualifying vice. So to the moral philosopher is committed the task of explaining these phenomena; yet they are not without interest to us.

Students of history well know that once in our land a respectably active spirit of Christian philanthropy existed in the very midst of the worst form of human oppression. It is strange that men's hearts, God's truest earthly Edens, can produce side by side the rank weeds of discord and the amaranthine flowers of virtue.

The vital force of a tree secures its upward growth; if the obstacles to be overcome are not too great, it will speedily develop into a perfect tree; if too great, we shall see a gnarled and pitifully deformed object. So with our virtues. It is a historic fact that whole nations sometimes so

far pervert the order of nature as to confer upon brutes the tenderness and respect due alone to man; consequently the value of life is low. The eloquence and philosophy of Seneca were directed against the terribly cruel practice of gladiatorial contests, but the ideal of his philosophy was drawn from the national patriotism of the times.

Now all this goes to prove what we have so often seen,—the commingling of virtue and vice as joint rulers in the sphere of intellectual predominancy. The explanations are very numerous and very unsatisfactory. An unbridled imagination, and a susceptibility to moral enthusiasm, doubtless go far in explaining many of these mysteries. But are we not extatic and imperfect? then will the natural ferocity or imperfections of our nature protrude in some direction. It is our nature to serve and be served, to honor and be honored; now if we reverse nature's law, and worship the lower objects of creation, we shall despise the higher. Hence the cruelty of the Turk to man, and his magnanimity to animals. In more highly civilized nations, men's egocentricities appear in other forms. But it is all the same. We can scarcely guess a man's practices when told of some leading tenet in his creed. In spite of the inculcation of that grand moral principle, man's equality, the conduct of

the early church went counter to the spirit and letter of this central principle of her religious code.

Religious heresy called forth the whole vindictive force of their being, which, under the honest pretense doubtless of benevolence, did its bloody work. It costs nothing to learn inconsistency, and much less to practice it.

Perhaps our perplexity would find some mitigation by looking into the workings of civil law. Our statute books are burdened with dead-letter laws, through the action of our greatest statesmen. And why? Because they embody their highest ideals in a theoretically faultless law, but subsequently find it ill adapted to the condition of the people. Such an adaptation is never perfect till the law recognizes and provides for other imperfections than it is designed to remedy. The general character of the people must be considered, and the remedy developed from the existing, not the ideal, qualities of the masses.

The same is true of social science. The average man does not form his code of governing principles from his own conception of things, but generally adopts the policy of some one far superior to him in power of conception and application. It is by reason of this law that the practiced virtues of a great and good man become the highest ideals of his neighbors. It is doubtful whether the

ideal character of the average Greek or Roman was as high as the real practical life of our nineteenth century. But this adaptation of ideals, so far beyond our power to apply, gives rise to the most absurd contradictions of practice and belief. Abstractions have but little coercive force, and so long as the masses are constrained, through imitation, to ac-

cept in belief what they never can attain in practice, so long will the social element perplex the observer with its inconsistencies. It is no ill omen, because the people profess and do not; it is a proof that among them exist, or have existed, minds of great power of conception, the only gateway to social elevation.

THE END.

ALL rivers flow into the ocean, all systems have their centers, all courses their effects. All things are for an *end*. Nature is beautiful, not because it makes the sun shine, matter attract, the earth revolve, but because there is a manifest oneness of thought in all its workings. Rays of light from surrounding objects would cause mere blurs did they not converge to a focus.

Nature presents a vast theater of action. Rivers flow, the rains fall, night, day and the seasons come and go, vegetation springs up, grows and decays; man is born, matures and dies. The destiny of all animate existence is

the same. Nations are organized, flourish, achieve great undertakings; they also meet the same end. Infinite space is teeming with worlds and systems of worlds. All is life. All is action.

In contemplating these truths, while we are struck with admiration, and exclaim with the Psalmist, "Thou doest wondrous works, O God!" we yet can but ask ourselves, "What is the *ultimatum* of all this?" Did God make them to amuse himself?

Great as the world is, infinitely greater as the universe is, there are those who think that all this was created for their own *little finite* selves. It is the pinnacle of

each nation's ambition to become *the ruling* power of the world. As if in this broad universe there was no other thing but nationality!

This world, with all its beauty and grandeur, was created for a purpose. Man was created, endowed with capacities for thought, improvement, affection, worship, enjoyment. Surely the end of this was the highest happiness of man. But the limit is not yet reached. Though the sun sheds his vital rays upon our planet and for our good, yet other worlds, even larger than ours, are not in the least slighted by him.

Is there not then something beyond the happiness of man?

We might think his salvation to be *the end*, since *Christ died that man might live*; but is not this alone too small for a Great Creator? After having created man, the best thing possible might be to procure for him an eternal life. But what great interest would be at stake, if man did not exist at all?

If immensity is full of creations, and this world, compared with others, but an atom, what must man be? Almost nothing. But would God create an infinity for the salvation of almost nothing? He might create a hive for a swarm of bees, but a *world—never*.

Is man, then, worthless? As an end he is almost worthless, but

as a means he is as important as the angels in heaven. Man, in his own sphere, is a great being; but the instant he steps out of it, he is lost in the vastness of infinity.

The salvation of man is a *grand scheme*, yet it is tributary to some thing *grand*er; it is only a cog-wheel in the *great machinery* of God's creation.

What, then, is *the end*?

In studying natural history, that which most attracts our attention, is the principle of *development*. The earth, once without form and void, is now full of life and beauty. Vegetation, commencing in sea weeds, ended in the giant trees of the forest. The first traces of animal life, appeared in a form half vegetable, half animal; subsequently higher forms appeared, last of all came *man*. The same law is exemplified in the history of mankind, and in the occurrences of every-day life.

Can we see traces of a *great end* in this law of *progress*? There is a *realm* beyond: the realm of *beauty, love, perfection*,—God's realm! There angels are advancing. As the numberless streams run into the sea, so all things are converging towards the *great sea of perfection*. They will never reach it, yet they will be forever advancing, forever nearing, this *great focus* of the ages.—Such is *the end*.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

NOTHING troubles the Senior more than the question of future occupation, calling, or profession. It frequently happens that the student is undecided upon this subject all through his course, waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up," and suggest a career for him to pursue. The Freshman is wholly unconcerned as to his future prospects, and feels competent to fill almost any prominent position. The Sophomore occasionally experiences, for a brief moment, a glimmering of trouble ahead. The Junior, although looking anxiously forward to his Senior year, dreads the responsibility which this position engenders, of choosing a profession. But it is by the Senior alone that the magnitude of this responsibility is fully realized. And no wonder that discouragement almost gives way to despair, as he looks out into the great world before him. Did he design entering upon the study of law or medicine? A shingle meets him at every corner, and every block is filled with offices. He can not enter into mercantile pursuits (I am speaking of the average student) for want of capital. He

has a liberal education, and much is expected of him; hence, he can not undertake any of the humbler occupations. Frequently he wishes that he had learned a good trade, and thus fitted himself for a certain sphere of usefulness. Thus, he passes many hours in moody reverie, and the blues are his constant companions. And yet is there no bright side to this dark picture? Is not the sunshine renewed again beyond the shadow? We answer yes, and point to the testimony of all past experience as a proof of it. Who ever knew a man to persevere in any calling, even though his ability were but medium, without attaining a good degree of success? The instances are very rare. While, on the other hand, we have innumerable examples, like that of Patrick Henry, of mere struggling with poverty and battling against other equally adverse obstacles, coming off victorious. Very many are undoubtedly frightened from entering the profession for which they have always cherished a preference, for the very reasons mentioned before. But we firmly believe that if a man has designed entering the professional field, he has only to regard the great number now in it as so

many evidences of success achieved, and to press forward steadfastly toward the goal of the calling.

A BOOK ASSOCIATION.

A short time since, Prof. Stanley mentioned to the Senior Class, the advisability of taking some measures to procure what books we need directly from the publishers, but no action has been taken, and we take the liberty of calling the attention of all the students to this matter. There can be no objection, we think, to the advisability of the plan, and still less to its feasibility. In the course of the year we purchase a large number of books, and an arrangement could be easily made with some publishing firm to supply us at wholesale prices, and thus no inconsiderable saving would be made. Moreover, the chief objection to purchasing at the bookstores in the city, is the difficulty of always obtaining books when desired. For instance, the Seniors have experienced so much difficulty in obtaining astronomies, that the fourth week of the term a part of the class were still unsupplied. Now, in the event of an association, a little care upon the part of the students and professors would entirely obviate this, and we should be regularly and economically supplied. There are several methods by which this idea might be carried out, but the best plan

seems to be the formation of an association by which an agent could be chosen to make the necessary purchases. Books should be delivered to members of the association at cost prices, and the agent should be remunerated by a fixed salary. By this means the agent would be insured against loss, and the members would obtain their books more cheaply and without vexatious delays. This idea was started, we believe, some years ago, but as the faculty felt under obligation to purchase books in the city, it was not pressed. That difficulty is now removed, we understand, and we shall undoubtedly have their approval, if not their co-operation.

THE POSITION OF THE COLLEGE PAPER.

It is a question of importance, not only to the conductors of a college publication, but to its supporters and patrons as well, in what relation it should stand towards the faculty and the students. This is especially the case in regard to the STUDENT, since both the faculty and the class are concerned in the appointment of its editors. The students, since they and they alone are responsible for its financial support, would naturally regard it as their especial organ, and bound to espouse their cause upon all occasions. The faculty might at the same time demand that it either advocate its

measures, or remain silent when it could not consistently do so. In this case, what should be its course? Should it cater to the faculty, and thereby lose the confidence and support of the students? or should it declare for the students, and so incur the displeasure of the faculty? What it would do is evident. If its editors were what is termed "faculty men," it would of course support the authorities. If they were from the opposite class they would even more warmly support the students. Now, is there a rule by which a college paper ought always to be governed, and, if so, what is that rule? We believe it to be the same rule which should control all journalism, namely, — independence. It should be bound by neither party, but by the interests of all. It is in this way alone that the objects of its establishment can be best attained. The first of these objects is, if we mistake not, the improvement of the students in the art of writing, more especially in giving expression to their views upon matters which immediately concern them. But how is this to be accomplished to the fullest extent, except when it can be done fearlessly and without restraint? Clearly in no way, and hence the desirableness of absolute and entire independence upon the part of the paper, that the views of all may find a place in its columns. The second great object is the promo-

tion of the general interests of the college. This, of course, is the primary reason which governs faculties in encouraging or even permitting the establishment of a college publication of any kind. This being the case, that faculty must be narrow-minded indeed, and blind to its own true good, which would demand of a paper its unqualified support, or object to candid and manly criticism, for in no way can the interests of a college be advanced so much as by free and open discussion of its affairs and its policy. Of course by this we mean a perfectly courteous, but at the same time fearless expression of opinion, whether favorable or otherwise, and we consider that this ought to be satisfactory to all. At any rate, we deem it the course that will in the end be most conducive to the prosperity of the college journal.

A COURSE OF HISTORICAL READING.

The importance of historical study has been too often urged to need any remarks here, but if we mistake not, we are to listen to Dr. Malcolm during the summer term, and evidently a course of preparatory reading would be very desirable. To meet this need, it was arranged that Dr. M. should mark out a course for the year, and we have been waiting patiently, but see no signs of any action. Are we to have this course marked out, if so when?

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange list for this month is small, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the fall term commences so much earlier here than in most colleges. At least, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that so many journals have cut our acquaintance. Judging from the exchanges received, the year opens most auspiciously upon the college world. Increased numbers of students and teachers are reported from nearly every college, and an increased interest in collegiate education is very sensibly manifested. In short, everything bids fair for a prosperous year. Our exchanges themselves seem to feel the good effects of vacation, and open the year with numbers which give promise of an improvement upon past issues.

The *Owl* is the only magazine received, and claims our first attention. "Is the Monkey Father to the Man," still continues. The writer hardly sustains himself in this article. He allows his feelings to over-influence his judgment, and descends too much from argument to invective. Nevertheless, the present chapter shows considerable thought. The *Owl* is ably edited and conducted, and although

intensely catholic, always conducts its discussions in a perfectly courteous and gentlemanly manner, much more than can be said of many more pretentious publications.—The *Cornell Era* has triumphed over the *D. S. P. Times*, and rejoices. The *Times* modestly declares that its publication was discontinued because its mission of reform was ended; but the *Era* more than intimates that it died for want of support. Inasmuch as we never discovered anything particularly reformatory in its columns, we presume that the *Era* is correct. The incoming Freshman class numbers one hundred and twenty-five.—The *Trinity Tablet* for August contains a pleasant little poem, although we can not commend it as superior. Aside from this there is little in it to interest those unconnected with the college.

We have just received Part III. of Our First Hundred Years, by Lester, and are much pleased with its contents. The chapter upon the colonial college is particularly interesting. The work is just what the publishers claim—a guide book of American progress. Every one should have it.

ODDS AND ENDS.

LET all those indebted to the STUDENT, pay up *instantly*. No fooling here.

—"I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, Lift not up the *horn*."

—The latest instance of cheek: Stopping to bow to the Prof. when you are cutting.

A Freshman translates, *E vita cesserunt stelligeri*, "They have departed from this life to the stars."

—A Yale undergraduate visited the White Mountains this summer, and while there, one of the Bates' waiters asked him if Yale proposed to enter the Inter-collegiate Literary Contest. "Why, yes," replied Yale, condescendingly, "haven't you heard of that? We shall have a *University crew* and a *Freshman crew* there too."

—We have a Freshman from the rural districts who is fortunate enough to sleep with a Senior. The other night Freshie happened to awake just as the town clock was striking. "By George, S——," exclaimed Fresh, "that *bellman* has to be right on hand, don't he?"

—They can't "skin the cat" on the horizontal bar, at Vassar, on

account of the new style in back hair.—*Dartmouth*.

—Five foot Senior to hilarious friend: "It don't take much to amuse you anyway." Six foot Senior, looking down on the speaker: "No, you've given me a good deal of amusement yourself."—*Record*.

—A young man asked for a copy of Homer's "Odyssey" at a book-store in Norwich, Conn., the other day, and the clerk not finding it, remarked in a reflective way, "Well, we haven't any of Homer's latest works in at present."—*Ex*.

—In a conversation with Pres. Porter on the Human Intellect, a Senior, the other morning, in answer to the question, "Which has the more unity, a grain of sand or an elephant?" responded, "The elephant, *because there is more of it*."—*Record*."

—A college professor asked his class to collect specimens; and one day they deposited a piece of brick, streaked and stained, with their collections, thinking to impose on the doctor. Taking up the specimens, the professor remarked: "This is a specimen of baryta from the Cheshire mines." Holding up another: "This is a

piece of feldspar from the Portland quarries." "And this," coming to the brick, "is a piece of impudence from some member of the class."—*Independent*.

—An undevout Senior, who had a place on the committee of arrangements for his society public, so arranged the programme as to have no prayer or benediction on the list. His fellow committee men, on finding out his plan, remonstrated, and urged the necessity of a change. Whereupon said senior brusquely remarked: "The programme is too darned long, anyhow."—*Ex*.

—An undergraduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper this, "Why will not a pin stand upon its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head, much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which

has no parts and no magnitude. A pin can not stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude, and therefore a pin can not stand on its point. 3. It will if you stick it in."—*Clipped*.

—A certain student, during the recent "Waiter Crusade," was making the descent of Mount Washington in a carriage which contained several young ladies, who constantly made the air vocal with praises of the charming scenery, &c. At length one of the fair ones, with imagination wrought to the highest pitch, thought that she descried a red man on a neighboring peak. Our "student man" naturally turned to catch a glimpse of the "noble son of the forest," when the æsthetic element of his nature was prostrated at the exclamation, "Dear me, Clawra, I do wish you wouldn't say so much to attract the attention of that *driver*!"

COLLEGE ITEMS.

QUITE a number of the boys are teaching this term.

Improvement is still the order of the day. A *fifteen inch fence* has been erected on the B. B. grounds.

A game of base ball was played on the 13th, between the Androscoggins of this city and a mixed college nine. The score stood 11 to 3 in favor of the Androscoggins. We judged that the score would have been about 8 to 6 with fair umpiring.

Prof. Sewell, of Bowdoin, has since succeeded in raising \$75,000 of the amount required by that institution, and is hopeful of soon obtaining the remainder.

Between 120 and 130 applications have been made for admission in Amherst College, and the new Freshman class will number about 100 members. In Yale College there have been 204 applicants for the academic course, and more than 100 for the Sheffield Scientific School.

The Juniors have elected the following class officers: Pres., C. S. Libbey; Vice-President, J. O. Emerson; Secretary, J. Rankin; Treasurer, M. C. Day; Chaplain, F. E. Emrich; Orator, M. Douglass; Poet, T. H. Stacy; Odist, J. H. Huntington; Toast Master,

W. H. Merryman; Historian, A. L. Morey; Class Committee: H. Woodbury, O. W. Collins, and G. F. Adams.

The Freshman class officers are as follows: Pres., C. E. Brockway; Vice-Pres., H. A. P. Rundlett; Sec., F. O. Mower; Treasurer, J. W. Hutchins; Orator, F. H. Briggs; Poet, A. J. Shaw; Historian, M. Adams; Odist, G. W. Phillips; Prophet, E. V. Scribner; Toast Master, J. P. James; Chaplain, J. Q. Adams; Class Committee, C. E. Hussey, J. G. Bradt, A. M. Flagg.

Among the well-known surviving members of the famous Harvard class of 1829, with which the late Judge Curtis was graduated, are George Tyler Bigelow, William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, F. B. Crowninshield, George T. Davis, Joel Giles, William Gray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Benjamin Peirce, Samuel May, Chandler Robbins, Samuel F. Smith and Edward D. Sohier.

The excellency of our base ball ground is beginning to be appreciated by outsiders. A game was played here, the 23d instant, between the Resolutes, of Portland, and the Androscoggins, of this city. The score stood 8 to 7 in

favor of the Resolutes. Mr. Oakes, of the Bates nine, played with the Androscoggins. We understand that he was pronounced by the Resolutes, one of the best under-hand throwers in the State.

On the 26th, a game was played between the Unions, of Turner, and the Bates nine, upon the grounds of the latter. The score stood 34 for Bates to 5 for the Unions. The fact that the Unions obtained their scores through the errors of their opponents, should stir up our boys to the necessity of hard practice.

A union has been effected between the *Williams Vidette* and *Williams Review*. Hereafter but one paper, the *Williams Atheneum*, will be published at that college. We hope to receive an early call from the new periodical.

We learn from the *Independent*, that the Glen House was not the only hotel which employed student waiters the past season. The

Profile House contained sixteen Dartmouth boys.

Female education seems to be prospering in England. About 630 young ladies entered themselves as candidates at the Oxford local examinations.

We learn that the Freshman class of Colby University numbers thirty-five, of whom several are ladies. It is several years since so large a class have entered. Increased provision has been made for the accommodation of students, by filling up the south college building. Rev. Nathaniel Melcher, of Kennebunk, has accepted the professorship of Mathematics, and already entered upon his duties.

N. B.—The Seniors have succeeded in engaging Frederick Douglas for their lecture this Fall. The lecture will occur at City Hall, Nov. 17. Tickets will be out the 1st of November. Let all engage their seats as early as possible.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—C. H. Pearson has been admitted to the bar in Mass. He will settle at Newburyport, as a member of the firm of Stone & Pearson.

'72.—A. G. Moulton has been appointed principal of Lapham Institute, North Scituate, R. I.

'74.—Robert Given, Jr., is teaching in Jay, Me.

'74.—J. H. Hoffman has entered Andover Theological School.

'74.—F. P. Moulton is principal of the High School, at Littleton, N. H.

'74.—H. H. Acterian has entered Bates Theological School.

CLASS OF 1871.

FLINT, GEORGE WASHINGTON.
—Born, March 2, 1844. Son of William and Emeline Flint.

1871--'73., Principal of Frances-town Academy, at Francestown, New Hampshire.

1873, Autumn, Principal of Lebanon Academy, West Lebanon, Maine.

1873--'74, Assistant in High School, at Bath, Maine.

1874, Spring, Elected Principal of Collinsville Graded School, at Collinsville, Connecticut.

Married, January 30th, 1873, to Miss Mary E. Monteith, of McIndoes Falls, Vt., by the Rev. D. S. Hibbard, assisted by the Revs. G. S. Norcross and M. B. Bradford.

Post-office address, Collinsville, Conn.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

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JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,

Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,

Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,

Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,

Professor of Systematic Theology.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,

Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,

Professor of Hebrew.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,

Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,

Instructor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,

Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,

Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **Greek:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis's or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis's Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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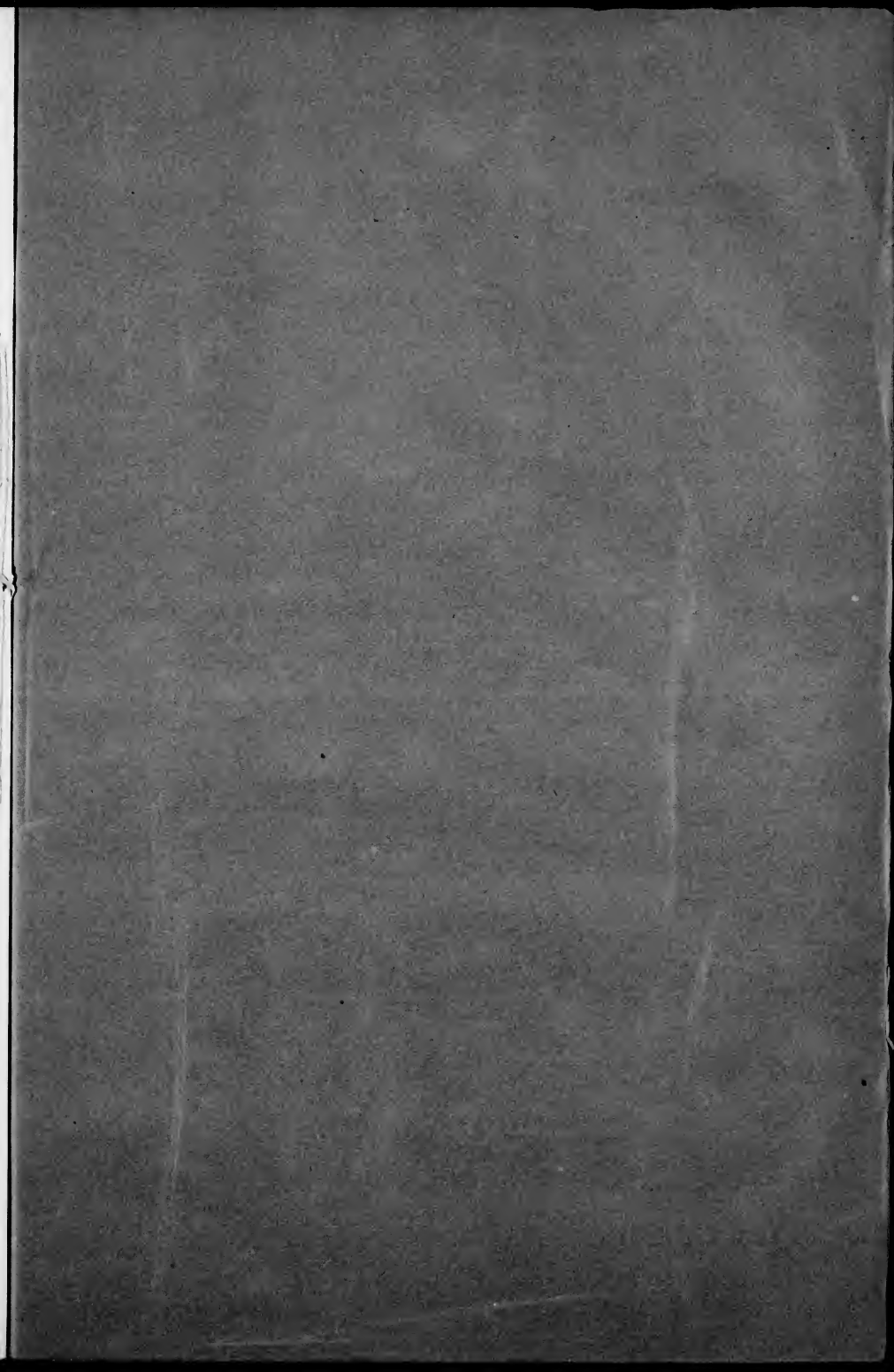
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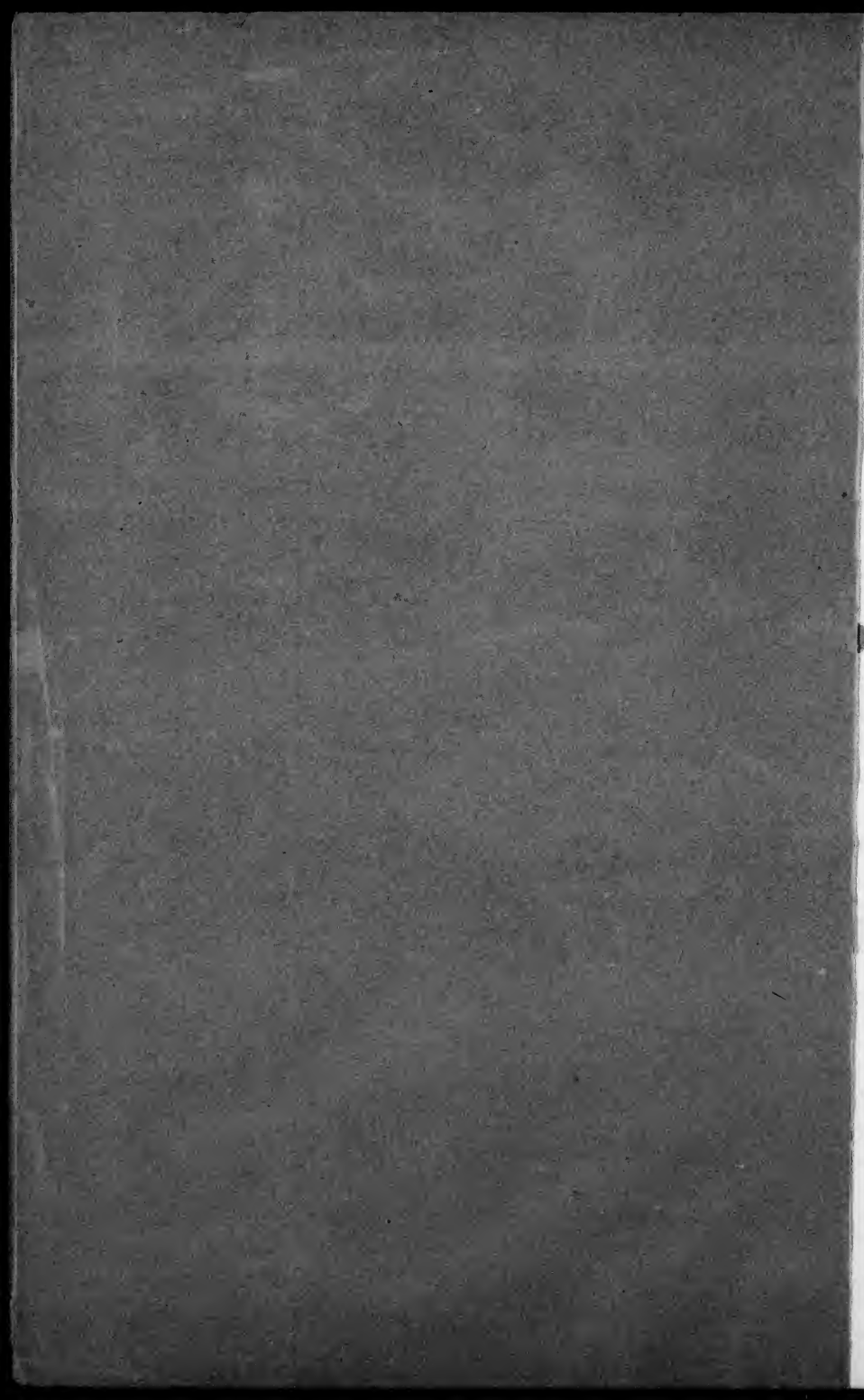
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DOVER, N. H.

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PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER VII.

All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. . . . Each alternate season did homage to the May-pole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor.

—Hawthorne.

A COSY, neat-looking house, close upon the roadside; a crescent moon, almost ready to sink in the west; a sound of voices in the south-west room that lies on the left as you enter; and inside, sitting together in the twilight, Parson Polyglot and his youngest son Albert,—a boy of twelve, and Charlie. It had been a day of mirth and festivity in the village. The dignified disdain entertained by city people for trifling amusements had not yet penetrated to Mooseville. So here had been a merry dance around the May-pole on the green, and Winnie had been crowned Queen o' the May. And now Charlie was spending his last evening at home, before

going back to College. The next evening he should pass with Winnie.

Charlie felt, somehow, to-night, as if his relations toward his parents had changed; not as if his affection had been estranged, but that, since he had told them of his engagement to Winnie, they had withdrawn somewhat of their never-failing confidence in him. While he was thinking these thoughts, his mother, coming quietly into the room, sat down beside him on the sofa, and placed her hand upon his. They both realized, with a helpless sense of sorrow, that the old, familiar, confiding affection of the son for the mother, was no more. They sat

thus for a long, long while, in perfect silence. Mr. Templeton at length turned the drift of thought by saying, as if he were giving utterance to his musings: "After all, if a person wants to find a genuine, representative, generous, frank, true-hearted Yankee, he must come out here into the country, where men feed on the beauties of God's handiwork, and drink in the purity of the breezes. I believe that, by nature, it is harder for a New Englander to be frank and forgiving than for any other mortal. The spirit of Endicott still lives in the hearts of his descendants."

"Isn't true forgiveness one of the rarest things in the whole world?" suggested Charlie.

"I believe you are right, Charlie," returned his father. "True forgiveness, I suppose you mean, would imply that the offender is reinstated into his former place of confidence and esteem?"

"Certainly," said Charlie, "that is what I meant. And, as I have observed, the common formula of forgiveness is: 'Oh, certainly, I forgive you freely,' and then, under the breath,—but it will teach me a lesson."

"Yes, and I have sometimes wondered if it would not be better, subjectively considered, for a man to execute his revenge for a wrong and have done with it, than to allow a nominal forgiveness for the wrong to be followed by a

spirit of malignity or spite, or even distrust. And again I say, it is hard for a descendant from Puritans to be frank and forgiving. For instance, if you would see real friendship, you must seek outside of New England. The Yankee is too anxious to turn everything and everybody to account, too serious, too intolerant by nature, to be lenient, even to the faults of a friend. Sooner or later, all this wrong feeling can, like all other wrong feeling, be traced back to the selfish principle in man. Busy as he is, the Yankee's thoughts naturally turn inward and towards the advancement of self, and so, whatever stands in the way of that advancement must be brushed aside without distinction. It would have been better for us if our ancestors, instead of cropping the ears and slitting the noses of those dancers around the May-pole at Merry Mount, had joined with them in the dance, and given themselves up to an hour of jollity. As it is, they have bequeathed us spirits that are intolerant and easily made rancorous. It is the hardest thing in the world for a Yankee to live and let live. A poor, harmless, clever New Englander would better go West. Even the higher qualities of mind and soul call forth feelings of spite and disdain, if uncombined with stirring, active energy. And the man most out of place among us here, is the one who, whether wiser or more

shallow than his fellows, keeps a young heart in a manly breast.

"It is unaccountable to me, how an increasing love for poetical writings, and an increasing distaste for all that is poetic by association in our customs, can co-exist. Even boys begin to feel as if it were a little girlish and silly to take delight in those old, time-honored customs of hanging the stocking for Santa Claus, and hanging May-baskets on the first night in May. I am glad to see that here the new ideas have not reached. Take off, I say, the dignity of ordinary life, and grow young again as often as you can, even if your hair is white with the frosts of age. In my mind, these things are the brooklets, whose mission it is to replenish the stream that would, without them, run dry. And so I say that, in the country, where a reverence for these customs still exists, there you will find the generous, true-hearted Yankee."

"It is the reverence for the custom more than the custom itself, that you admire, then," said Charlie.

"The custom is nothing. It is the spirit in man that finds something to enjoy in whatever is poetic, that shows nobility of heart."

"You don't suppose, then," said Charlie, with a smile, "that it would be fatal, even to Sophomore dignity, if I should set

up with Albert here to-night, and help him to keep awake till his expected May-basket comes."

"No, and if you don't catch your man, I shall think that your college life is a failure; for you used to beat the whole village on your feet."

"Risk me for that," said Charlie. "I have not forgotten how to use them."

Thus, gradually, they passed out of the constrained way of speaking with which they had begun, and into the natural, easy, customary speech of former times. And when the good parson knelt down, and prayed God to bless his dear son as he went out once more into the temptations of college life, to bless him in his new relations and his new responsibilities nearer home, Charlie knew, as he had known all the while, that neither the father's nor the mother's love had ever been withdrawn from him for an instant.

The good-nights were said, and Charlie and Albert were left alone. The moon had set long since. Clouds had come up from behind the horizon and spread themselves over the whole heavens. The air was thick with darkness. The sound of the waves beating on the shore, was brought with a crisp, dry distinctness to the ear. Once in a while, the hurrying of rapid feet could be heard, like the whirr of a frightened partridge flying off into the dim woods.

Albert was in a state of nervous excitement for fear his May-basket would not come. It was his intention to wait until he had caught his man, and then to attempt some hanging of baskets on his own account. Half-past ten! The tall clock in the corner told it to Albert's sleepy eyes. Eleven! The town clock struck the hour so suddenly that Albert was aroused into wakefulness. Charlie had blown out the light. Albert could not see him. "Charlie!" he called, timidly. No answer. "Charlie!" he called again. Footsteps approached through the kitchen, and Charlie came into room. He had been out to get a drink of water. He had heard running all about, and thought they might expect a call very soon. They went out into the front entry, and sat down upon the stairs.

"I'm glad you're here to-night, Charlie," said Albert.

"Why?" said Charlie. "You're not afraid, are you?"

"No, not exactly that. But, somehow, when I get to thinking, the strangest things come into my head lately. I never was so before. What do you suppose makes it?"

"Hark!" whispered Charlie. "I hear some one coming."

Rap! rap! rap! and whisk! they are off in the twinkling of an eye, chasing a retreating form down the ill-defined street. Oh, it was a glorious chase! It spoke

of a custom that ought to live on, rousing the prosy sons of New England into a transient, poetic life for years to come. Down the street at first, with every muscle strained to its utmost tension. Charlie felt two years drop off his shoulders at the very first rod. Then, as he gained on the pursued, another year slipped off for every rod of gain. At this rate, he would soon overtake the object of his chase, and be reduced, in age, to childhood. But the form in advance seemed to realize its danger; for it suddenly turned off into the fields, and down toward the water below the village. Then the chase began anew, over stone walls, over hedges and ditches, over stumps, heels over head, and into a carriage-way that led down through the Devil's Pass.

"Now I have him," thought Charlie, as he heard, rather than saw, the fugitive running toward the mouth of the Pass. "The tide is in, and he can not get through without swimming for it."

In passing through the fields, Charlie had stumbled, and lost some of the gain he had made since starting. Now, however, he made so good speed that he was soon near enough to see the movements of the fleeing form before him, though the only light was an uncertain reflection from the surface of the water. And then the chase grew exciting in the extreme. With every muscle

strained, the pursuer and the pursued flew along through the darkness. "Now I have caught you!" cried Charlie, reaching forward to grasp his prize. At that moment his attention was attracted by Albert's calling out, in the rear, "Hold on;" and at the word, he stumbled and fell headlong. Up again in a moment, he saw nothing, but heard footsteps hurrying through the Devil's Pass. "Now, my boy, unless you are smarter than I am, I have caught you." At the same time he darted on in

pursuit. The sound of waves just in front told him that there was no escape in that direction. The other realized it. He turned, seized a heavy club from the sands, and as Charlie approached, dealt him a sullen, savage blow, that felled him like a thunderbolt. When Albert came up, he found Charlie lying senseless and bleeding; and bending over him, was Frank Dinsmore, crying out: "Great God forgive me! I have killed him! I have killed him!"

LIFE.

The sun appears in splendor;
Its mild benignant beams,
Shine out in gorgeous beauty,
On landscape, wood and streams.

The birds in yonder thicket,
In lively notes, berate
The youth and maiden chatting
Beside the farm-yard gate.

The farmer wakes from slumber,
And fieldward takes his way.
He heeds no charms of nature,
Intent on making hay.

Life.

The sun has reached the zenith ;
The beasts have sought the shade ;
The grass that waved at sunrise
In winding swaths is laid.

All nature now is active,
As still the sun moves on,
All haste to finish labor,
Before the day is gone.

The sun declines at even,
And work is now complete ;
Gone homeward has the workman,
Gone has the sultry heat.

A shade steals o'er the forest ;
The landscape fades from sight ;
And gloom comes slowly downward,
As onward comes the night.

In life there is a morning,
When all beyond is fair,
When chatting youths and maidens
Build " castles in the air."

A time of youthful gladness,
When veiled by coming years,
Are all their woes and sorrows,
Their struggles, hopes and fears.

In life there is a noontime,
When labor claims the day ;
When cares depress the spirit
As sunshine crisps the hay.

All men should then be active,
While strength retains its prime ;
Youth is the spring of wisdom,
Manhood, the harvest time.

In life there is an even ;
When work and toil are done,
When darkness settles o'er us,
As clouds obscure the sun.

The sun may set beclouded,
But rise both clear and bright ;
So souls may sink in darkness,
But rise in endless light.

WHAT SHALL WE STUDY ?

HORACE MANN said: "I hold education to be an organic necessity of a human being."

The importance of a liberal education is too generally admitted to need discussion. Nearly all acknowledge it to be the true source of prosperity and happiness, and also the foundation principle of a Republican form of government. The best educated persons are the leaders, and teachers of the common masses, and thus become responsible, in a great measure, for the state of society. But, while educated persons are of so much importance to society, the majority of them are like huge cisterns, filled with what has been gathered from other sources, and good may be got from them, as water from the cistern, by hard

pumping. On the other hand, our ideal of an educated person may be compared with a spring, always full and fresh, and ready to impart good to any one that will place themselves in contact with them.

To educate, is to develop a person morally, intellectually, and physically, and that is the best method of educating, which will advance farthest each of these three parts of man's nature, and at the same time combine them in one perfect whole, and also will yield the greatest amount of good to the greatest number.

Our ideal of a perfect man would be one having a bold, vigorous, and well balanced mind, supported by a healthy and well developed body, and steadied and

guided by firm and settled principles of morality, and he fails to become what he might and ought to be, when either one of these three things is neglected.

Does our present system of education accomplish these results, or is it even the best system by which a young person can rise to the highest position?

We think not, and will endeavor, briefly, to give our reasons for thinking so, confining ourselves more especially to the course of studies pursued in colleges.

On the American principle of doing everything in a hurry, we get our education in a hurry. Some one has said Americans eat, drink, live, and die, in a hurry, and he might also have truthfully included studying.

As a rule, children are first sent to school at such an age that it is more often an injury than a benefit to them, since they are required to keep comparatively quiet six hours each day, when their bodies need the greatest amount of exercise and freedom from restraint. If, at about the age of fifteen, a "*special Providence*" has not taken them away, and they aspire to a college education, they now leave their English studies, superficially learned, if learned at all, and begin the study of Greek and Latin, which they continue till they accomplish the height of their childhood ambition, that is, to enter college. But they here again find

themselves tethered for two or more years to some old Greek authors, and they derive about as much satisfaction from digging over the Greek roots, as a dumb animal would tethered among the rocks on the summit of Mount Washington. Thus is spent the best years of one's life.

Now we do not claim, for an instant, even, that there is no advantage obtained from this severe course of study, but we ask, candidly, if the results obtained are a sufficient recompense for the amount of labor expended?

The ability to read Greek and Latin authors is certainly not a sufficient recompense, for we are safe in saying that not more than one in twenty can, on their graduation day, pass such an examination as would admit them to college again. The historical information could be gathered from English authors in a very much shorter time. Its advantage in aiding us to understand our own, and in acquiring other modern languages, is worthy of attention, but certainly not of sufficient importance to demand so much hard study. Hence we are left with one chier reason, and this the one usually given for the study of the classics, namely, its powers of disciplining the mind. It's utility in this respect we gladly admit, but is the advantage here gained a sufficient recompense for the labor expended? Can not this same amount

of discipline be gained from some other studies, which give at the same time a stock of useful knowledge?

Let us illustrate how this point appears to us. A doting father has a son, whom he wishes to become very strong. To develop his muscles, the father gives him a very old, and dull ax, and sets him chopping an old, well-seasoned, knotty, elm log. The discouraged son soon says: "Father, please give me a sharp ax, and let me chop where it will do some good." "No!" answers the father, "the harder it cuts, the more muscle it will give you," and so the trusting son mangles away at the old log, and grows stronger, but gets but little fire-wood. The moral influence of the study of the classics is not good, we know, for we have heard moral young men, when studying Greek, use with a relish such language, as, under most any other circumstances, they would be heartily ashamed of. We would not do away with the classics entirely, but we do think there are other studies of more importance, a few of which we will mention.

Nothing is more important in an education than to be able to speak and compose correctly and effectually. Persons in all conditions of life need this knowledge in their daily business, yet the college course of study pays but little attention to its study, and less to

its practice. It assigns a few tasks, and leaves the rest to be done by the debating societies, which, in too many instances, is the same as leaving undone.

Another practical branch of knowledge, which is left untouched, is drawing. The colleges think it belongs to the common schools, and the common schools usually think it does not belong anywhere, and the result of the two conclusions is, that many good scholars can not draft a box sitting upright, and were they not very careful to name their drawings, it would be impossible to tell what they were intended to represent.

Again, another very important and desirable knowledge, is a thorough understanding of history, not merely to know the simple facts of history, but to understand their causes and relations to each other. Yet this study is left almost entirely unimproved, and some colleges, and among these Bates is included, have not even a course of reading marked out. Hence what knowledge of history the student gets, he gathers from desultory reading.

This, we claim, is not enough, nor is it the way.

Much time is spent in studying the nature and workings of the mind, but no time comparatively is given to the study of the nature and workings of the body. Much stress is laid upon such studies as Logic, which Kant says:—

"Makes abstraction of all intent of cognition," while the constitutions of our bodies, and the way in which we should live in order to yield us the greatest amount of strength and vitality, is taught to us only by the cruel master of experience. Hard study would injure very few, if they would but take sufficient physical exercise to offset the mental exercise. Gymnasiums and play-grounds are provided, but no rules and regulations are made as to their use. Many who study for *fame* will endeavor to master the long lessons, even at the expense of the body, rather than have rank suffer, which is oftener indicative of their standing with the Professors, than of their scholarship. In order for a strong mind to accomplish its fullest results, it must be supported by a healthy body, and to keep the body strong and healthy, we must know its nature and requirements; but these are not taught us.

History shows our greatest men to have been, not bookworms, but observers and practical men. What the world now calls for, is not so much for smart men, as strong and true men, those having not only brains, but bodies also, which will enable them to live long and useful lives. The best argument for the need of a better physical education is to let one look at a company of literary persons. He will usually find many of them fitter subjects for

the *cemetery* than the *seminary*. If we should imitate the method of educating the Greek and Roman youth more, and study their language less, we should be a wiser, happier, and more useful people. No despot was ever more exacting of obedience to his laws than nature is of her's; yet they are almost disregarded, and we claim that colleges are seriously at fault in this respect.

The moral influence of college life is a lamentable fact, and it grows no better. But little effort is made to introduce the student into the best society; hence he is left to associate with what he may chance to find. Metaphysics and the sciences, which mystify and tend to skepticism, are regarded of the first importance, while natural history, which teaches us there is a God, is made secondary.

In the desire to go over a great amount, longer lessons are usually given than can be thoroughly mastered, and thus the student is constantly led to become a superficial, instead of a thorough and practical, scholar. Thus we have endeavored to show, briefly, what seem to us to be faults in our present course of study. We think there is an urgent need of a change, and hope, ere long, that "Bates" will think and act upon the same. The times demand better, more thorough, and practical scholars.

To do all these things we need

studies that will teach more morality and less scepticism, more useful matter and less manner, how to live, that we may enjoy the

greatest amount of happiness, and accomplish the greatest amount of good.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM IN OUR COLLEGES.

EIGHTEEN months ago or more, a somewhat sharp discussion was carried on by that portion of the press, which interests itself in educational matters, relative to a proposed change in our colleges and universities, by means of which optional attendance on recitations and public prayers should take the place of the compulsory, as now required. That discussion took its rise from the advocacy of such a change in Harvard University, by President Eliot. A kindred question has been raised, though perhaps not so generally discussed, by the course pursued in certain institutions, relative to the substitution of an elective system of study in place of the uniform curriculum, which, till within a few years, has been common to all our colleges.

At the time of the first-named discussion, I took occasion to review, in the *STUDENT*, the arguments adduced in favor of the contemplated change, pointing out,

as well as I was able, its disadvantages and evils. I now solicit a brief space in which to consider, in a somewhat similar manner, the last-named innovation.

And here I may stop to say, what has already been intimated above, that one and the same course of study has been, till quite recently, enjoined upon all college students, irrespective of age, capacity, or taste. And though this requisition may at first-sight seem unreasonable, if not even preposterous, yet it has existed so universally in our country, and comes down to us so venerable with age, it can not be set aside, except upon the best matured and gravest considerations. I confess that when called upon to yield this system, that has so long received the sanction of the ripest scholars of America, and of its most eminent educators, for one which proceeds on the supposition, as stated by one of our college presidents, that "the young man of nineteen

ought to know what he likes best, and is most fit for," I must hesitate, and take time to reflect.

The present curriculum substantially embraces the following four departments of study: Language, Philosophy, Natural Science, and Mathematics. Now, objection is raised to compelling every man, having a view to graduation, to study the same subjects in the same proportions without regard to natural bent, or preference; or, as it is otherwise stated, to aptitude and taste.

Now, in meeting this objection, it is obvious to remark, and it is worth while to do so, that the principles involved in these several departments of study are divinely ordained, entering into the very constitution of things, and hence are permanent and even immutable. And, moreover, between these principles and the average mind, there is, in an eminent degree, a mutual adaptation. That is, the study of these principles is well fitted to develop, strengthen, and ennoble that mind. But, on the other hand, intellectual bent or preference is largely due to adventitious circumstances, or mere casuality. Even if inborn, as it sometimes seems to be, it may be largely due to a something in the character or experience of parents; whilst that something may be the result of abuse or violation of natural law. But, in other cases, and they are

by no means rare, it may be induced by a mistake in early culture and training. An incompetent or injudicious teacher may occasion discouragement in the mind of a child, which often grows up into a disgust for certain kinds of study. Now, the question is, which shall yield, these great departments of learning, involving fundamental and immutable truths and principles, or preference and taste, which too often are the result of circumstance and accident? The very absence of inclination toward some important and useful study, may be a sufficient reason why, under favorable circumstances, it should become an object of pursuit, and thus the mind recover its lost equilibrium, and re-assert its original proportions and symmetry. That such a preference may be overcome, and a stronger man thereby be the result, is a matter familiar to every observant teacher.

Besides, it is well to remember that, under the old order of things, there have ever been maintained two distinct courses of study, the general and the special. The former obtaining in the college, and the latter in the professional school. Now, the true philosophy of education is, to lay first of all a broad and deep foundation, and such a foundation is laid by a rigid and patient pursuit of the various studies involved in these substantial departments of learning; whereby the mind is trained and disciplined

The Elective System in Our Colleges.

to stability and strength of character, and to compass and facility of action. Then, upon this foundation thus laid, may be erected the superstructure, which is the speciality in education. And this, doubtless, is the shorter, as it is the more natural course, to a thorough scholarship, and a full and befitting preparation for the higher responsibilities and work of active life.

But, leaving this matter to the choice of the student, he will most likely select those studies most familiar to him, and most familiar because most agreeable. It is true, this may render his college life comparatively easy and pleasant, but at the same time it may be very far from such a course as he most needs to develop the slumbering power within him, and give him mastery both over self and over circumstance. To conquer his hates may contribute quite as largely to his success in the pursuit of literature, or in the practice of a profession, as to follow his loves.

But the answer to all this may be, that the choice of the student is to be under the supervision of the Faculty, and each individual is to be directed and guided as his circumstances may seem to demand. Now, the difficulty of balancing the considerations entering into such a question, will, in most cases, be so great, that the independent judgment of no two

members of the Faculty would be likely to agree. And, besides, the tendency to accommodate, with a view to securing patronage, especially in the case of the lesser colleges, is so strong, that the choice of the student would practically be free and unrestricted, and hence I should greatly fear a depreciation in scholarship on the part of the average student.

The tendency of this freedom in choice may be illustrated by what we witness in the case of young people left to select, without restraint, their own reading. You have a circulating library, containing books injudiciously selected and wisely proportioned, history, biography, travels, literature, and fiction. Now, whilst the volumes containing substantial knowledge, suitable to build up a proportionate and noble, intellectual life, are untouched and unsoiled, the lighter sensational novel is rent and torn and spoiled before it has gone half the round of its eager readers. But it will be maintained that this is an overwrought and unfair illustration. I do not claim its pertinency, only as it regards a natural tendency. It will be said that the young men of our colleges are more mature and have a higher capacity for judicious choice. Admitted. But among them there is a large class varying in age from fifteen to seventeen, many of whom will not be found remarkable either for wisdom or discretion.

But, as another objection to our illustration, it may be alleged that all the elective as well as the prescribed studies are to be liberal, high-toned, and unexceptionable. Granted again. But in their disciplinary and developing tendencies there must be a difference, possibly a wide difference. So that a choice of the less rigid and severe, I greatly fear, would, in the end, as before stated, result, not in intellectual dissipation, as in the case of the illustration, but in a less effective training, and in a diminished hardihood of intellectual character in a large class of graduates.

It can not be denied that times and seasons may require some change and modification in the old, time-honored curriculum; but our objection lies against the overturning of the foundations of the past, and the introduction of an entirely new order of things. It is true Harvard, for instance, is feeling its way along slowly and cautiously, and thereby the more safely. This process has been going on for more than twenty years, and even now, or certainly up till within a very few years, only about one half of the studies of the last three years are allowed to be elective, whilst the regular prescribed course, as formerly, is enjoined upon all the members of the Freshman class. But this is not true of other institutions.

One of the more recently estab-

lished universities, which, for its wealth and large patronage has gained considerable notoriety, in the outset discarded the ancient languages nearly, if not quite, altogether. More recently it has instituted a department in that branch of study. These men seem to have plunged in quite beyond their depth, and are now groping their way to find foot-hold on solid land; and happy will it be for them, if, in the end, they find themselves "high and dry" on the very shore they left.

Possibly there is no occasion for sounding an alarm. I am sure there are those who would scout at such an idea. And yet are we not drifting into the habit of making our tasks easy and immediately enjoyable, shrinking from that hard service which always accompanies genuine foundation work? The multiplication of colleges among us, and the hurrying into and through them tend to lower the standard of scholarship. This should be resisted at every step. And how better, than by insisting that men of all the professions have a similar training in every department of science and learning, essential to build up a proportionate and sturdy intellectual character? And how else can there be a realization of the ambition, that now is but a hope and prophecy, that our own loved America shall yet not only be known as the land of scholars and the home of

letters, but what is better, a theater for the results of the largest intelligence and the broadest culture in every department of active and practical life ?

There need be no objection to the establishment of institutions, with limited courses of study, for the accommodation of such as find it impracticable to pursue the more extended and severe ones, nor to collateral or special courses even in the colleges ; but it should be stoutly maintained, in the interest of sound learning, that the old regimen be preserved substantially intact, in the case of all upon whom are to be conferred the highest academical honors.

I have not, in this discussion thus far, sought for individual instances in actual experiment, though they would not be hard to find, to show that the prominence given under the elective system to certain departments of study, has been given at the expense of others of commanding importance, such as the languages and higher mathematics ; nor that this state of things has resulted in a general deterioration of scholarship ; but have preferred to deal with tendencies and liabilities, which, as an argument, might possibly suggest deliberation and caution in case of attempted change, rather than a prohibition of it.

So I have purposely omitted to adduce the objection which has been employed by others, not without sensible effect, that the elective system must necessarily weaken the bond which unites the members of the same class, a bond largely induced among students by associating together in the investigation of the same subjects.

But more particularly have I intentionally passed by in silence the consideration, by no means of small or insignificant import, that this additional number of studies occasions a multiplication of divisions in the several classes, and thereby necessitates an increased number of teachers. This might well be afforded by institutions richly endowed, but would prove an inconvenient, if not a disastrous strain on those of more limited resources. I say I have purposely omitted all this, and chosen rather to call in question the soundness of the principle upon which the innovation mainly, if not wholly, proceeds, and thereby to show that those institutions, which, either from choice or necessity, continue to maintain the old regimen, may, after all, achieve an educational work, neither the less useful nor beneficent ; nay, may have the advantage in both of these and all other essential respects.

PRECEDENTS.

WERE it asked why Victoria is the Queen of England in preference to any other individual in the realm, the answer would be not because of any merit of her's, but simply because of precedent. In the realms of philosophy and science, conclusions are arrived at according to reason and justice; in republics, matters of government are settled more or less by vote; but in the world at large, precedent arbitrates all questions of right and wrong. Men believe what their fathers have believed, act as their ancestors have acted, and that which has been sanctioned by time and usage, they call excellent. New religions, new theories, whether true or no, are heretical, false.

From no other cause, have science, Christianity, civilization, and humanity suffered more than from precedent. Galileo is imprisoned because he advocates a truth which custom does not recognize. The blood of thousands is shed upon battle-fields, for abolition of slavery is contrary to an institution sanctioned from time immemorable. Jesus Christ is nailed upon the cross for teaching contrary to the traditions of the elders. By precedent popes are confirmed as infallible, the unjust distinction between noble and commoner is made, and that most foolish practice, called college hazing, has no

better foundation than custom. Had one the time to review the long record of wars, burnings, hangings, and human butchery, he would find precedent connected with it all. Within the realm of precedent are seen running streams of innocent blood, flames and smoke rising from the bodies of martyrs, the groans of the guiltless, and clank of chains are heard within its prison walls.

Why this dislike to innovations, this tenacious clinging to old and established ways? Man is largely the result of his surroundings. His character bears an impress, not only of the scenery and climate of his country, but of the religion and intellectual atmosphere in which he has been trained,—nay, these are as much a part of his being as his arms are parts of his body; in them he was born, in them he grew, and in the same he means to die. To him no song is so sweet as that which he heard his mother sing at his cradle, no nation so just and mighty as the one of which his ancestry and himself have formed a part. All other nationalities, religions, theories, are monstrocities; he hates them as he would his bitterest enemies. The attempt, then, to induce him to renounce the opinions of his childhood, is as difficult as to persuade him to have his natural teeth extracted for a set of

artificial ones. As a tree best loves the soil and climate by which it has been nourished and molded, so man loves not only his country, and parents, but also the notions and beliefs, which have sustained him through life. Precedent, then, may be resolved to this,—*the love of men for what they have become habituated to*. Was it, then, this that blackened the world's history with so many monstrocities against the innocent, on account of mere deviation from prescribed ways? This alone might not have caused half the misery that is generally attributed to precedent. Other causes crept in, and helped it in its tendency to narrowness and bigotry, and made precedent the monster that it has been, more or less, in all ages. And what are these other causes? They are ignorance, prejudice, indolence, selfishness. While men love the religion to which they have become assimilated, they love it so much the more when they know no other religion; for when a man has but one idea in his head, he is inclined to make it his hobby and almost worship it. Add to this the force of prejudice, which always favors the thing that it loves best (with no regard to its real merit), of indolence, which is too lazy to examine a thing and see whether it be right or no, and of selfishness, which loves self too much to attempt a change of opinion or party, when that party or opinion

is the means of satisfying its self-interest and ambition. And is it strange that precedent, armed with such strong allies, namely, ignorance, indolence, prejudice, and selfishness, has brought so many woes upon humanity.

There are bad precedents, and there are good precedents. To follow the former is unwise; while to accept the latter is no less foolish. For, what credit is it to a man to believe a *truth* on the ground of its long establishment or popularity?

A truth, that is blindly received, is no different from falsehood. Men of the present day are very much inclined to laugh at the absurd views of the ancients. But why should they? The ancients had a great many erroneous notions based on the authority of precedent. We maintain many right views. But what are our grounds for them? How many are there, of the present generation, that have an understanding of what they believe? How many of those, who believe slavery to be a curse to humanity, have this belief based upon a knowledge of the relations of man to man, and would not sanction the slave trade, were it in accordance with custom? How many of the believers in the true God have a more intelligent view of him than the ancients had of Jupiter? Alas, too many of us would sacrifice before pagan deities, or consult oracles, were it

according to the prevailing or the popular faith. With all our superior learning and civilization, we are little ahead of the ancients, inasmuch as our standard of opinion or faith is nothing better than precedent. We, like them, are carried along by the tide of custom and usage.

"Tis not enough to form our thoughts
And actions by the past,
And like the toiling beaver make
The same old dam at last."

To be sure, we can not understand or analyze anything presented to our faith or sanction. Whatever is revealed from God, we should accept as truths, on divine authority, though they be beyond our conception; but theories, dogmas, presented to us by precedent or any other agency, we should regard as truths only by the sanction of our understanding and judgment; for, what men have understood, men can understand.

While it is sad to think that the race is so much given to blindly following the way already prescribed before them, yet we are cheered at the thought that there have been, and are, men, like Luther, Socrates, Newton, Galileo, whom the current of time has not

been able to carry (unless it carried off their corpses), who, for whatever else they may have lived, lived at the same time to suit their own tastes, their own judgments. When men get where they will imitate the example of these noble men, in independence of thought and freedom of action, they shall make a wide stride toward a higher civilization.

Notwithstanding the enormous evils attending precedent, its good effects far more than counter-balance them. What would man be without an established course to walk in, without a country, tongue, religion, deeply rooted in his being, which he loves, cherishes, and is reluctant to renounce? He would be like a ship on the ocean, with no stars above to fix its course, no helm to direct it, but tossed hither and thither at the mercy of the ever-changing winds. Without precedent he would be a votary to every new religion, every new theory, in short, an idiot. As the sun, by its gravity, determines the course of the planets, so precedent, by its conservative element, gives fixedness and determination to man's thoughts and actions.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

BASE BALL.

NEVER since our connection with the college has the interest in base ball been nearly as intense as now. Even the steady ones are becoming enthusiastic, and, if you see a knot of students in conversation, you may be very certain that they are engaged in the discussion of this all-absorbing subject. Doubtless much of this is owing to the games recently played between Bowdoin and Bates, the scores of which may be found elsewhere, but we think not all. The interest has been growing steadily through the year, and the students have displayed a very creditable alacrity in supplying the nine with funds, and in encouraging them by their presence during match games. Of this support and encouragement the nine has shown itself worthy, and need not blush for its record. It must be remembered, that, until the present year, there was no association, and the expenses were paid almost wholly by the players. Not only this, but they never received the sympathy which they had a right to expect from the students at large, and we deem it a matter for congratulation that our nine has

attained its present strength. One thing, however, is particularly noticeable in the playing—an unnecessary nervousness on the part of many of the players. This is the main reason, we believe, why a complete success has not attended our efforts this season. What is needed is a number of close games to wear away this feeling, and enable our men to preserve their coolness during the most exciting game. These games, we believe, the nine are willing and eager to undertake, provided funds are forthcoming, and we trust that the association will be willing to provide them. Hitherto, athletic sports have received but little attention at Bates, and if we have succeeded in stirring up an interest in base ball, let it by all means be preserved. Let both students and faculty remember that strong bodies are as essential as strong minds for the work of active life, and encourage, in every legitimate way, everything tending towards this end. Appropos to this we desire to say a word about

THE GYMNASIUM.

Mens sana in corpore sano is a text which has been moralized upon, until it would seem that

every student ought to make it the motto of his every-day life, yet so prone are we to neglect our own best good, that not one in ten thinks of it, or if he does, conforms his practice to his thought. Why this is so, it is needless to inquire. It is patent to all, that the majority of students will not take one-half of the exercise they need unless compelled to, and we claim it to be the unquestioned duty of every college faculty to take measures to secure this end, just as much as it is to require a certain amount of proficiency in the studies of its curriculum. It is the aim of all colleges to send its graduates forth prepared to fight successfully the battles of life, and to benefit, in some degree, the age in which they live. The first requisite to this is health, and the college which neglects any means of securing this to its students, is as false to its duty as though it neglected to secure them competent instruction. What we need at Bates, more than everything else, is an instructor in our gymnasium, and a law compelling each student to pass a certain portion of his time under his care. The students, we believe, will hail this reform with joy, and we can think of no good reason why the faculty should not make it. Certainly the expense can not be large, and in the present state of the college finances is more than justifiable. As a means of securing this, we propose that

the students unite in a petition to the authorities, and we hardly think that their request will be refused, especially if it be unanimous, as we have no doubt it will be.

EXCHANGES.

We can not complain this month of any dearth of exchanges. Our table is literally heaped, and every day increases its load. Most of them seem to be as vigorous as ever, but they are troubled with one serious bugbear,—the Regatta, with its fouls and disputes, and “flashing blades,” and “bended backs,” are blended in inextricable confusion. The Harvard and Yale papers—whatever may have been the conduct of the respective crews—are very courteous in their discussion of the affair, and are evidently not disposed to carry the war into Africa. This is encouraging, for we now have some hopes of getting rid of the subject altogether. Base-ball, too, comes in for its full share of attention, and athletic sports in general are well represented.

The *Dartmouth*, for September, reached us soon after our last issue. This magazine, although always good, has been steadily improving for some time past, and is one of our best exchanges. The article upon “The Way to Read a Book,” contains more good sense than we have seen in a col-

lege publication for months, and is worth double the subscription price of the magazine to any student. A change is contemplated at the close of the present volume, looking towards making it more strictly a college newspaper. — The *Yale Lit.* is hardly up to its usual standard. This is the way it speaks of rushing:—"As far as the enjoyment of the rush is concerned, we have had the honor to be actively engaged in every Hamilton Park rush which has taken place during our college course; and had we foreseen the loss of our triangle, this would not have deterred us for an instant from taking part again this year. Our only regret is that we may never see another." . . . "The end of the whole matter is this; if men come to college opposed to a rush, or if, having been through it once, they do not desire to participate again, let them stay in their rooms; but as long as any men survive who are animated with the spirit of our ancestors, let them not be deterred from taking energetic part in this, the most distinctive of all the old Yale customs which remain to us." — The *Alfred Student* has the following upon Literary Societies, with which we agree so cordially that we quote it entire:—"Lyceums are intellectual gymnasia where mental athletes practice to the end that

they may be crowned victors in life's great struggles. Here the mental nerve is made taut and strong. Here is mental boxing, and leaping, and running, and wrestling. Here are clapping of hands and shouts and crowns for the victor. Here the young, ardent, and confident, are drilling and forming in columns ready to deploy upon the world's great battle field. A Lyceum is a miniature republic, with its miniature laws and duties, where the literary citizen prepares himself for a world citizen, with the broader and more complex laws and responsibilities of its citizenship. The culture coming to one who, as a member of one of these societies, performs his appointed tasks faithfully and well throughout his school course, is invaluable. No student in this Institution can afford to let such means of culture go unimproved." — The following, from the *Olio*, we recommend to certain gentlemen at Bates, and beg leave to add that nothing is more aggravating than to be awakened or kept awake by attempts to play on the piano:—"We would remind some of the students, in a friendly manner, that it is against the rules of the college to play on any musical instrument during study hours. We would not say anything against a little music once in a while, but "forbearance has ceased to be a virtue" in this case.

ODDS AND ENDS.

QUESTION of the day :
“Wa’n’t that a good strike?”

—Wanted.—Information as to the whereabouts of one of Upham’s *ideas*.

—A Senior declares that he gets over his Mental Philosophy lesson four times. He reads it once, and *gets to sleep* over it three times.

—A Freshman was heard to inquire the other morning, where the “bully-tin” board could be found. After many tribulations he succeeded in reaching the object of his search.—*Cornell Era*.

—A diminutive Sophomore had a slight altercation with an overgrown Freshman the other day in which he indulged in some rather strong language. Freshie listened contemptuously for some time, but finally extinguished his opponent by threatening to spit upon and *drown* him.

—Henry Ward Beecher says, if ever again the world is punished with a deluge, he shall start without delay for Princetown, that being the driest place he ever heard of.—*Vassar Mis*.

—German Recitation.—Prof.—

“That is not the correct rendering of that passage.” Student.—“It was so in the translation, anyhow.” Applause.—*Ex*.

—A chap who spent \$1,500 to graduate at Harvard, is post-master in Iowa at \$24 per year. Where would he have been but for his Latin and Greek?—*Ex*.

—Prof. in German.—“Conjugate Mogen.” Student.—“Ich mugee, du mugee.” Prof.—“That’s enough muggin.”

—Prof.—“What is a Bunsen battery?” Student.—“A collection of Bunsenists.” Prof. looks surprise, while the class groans.

—Two waiters from the hall were heard discussing the relative merits of their barbers. One was highly incensed with the poor workmanship of his barber, and advised his friend never to go near him. Fancy our horror at over-hearing his colleague inquire if he was *plain or colored*.—*Ex*.

—Student (translating the Greek).—“And devils also came out of many, crying out and saying—Professor will you translate this?” And the Professor was so

cruel as to bid him resume his seat.—*Ex.*

—Prof.—“Do you have the idea?” Student.—“I think I have an idea; but I don’t know as I can tell what it is.”

—Scene: History Recitation. Prof.—“What was the Millenary Petition?” Junior (confidently).—“Something about dress goods, I believe, Sir.”—*Harvard Ad.*

—A wit is sprouting, all unknown to fame, under Common’s fare. Grubber.—“What could these chickens have lived on, to make them so tough?” Punster.—“They lived on *from year to year.*”—*Yale Record.*

—“Dear me, how fluidly he taks,” said Mrs. Partington, recently, at a temperance meeting. “I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostrils, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body.”

—One of our Seniors, on leaving his room last Commencement, took the pains to leave on his door a placard with the following: “Mr. A. B. C.: Not to be cleaned during vacation.” We have seen the gentleman in his room, and should judge that the directions were followed.—*Ex.*

—ITEM FOR TRENCH.—The Japanese have no equivalent for our word “baptize,” and a learned American, in compiling an English-Japanese dictionary, could find no word more nearly corresponding to “baptize” than “soak.” Afterward, translating the Bible, for “John the Baptist,” he was obliged to substitute “John the Soaker.”—*Packer Quarterly.*

—A “hard case” was interrogated the other Sunday, by a friend who had just seen him at church, but whom he now found swallowing a glass of brandy and water at a public bar-room: “I saw you in church this morning listening to a discourse upon righteousness and temperance; how comes it that I now see you here drinking?” “I always thirst after righteousness,” was the answer.—*Index Niag.*

—One of the Juniors was once a member of a base-ball club, but doesn’t exactly remember the position filled. Thinks it was *stop-cork.*—*College News Letter.*

—The belief is becoming stronger every day in the East, that if John Morrissey should give Harvard or Yale College \$250,000, the Lord would commence an entire new account with him.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

DON'T forget the lecture by
Fred. Douglass.

The catalogues are out, and contain one hundred names in the collegiate department, and twenty-two in the theological department.

Eighty-eight American colleges and universities conferred, last year, one hundred and forty-six D. D.'s, and one hundred and one L. L. D.'s.

Col. T. W. Higginson, chairman of the committee on essays at the First Inter-collegiate Literary contest, has announced that the time of receiving essays has been extended from Oct. 1st to Nov. 1st.

Bowdoin has twenty-two Freshmen this term. The drill has been rendered optional, and only three have chosen it. The remainder of the students are required to attend the gymnasium one hour each day.

Over two hundred students are in attendance at Waterville Classical Institute. The ladies' senior class contains twelve or fourteen; gentlemen's senior class twenty-two, and the Junior class twenty-five. All are fitting for college.

The following is from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*:—"Two colored

students were, on the 24th ult., hired, by members of the Illinois College faculty, to withdraw their names from the students' roll. Their tuition fees were returned to them, and, in the case of one, \$30 was paid to him in addition to the tuition. The sons of a Democratic Congressman, of this state, who are students, led the movement against the negroes."

As the result of the preliminary examinations for women, four of the applicants received a certificate of the grade given first in the catalogue, two others were conditioned, and a seventh failed to pass. No alternative but success or perfect failure was contemplated; but two of the applicants did so well that it seemed unfair to let all their work go for nothing, and they can obtain the certificate by passing next year those examinations in which they failed. Two or three of the ladies who succeeded will probably try for further honors next year. There is a question whether the names of those who succeeded in the examination shall be printed in the catalogue. Why should they not?
—*Harvard Magenta*.

A GOOD EDUCATION.—The late Edward Everett condensed into a

single brief paragraph his estimation of what constituted a good education. Here it is: "To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and to be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, not with flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophics, are ostentatious rubbish."

The Polymnian Society has made choice of the following officers from the Freshman class:—Assistant Librarian, J. W. Hutchins; Fourth Editor, C. E. Brockway.

The first division of the Freshman class gave their declamations Thursday evening, October 22nd, in the College Chapel. Messrs. Brockway and Peasley were selected to declaim with the second division Friday evening, October 30th.

Junior class honors were distributed Tuesday evening, October 20th. Day received the knife; Goodwin the spoon; Whitney the spade and Collins the spurs.

The following are the scores of the two games between the Bates and the Bowdoin nines, the former played October 10th, at Brunswick, the latter, October 17th, at Lewiston:

BOWDOIN.				BATES.			
	O.	R.	L.		O.	R.	L.
Whitmore, c.....	1	5	0	P. R. Clason, s. s. 3	2	0	
Fuller, m. f.....	3	0		Hall, i. b.....	3	2	1
Payson, p.....	3	2	1	Onkes, p.....	5	0	0
Cobb, 3d b.....	5	1	0	Burr, c. f.....	2	2	1
S. Whitmore, l. f. 5	0	0		Noble, l. f.....	3	0	1
Crocker, 2d b.....	2	2	1	Day, c.....	3	2	0
Waite, r. f.....	4	0	1	O. B. Clason, 3d b. 4	1	0	
Sanford, i. b.....	1	2	2	Whitney, 2d b.....	3	2	0
Wright, s. s.....	3	2	0	Adams, r. f.....	1	3	1
	27	17	5		27	14	4

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bowdoin.....	2	4	0	2	1	3	1	0	4	—17
Bates.....	1	4	5	1	2	0	0	1	0	—14

Scorers—Bowdoin, W. Alden. Bates, J. Rankin.
Umpire—W. Crawford.

Second Game.

BOWDOIN.				BATES.			
	O.	R.	L.		O.	R.	L.
Whitmore, c.....	3	2	0	Hall, 3d b.....	3	1	1
Fuller, 3d b.....	1	2	2	P. R. Clason, c.....	4	0	1
Payson, p.....	2	1	1	Noble, l. f.....	3	1	1
Crocker, 2d b.....	4	0	0	Burr, s. s.....	2	0	2
S. Whitmore, l. f. 3	0	1		Day c. f.....	4	0	0
Jacobs, c. f.....	4	0	0	Adams, r. f.....	2	2	0
Waite, r. f.....	4	0	0	Whitney, 2d b.....	3	1	0
Sanford, i. b.....	4	0	0	O. B. Clason, i. b. 3	0	1	
Wright, s. s.....	2	2	0	Onkes, p.....	3	0	1
	27	7	4		27	5	7

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bowdoin.....	3	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	—7
Bates.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	—5

Scorers—Bowdoin, W. Rowe. Bates, J. Rankin.
Umpire, G. Wilson.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

'70.—In Gray, Maine, September 15, by Rev. Francis Reed, Mr. Lindley M. Webb, of Windham, and Clara L. Cobb, of Gray.

'72.—In Rochester, N. H., July 15, by Rev. G. M. Park, Mr. E. J. Goodwin, and Miss Ida I. Nute.

'72.—E. F. Nason is spending a few months at his home in Hallowell.

'72.—F. H. Peckham is teaching in North Boothbay.

'73.—E. A. Smith is in Providence, Rhode Island.

'74.—H. W. Chandler, formerly editor of the *STUDENT*, is studying law at Howard University, Washington, D. C.

'74.—A. J. Eastman has entered the Bates Theological School.

'74.—W. H. Ham is studying law with Record and Hutchinson, of this city.

'74.—Thomas Spooner, Jr., is a member of Bates Theological School.

'74.—R. W. Rogers is teaching in Palmyra, Maine.

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, A.M.,
Professor of Systematic Theology.
GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

REV. CHARLES H. MALCOM, D.D.,
Lecturer on History.

CLARENCE A. BICKFORD, A.B.,
Instructor.

FRANK W. COBB, A.B.,
Tutor.

EDMUND R. ANGELL,
Tutor.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
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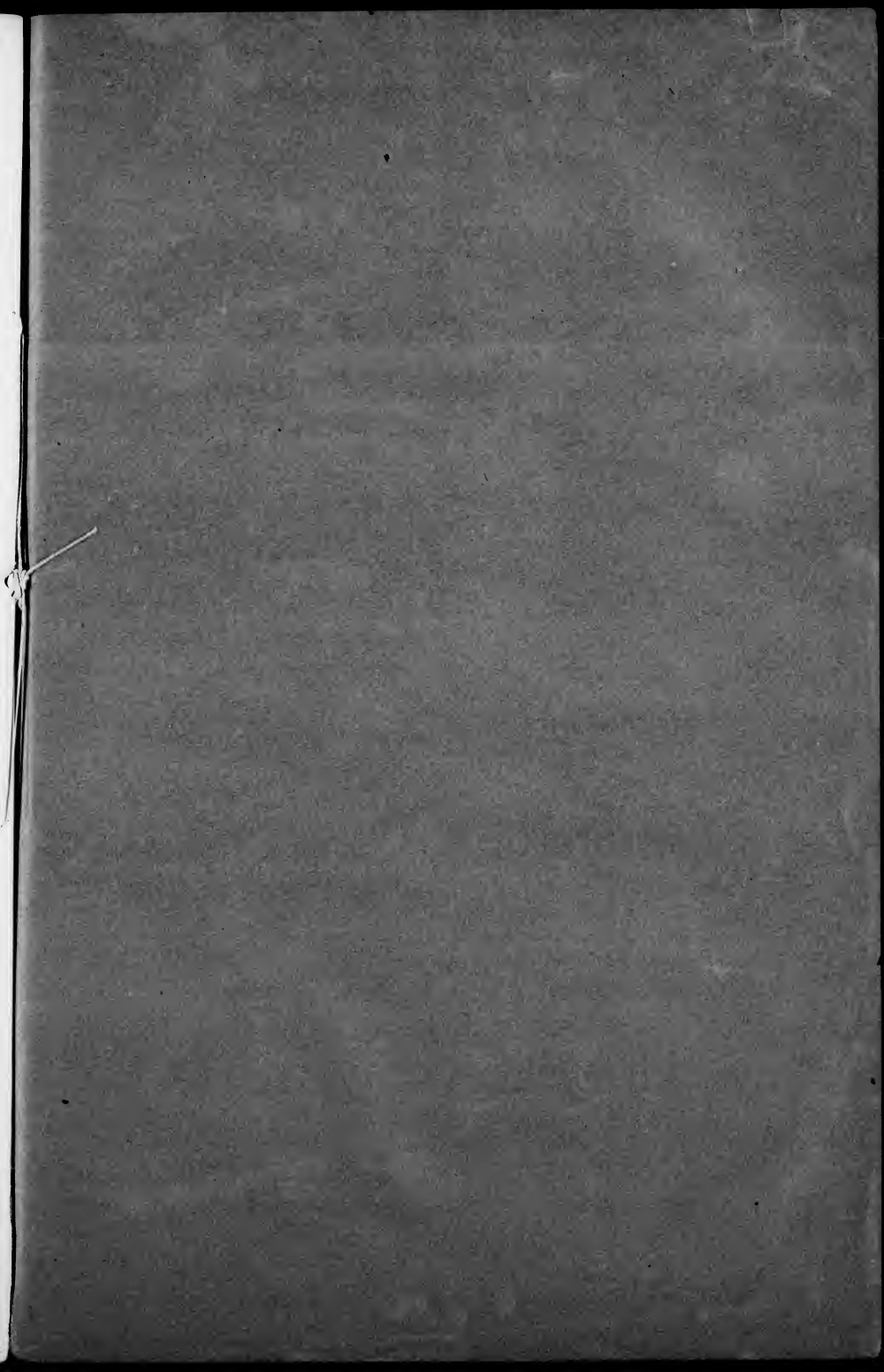
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DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 10.

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Published by the Class of '75.

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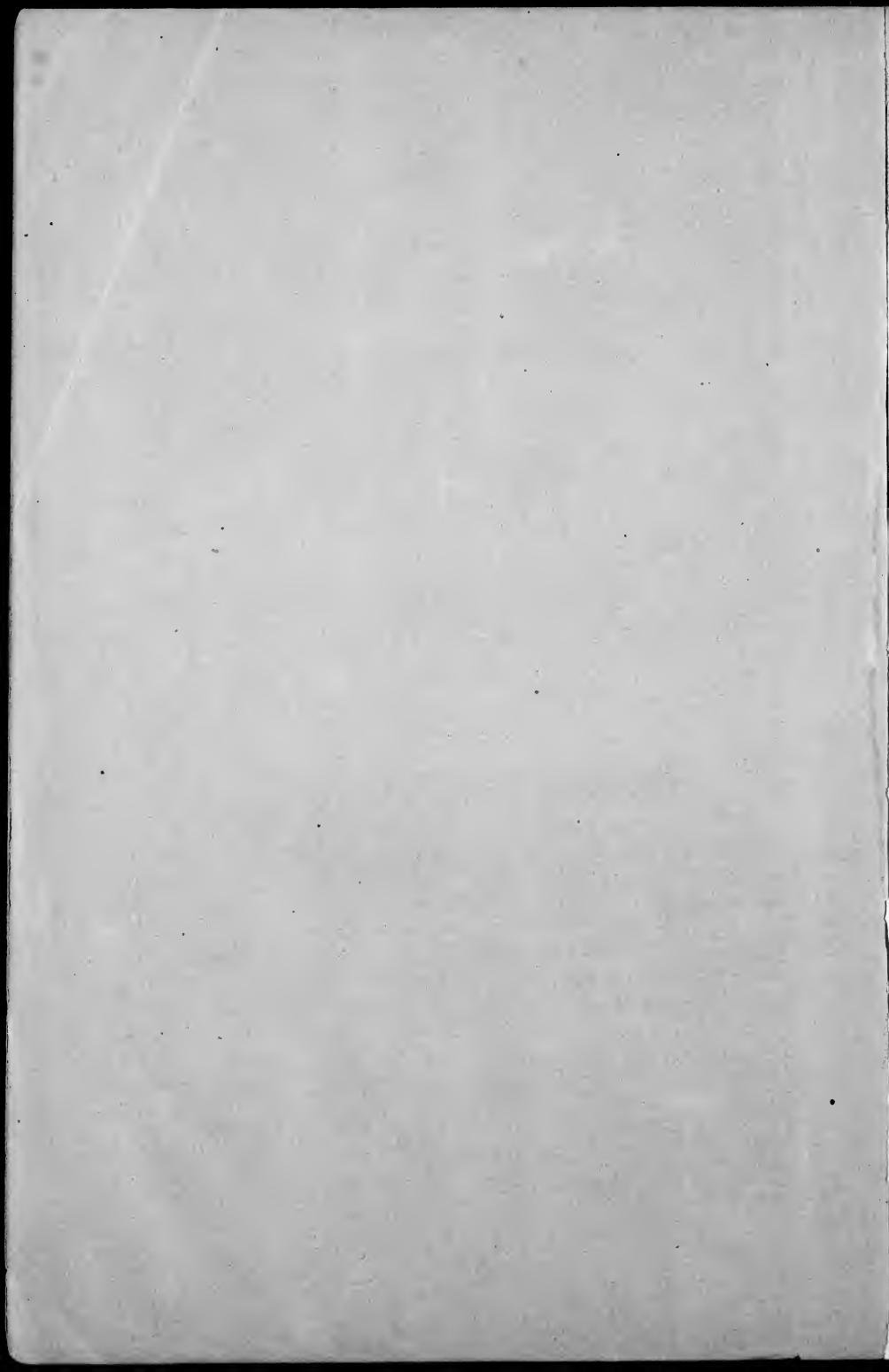
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1874.



BATES COLLEGE,
November, 1874. }

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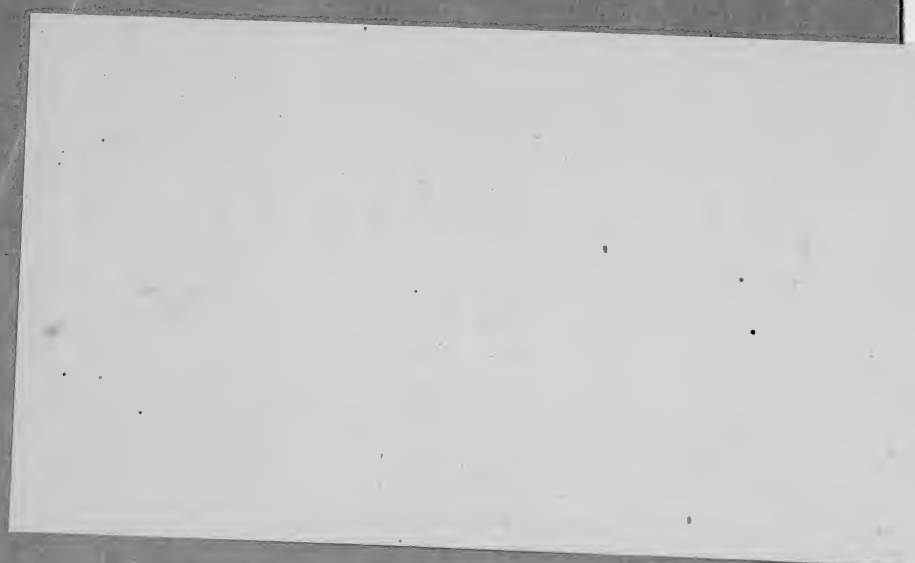
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THE
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DECEMBER, 1874.

NO. 10.

PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

CHAPTER VIII.

My shame and desperate guilt at once confound me.
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offense,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

SITTING with his own meditations in his little room up stairs, Frank Dinsmore had forgotten that he was to join a party of good fellows, on that windy March night, in passing a few jolly hours at the village billiard-hall. It was not till the masked face had thrown off its disguise and discovered the familiar features of one of Frank's cronies, that he recalled the fact. Not till then, either, did he remember that, between this unmasked terror and himself, a deed of a darker nature had been whispered, for this same night. He was not in a mood for

such things that night. He would go to the billiard-hall and that was all. But on the next day, though his head was racked with pain, he easily remembered that his resolution had not been kept. He recalled a scene that he would gladly have forgotten,—himself and another, both masked, creeping in utter darkness through the back entrance of a store, terrified whisperings when the middle of the store had been reached, when they could almost see each other's faces, pale against the blackness, the striking of a match, the sight of a sleeping man, and the throb-

bing, trembling, despairing haste out into the freedom of the air. Frank remembered, too, that, on meeting afterwards, he and his companion had come to the conclusion that the sleeping man was a creature of their own imagination, and had agreed to renew their attempt, at some future time.

That future time chanced to be the night of the first day of May. The plan worked to perfection. Not a sound nor a sight drove away the young burglars till their booty had been secured. Cautiously they left the store, and separated with an agreement to meet in half an hour at a place of rendezvous without the village. Frank walked briskly, and tried to walk boldly, through the dim streets. Now and then a sound of running made his heart leap. Sometimes he paused to listen, and then walked on more hurriedly, with a sigh of relief when he found that the foot-steps were receding from him. As he approached the parsonage, the halts became more frequent, for he heard running and calls all about. He was half inclined to take to the fields, but soon put away the thought as a foolish one. Yet it was not without great alarm that, as he was passing the house, he heard shouts back in the village, and fancied that the same shouts were taken up nearer and nearer, till a voice seemed calling, "Stop thief," in his very ear. And when Charlie and Albert rushed

out, as we have seen, Frank had no doubt that his pursuers, whoever they were, knew perfectly well that he had, in his possession, money that was not his own. Of the rest, the pursuit, the tragic ending, we know already. Frank saw, too late, that the sea was in his path. He knew that Charlie Templeton, like whom he himself had once been respected, was his pursuer. He turned, and, with an energy that was born of spite, struck the blow that laid our hero low.

Albert could not see the wound that his brother had received. He only knew that Charlie lay without speaking, and he felt something like blood trickling down his face. With an exclamation of horror, he drew his hand away. Then the terror of it all suddenly seized upon him, and he sat down and cried piteously.

Meantime, Frank was recovering slowly his lost wits. "Come, Al," he said at last, "you must help me carry Charlie home."

"Oh, I can not do it!" cried Albert, with a shudder.

"But you must," urged Frank. "The sooner he gets home the better. You don't want him to die, do you, Albert?" Frank spoke calmly now, as if there was but one way to act and he was ready to yield to his destiny.

Albert was soon prevailed upon to lend a helping hand, yet their united efforts were of little avail.

They succeeded in carrying Charlie out of the Devil's Pass, and more than that they could not do.

"Well, then," said Frank, in the same calm tones he had used before, "we must go and get your father."

They went in silence. Arrived at the parsonage, Albert ran in to call his father. In a moment, it seemed, Mr. Templeton was at the street door, demanding almost fiercely of Frank what had happened to Charlie.

"It was all my fault," hurried Frank, just as Mrs. Templeton appeared on the scene; "I had been in mischief at the village, and when ——"

"But where is he now?" thundered Mr. Templeton.

"Down by the Devil's Pass. Come with me, sir."

"Wait, husband," called Mrs. Templeton. "I must go, too. Come, get the lantern, we may be able to help him there more than if we waited to bring him home." And then, as she turned to prepare assistance for Charlie, "O God, is my son dead?" and she almost fell to the floor.

"No, wife," and Mr. Templeton laid his hand gently on his wife's shoulder; "I shall bring Charlie back safe. But you must not go. I can do all for him that can be done." He stepped out into the street and was gone with Frank before she knew it.

Later that night, they returned,

leading Charlie, who had recovered from the effects of the blow sufficiently to realize that his head was full of quick, darting, cruel pains. Frank Dinsmore, with eyes cast down, passed out to his own home.

In the afternoon he went back. Mr. Templeton met him at the door of Charlie's room. "Could he see Charlie?" "Yes, he might look in, but he must not speak."

"You want to speak with me, don't you, Frank?" asked Mr. Templeton, noticing a peculiar look on Frank's face.

"Yes, sir," said Frank, "with you and Mrs. Templeton and Winnie."

They all met him in the parlor. "You know, sir," he began, addressing Mr. Templeton, "that, of late years, I have been growing rather wild, as the word goes. God knows, I didn't dream where it would all end. Last night, I robbed a store in the village. As I was passing by here, on my way to meet my partner in the robbery, some one gave chase, as I supposed, for the purpose of overtaking the robber. Under that impression, when I found that I could not escape, I struck Charlie. To-day, sir, I have been to the owner of the store and told him all. He has forgiven me. I have come now to ask the forgiveness of you all and of Charlie."

"Ours you had before you asked it," said Mrs. Templeton, ris-

ing and putting her arm around him.

"And yours?" he asked, trying to look at Winnie through his tears.

"Yes, and mine and Charlie's, too," she said, giving him her hand.

"And may God bless you," said the Parson, "and help you to do your duty as well hereafter, as you have done it to-day."

CHAPTER IX.

And now my story's done.

—Mother Goose.

It was just two years from the day Charlie's fever turned—they all spoke of it as they sat at Commencement dinner,—that quite a number of our acquaintances listened to his oration on graduating from College. Winnie was there, the observed of all that were in the secret. The Reverend Mr. Templeton and wife were there, proud of their son's high standing. Frank Dinsmore was there, a candidate for a Freshman ticket. Ever after the occurrences of the last chapter, Frank was wholly changed. As soon as it became probable that Charlie would get well, Frank was almost constantly his companion. One day he asked: "Do you remember all about that night, Charlie?"

"I remember everything up to the time I entered the Devil's Pass," he answered.

"Don't you know, then, who it was that struck you? Don't you know that I am the cause of all your sickness?"

"You, Frank?"

Then Frank told him all, and how it had changed him, as he believed, forever. "I forgive you, Frank, before you ask it," said Charlie, earnestly; "and I only rejoice that it has all been ordered as it has."

From that day, the two seemed to understand each other perfectly, and a friendship sprang up between them that was never broken. It was through Charlie's influence that Frank was induced to resume his preparatory studies, which he had neglected, and fit himself for College. Accordingly, two years afterward, we find him entering the College halls just as Charlie is going out.

Not for a long absence does Charlie go, however. His College wants him to fill, some day, one of her places of honor. She sends him to Europe and gives him her professorship of English Literature. He comes back after two years to find his native land but little changed; to find Mooseville the same idle, gossiping village as ever. The news of his coming had filled the ears of the town. A demonstration must be made. Their "very talented young townsman"—so the *Gazette* had it,—must have a reception, the speech of welcome to be made by "another of

our promising young men, Mr. Frank Dinsmore."

On the day following his return and reception, Charlie must needs go to a water-party, gotten up for his especial enjoyment by our old friend, Humphrey Barstock. The invitation recalled to Charlie's mind, the unfailing friendship of the old man for the boy and the young man, his constant yet unassuming kindness whenever he had been sick, his patronizing, protecting tenderness, everywhere. No public demonstration pleased Charlie so much as this manifestation of unchanged good-

will on the part of his old friend.

We approach the end of our story. It is again Commencement Day. This time Frank Dinsmore is the hero of the day. Prof. Templeton sits upon the stage. His wife, Mrs. Winnie Templeton, smiles up from among the audience. Frank was the last to speak. As he left the stage, many a person in the hall wished him the noble life he had portrayed so vividly as "The Ideal Life;" and among them all, none wished it more fervently than did PARSON POLYGLOT'S SON.

THE DYING YEAR.

How soft and low along the shore
A song dies out at eventide,
How glides along the trembling air,
As if its laughing tones to hide.

How slow the fading embers turn,
As lower down the red flames fall,
And almost grasp the spirit life
Of shadows, moving on the wall.

How steals the cold upon the heart,
When troubled nature seeks a rest;
When close the eyes to worldly sights,
And fold the hands upon the breast.

So dies the weary year to-night,
 And hugs its robes of silver gray,
 To meet the bounds the fates have set,
 And vanish with the coming day.

How many joys the year has brought,
 How many sorrows full and deep,
 How many thoughts have filled the soul,
 The soul will ever, ever keep.

While moons have waned and stars have set,
 To alternate the night and day,
 The flowers have bloomed and faded out,
 The birds have come and flown away.

The merry laugh of summer time
 Has lost its echo in the sky ;
 And shouts from hearts once full of glee
 Live only now in memory.

The golden fruit of harvest-time
 Has fallen from the laden bough,
 The withered leaves have rustled down,
 The brooklet's song is dying now.

So dies the weary year to-night,
 And hugs its robes of silver gray,
 To meet the bounds the fates have set,
 And vanish with the coming day.

W E A L T H.

WE are professedly a free people, denying that we superstitiously bow to idols. The statement that this country is controlled by idolatrous principles would be an insult. Still, we are blindly led by the god Mammon. We prostrate ourselves, as if by instinct, at his shrine. Upon his altars the firstlings of the flock are, too fre-

quently offered. The power of the magnet over steel is not more irresistible than the influence of money upon the mind of the public at large. Eager pursuit after the very ghost of a penny is a marked characteristic of the present age. No rank or circle can affirm that it is free. The love of money is impressed upon the ragged news-boy and dirty boot-black, as well as the merchant prince on the Exchange, and the President leisurely smoking his cigar at the White House.

By no means, however, do we say that a young man should hesitate to devote his time and energies to the acquirement of wealth. The back-bone of all our great enterprises is composed of strong financial men. By these enterprises, hundreds of laborers are furnished with employment without which they would not be able to provide their homes with so many comforts. The wealthiest men of our age commenced life poor. They endured hardships, privations, toiled from rosy dawn until dewy eve, and they knew the value of every dollar they earned. The father says, he don't intend that his boys shall begin life at the foot of the ladder, as he did, but that he will start them with well filled pockets, and upon a fast horse. The consequence is, that the boys often end life where their father began it.

What is easily obtained is light-

ly esteemed. Those who wish that they were rich without labor, wish for speedy ruin. The day-dreamer, delighting to muse on dimes falling from the clouds instead of snow-flakes, or on fairy lands where green-backs grow upon trees; the idler, holding up a lamp-post, waiting for a streak of good luck,—had better pull the cigar out of their mouths, and, putting brains in their hands, dig their way to affluence. Lily hands and soft heads are always married. The toughening of the one is the hardening of the other, and both insure a bountiful purse.

How the gilded phantom of wealth dazzles the eyes of men! Let the cry be raised that gold has been discovered. The glittering veins may be in a foreign country. The climate may be pestilential. The inhabitants may be hostile savages. Difficulties that at home would be regarded as insurmountable, are mere cobwebs. Family ties are readily broken. Farewells are hastily uttered. Crowding every sail upon the sea, and thronging every rail upon the land, men rush to the lands where mountains have jeweled bosoms, and rivers roll over golden sands. In their haste to get rich, they bury every manly, noble principle of their nature in the mines where they obtain the yellow dust.

Why should men strive more arduously to become rich than to be good? That wealth has pow-

er, none will deny. But it is limited. It can buy office. It does not furnish ability to fill it. It can attract a host of flatterers. It does not procure one true friend. It can build a magnificent mansion. It does not obtain the best of home's ornaments—love. It will spread the table with the most delicious dainties. It can not confer an appetite to enjoy them. It will surround the sick bed with a troop of physicians. It can not restore health to the aching body, or ward off the stroke of death, when the bell of eternity strikes twelve. It will decorate the casket for the lifeless body. It can never open the door of heaven to the departing spirit. Is a power so limited the true ideal of greatness? Do not riches frequently defeat their own purposes? Is the mind of the rich man free from perplexities? Is he happier than the man he employs? Does the coach and four possess more attractions than a humble team? The one often carries a load of disease and dissipation. The other, health and integrity. Is the bed of eider-down softer than the pallet of straw? Let those answer who have tested both. Napoleon Bonaparte affirmed that he was happier when he walked the streets of Paris with no other possession than his sword, than when he stood at the zenith of his glory. Why covet the great possessions of the rich? They have

only what they use through life, and at its close are stripped of all. The meanest beggar upon the side-walk would not exchange places with the millionaire riding in his hearse. Who ever saw a dead man grasping the key of his safe? Deeds, mortgages, bonds, bank-stock, vessels, commercial centers, do not attract his attention now.

Many become rich by oppressing the hireling in his wages, and grinding the face of the poor in the dust. Every dollar of their ill-gotten gain is stained with blood, and the malediction of Heaven rests upon its circulation. Yet they think, as death approaches, that a few thousand dollars as an endowment fund for a poor asylum or university will obliterate the past, and purchase a crown of life for their guilty heads. The widow's two mites will weigh more in the sanctuary of eternity than the thousands contributed in such bequests. The individual who is rich in faith is wealthier than a Vanderbilt or Rothschild. Being an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ, he has a promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

To have these abiding riches is to be a millionaire, although the heir may be a Lazarus.

May our prayer ever be, "Give us neither riches nor poverty." May we never forget others, while we ourselves are enjoying the

sweets of life. Charity needs ventilation. At home it should commence, but not stay there ; or else it will pine away, and die for the want of air, light and sunshine. The wrongs we can redress, the

sorrows we can heal, the poor we can relieve, the lowly we can raise are penny savings-banks where we can make daily deposits at a hundred per cent. interest.

THE DANGER OF THE COUNTRY.

NOTHING indicates a lower condition of things in a nation than the perversion of justice by the rulers of the land. There is nothing more abhorrent to our better sense. It seems to be the last extreme, and the culmination of national degradation, for men to take a bribe in judgment.

If, on the lower planes of life, men become dishonest, and lie and cheat, we do not much regard it, because of their comparative insignificance. But when one who is chosen to judge between man and man ; whose duty it is to balance interests and award to each man his due ; when such a man, to whom the suffering, and the wronged appeal, bends from his high duty for a reward, then humanity grieves and is also indignant.

The Bible everywhere deals with law as a sacred thing. Destroy law, and you destroy all authority and power. Weaken it,

and you weaken the foundation on which all human hopes rest. The least impairing of it is, so far, an impairing of all the interests it covers. Every law is as valuable as the interests it was created to protect. It is this fact that makes the responsibilities of rulers so great. It binds them in the name of every subject to do justice. Its demand is constant and righteous, and can not be overborne without the blackest crime.

Unjust judges are the culmination of the wickedness of the land. The nation, like the individual, goes from the less crime to the greater. We do not expect to see a man commence a course of crime with murder. He commences with those little acts which undermine character and undo the sense of right.

So a nation takes its downward course by steps. Commencing in purity ; born perhaps in the carnage of a just revolution ; purified

by sacrifice and poverty, she enters national existence with a pure national character. But, by and by, prosperity attends her, and the avarice of her subjects begins to appear. Men seek to rule who would serve not the ends of law and justice, but their own interests.

Patriotism dies as avarice grows. This spirit, like the poison of the snake, infuses itself through the body politic. The government is looked upon as a mine from which to extract gain, rather than a protector under which men may help each other on to nobility and greatness. Laws are enacted looking to private good rather than public weal; and law-makers sell themselves to the rich for the oppression of the poor. Corruption, once begun, pours itself down into all the limbs of national strength.

Thus the national domain becomes the field of selfish grasping, a plain of strife where man preys upon his fellowmen. And this is all the time carrying the nation downward. This is the way nations die. They can not well be destroyed from without. They can bear the hard strain of governmental support, can turn back the waves of the strifes and wars of other nations, but when home corruption has commenced, the destruction becomes sure.

And here is just where we are at the present time. No nation ever commenced its existence un-

der better auspices. None ever laid a nobler sacrifice upon the altar of its birth. The struggles of our revolutionary fathers will bear comparison with any the world has ever known. The purity of our beginning, the purity of the men who made our laws and reigned over us, challenges the world. Our growth, on the whole, has been healthy. We have prospered wonderfully. The history of no nation can bear comparison with ours. We have grown into a great nation, and now, in the pride of our strength, we begin to feel the decay that will as assuredly work our downfall as the worm and the rot will work the destruction of the tree.

The time was when men who were placed in office were satisfied to stand on the simple merits of their character. Fifty years ago, it would have defeated a man to go around and plead his own cause before the people. It would have been considered as begging for that which should be a free gift. Thirty years ago men began to speak in their own interests for the less important offices of state. Soon congressmen went stumping their districts in their own behalf. Since then, for a governmental or presidential candidate to plead his own cause has not been considered immodest. When office-seekers become mercenary enough to beg, we may be sure there is something besides patriotism that moves

them. It was when men saw gain in government, that they sought government for gain; and the value of the office sought was just equal to the gain it promised.

As the natural result of this state of things, money began to be used in elections. The spirit that made one man thirst for office, made others willing to sell their influence to him. Often the press of the land is bought and its influence secured. This opens the way for the last step in the downward course of political corruption, viz., the buying of votes. This carries the interests of the nation from the judgments of the people to the purses of the office-seekers, and places the interests of the masses in the hands of those whose highest recommendation is the highest injustice.

The cases in New York of the corruption of all the leading offices of the city, followed by the bribery of judges, by the basest of men, and the developments in Congress connected with the *Credit Mobilier*, in which men, supposed to possess the highest integrity, have been, to say the least, politically ruined, are well calculated to create apprehensions as to the future of our country. The one word to which the nation needs to listen to-day is reform. It should be rung in the ears of the electors. It should be spoken forth at our political meetings. Nor should the press and the pulpit keep silence. Until the good men of the land combine to send good men to our State and general legislatures, we can not hope for national health and progression.

UNWRITTEN LANGUAGE.

THERE is an influence more effective than that which attends the utterance of words. It dwells in the mountain; abides with the sunset, and inhabits the ocean. This influence we have chosen to call unwritten language, and it is our purpose to notice

how effective it may be under certain circumstances.

Objects of nature, which are grand and imposing, impress us by their sublimity and grandeur. A cup of water would not inspire us with any remarkable emotion whatever; but the ocean, urging

onward its foam-crested surges, would assuredly appeal to our conception of majesty and power, as we witness them dashed so furiously upon the rocky strand. The little brook, stealing by curves and crooks along the forest's edge, might attract our notice for a moment as we saw it gurgling over some tiny brink; but what awe would the tumbling sheet of Niagara's waters inspire within us as, spell-bound, we gazed upon its seething masses and heard the sound of its descending waters! The fagot, which is put into the stove as fuel, excites no degree of wonder; but when the storm-king rides over the tops of the forests, we view the writhing boughs and hear their complainings with intense surprise.

Again, some things speak to us through their associations. A tree becomes an object of tender regard to us, because it was planted by a friend who has since journeyed into futurity; we take a melancholy pleasure in walking in a path, because it brings to our minds pleasant moments which have been enjoyed, as we have walked and talked with friends who are now "gone before." Men, who, when boys, left their home "to win themselves a name and place among men," are deeply moved as they ramble among the familiar scenes of their childhood, hearing, as it were, the glad notes of boyhood's joy in "well

remembered days" gone by. It was by bringing up old things in which both had shared, that the tomb of Washington so deeply affected Lafayette. In a far off land, a mother weeps over a stranger's grave, because at home her own friends "lie sleeping." The crosses, which are placed on the spires of churches in which Catholics worship, are indicative of this speaking by associating memories; but how much more would the very cross on which Christ died, speak, could one behold it.

Once more. Many objects are suggestive in their communications. The spotless purity of the pond-lily and the pure white of the newly-fallen snow, appeal to the feelings of innocence and purity. "I am the lily of the valley," said Christ; and Isaiah informs us that the Lord says: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "The Lord is my Rock," exclaimed David; . . . blessed be my Rock." Many objects inspire us with reverence. "Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind sees God in the cloud and hears him in the wind." Some incite to further effort. The apple set Newton thinking, and resulted in the discovery of the law of gravity. Emerson says, "All literature writes the character of the wise man. Books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which he finds the lineaments he is forming. The silent

and the eloquent praise him and accost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves as by personal allusions. A true aspirant, therefore, never needs look for allusions, personal and laudatory in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but, more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character; yea, further, in every fact and circumstance,—in the running river and the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament.”

Bryant has said something about Nature's speaking “to him who in love” thereof “seeks communion with her visible forms.” Any one who brings to her this love will always find something for himself alone, either in the swaying branch, or the rumbling thunder, or the granite-crowned mountain, or upon the broad plain; in short, something will bring to him a message, at once elevating, thrilling and grand. And it makes no difference if he be in the jungles of Africa, or amid the icebergs of the Arctic; no matter where he may pursue his way, or in what spot arrest his steps. Whatever his station in life may be, if he will fulfill this condition, he shall find that the brook gurgles for some purpose; the ocean roars to some

intent; and the night-winds, in their journeying, sigh in meaning whispers. For him nothing will be made in vain.

In conclusion, we remark that unwritten language is the harbinger of Nature's destiny. God, inasmuch as he is an active and intelligent Being, possesses an infinitely grand ideal. This has become realized and expressed in the beauties of the landscape and in the glories of the sky. Amid these he has placed man, the highest realization of his ideal. To man, then, are all things inferior. For man's benefit, then, exist all things. Already, at the bidding of science, do the rocks yield their testimony. Already do “the very stones cry out.” But it is only begun. For cycles in the past, have these teachers been proclaiming their truth. Always the sun has been telling. Ever has the landscape been appealing. Now, at first, as it were, man hears. Recognizing her destiny, Nature unites her voices, and begins to lead man into the companionship of the Creator. When, with Nature as his teacher, man shall have become inspired with, and elevated to, the beautiful, the good, and the true, then shall he be presented to his Maker, redeemed and wholly free from his iniquity.

THE STOIC AND THE PURITAN.

THE matchless day of Grecian glory was nearly ended. The old heroic spirit, which, two centuries before, won Marathon and culminated at Thermopylæ, had well nigh passed away. Hardihood and simplicity had yielded to effeminacy and luxury. Sensuality, like an insidious disease, preyed upon the once energetic Grecian manhood and poisoned the very fountain-heads of civilization. Once proudly vindicating her claim to be the foremost of nations, the land of Homer and Phidias, of Leonidas and Socrates, was, ere long, to sink into the insignificance of a dependent province. But was the flame of Grecian glory to go out on the altar unheeded? No. In politics arose the Achæan League, maintaining which perished Philopæmen, "the last of the Greeks," burning to restore his native land to something of its former worth. In morals, arose Zeno of Citium, who came to Athens three centuries before Christ, and, in the Painted Porch, boldly, eloquently sounded the keynote of a high reformation. It would have been well for the degenerate Greeks, had they received more favorably the doctrines of that new teacher, in part a Cynic, in part a Platonist, yet something besides, presenting a philosophy which, despite its many errors, rose grandly above the disgraceful

effeminacy and vices of the age.

In the year of our Lord, 1550, in the presence of the young English king, Edward VI., and some of the high political and ecclesiastical functionaries of the realm, occurred a most significant event. A heroic old man stood before that imposing assembly, unsustained save by a power that no man can give, and, with a voice that never faltered and an eloquence that swept everything before it but deeply rooted prejudices, pleaded for purity, simplicity, and freedom of conscience in the worship of the most high God. That man was Hooper, the first of the English Puritans. There he stood,—the prison door swinging wide open before him, the awful scenes of coming days, red with the flames of the martyr's pyre, crowding upon his vision; yet fearlessly denouncing error, invoking the spirit of reform, heralding those other voices that loudly advocated the rights of man, and filled the next century and a half with "sounds that echo still."

The differences between the Stoic and the Puritan are due chiefly to their respective ages; eighteen centuries intervene between them. The age of the primitive Stoic was an early heathen age; that of the Puritan, an enlightened Christian age. Reason's feeble ray was the Stoic's

chief light; the Puritan owed his whole character to the glory of a divine revelation made fifteen centuries before him. What wonder that the Stoic lacked the wisdom and zeal of the Puritan? What wonder that he thought of God as the mere Reason of the world? What wonder that he thought it highest virtue to exalt reason, this God in us, and to despise the senses, the passions? Reason was his only guide; it was three centuries after Zeno before the Word came down from the heaven of heavens, proclaiming the true God, teaching the law of Love. "What is virtue?" was the constant inquiry of the Stoic, and, in his ignorance, he thought that the knowledge of virtue must be tantamount to the practice of it. From this error, the Puritan was safe.

"Rise, O Athenians,"—we may guess the language of the ancient teacher,—*"rise above your passions, your senses; live an intellectual life! Passions enslave you; intellect frees you. Your senses are the passive part of you; your intellect, the active. Rise, therefore, above your passions, your senses, that you may be free, active, virtuous!"* Such doctrines, and the habits of life to which they led, really claim but little sympathy from the Puritan. He, indeed, was the intolerant foe of sensual vice; he duly exalted mind above matter, regarded spiritual exercise and a clear conscience as

far superior to mere bodily conditions, but he never forgot what the Stoic often seemed not to know,—that the soul is joined to the body; that to feel pain is no disgrace; that emotions are not always ignoble. Death, moreover, with the Puritan, was awfully significant,—the passing of an immortal soul. The Stoic, for pain and for death, affected the same supreme contempt. Death!—it is nothing but the re-absorption of the soul in the divine Reason whence it sprung. The sooner it occurs, the better, especially if life has become burdensome. From this point, the Stoic took a short step to the teaching and practice of suicide—an act necessarily abhorred by the Puritan as a crime against nature and God.

The points of resemblance between the Stoic and the Puritan are few, but striking. The similarity consists not so much in peculiar beliefs and habits, as in certain traits of character which both possessed, and in the positions which they occupied with reference to their respective ages. They were both positive characters, original, unyielding. The typical Puritan was not more distinct from the easy-going Conformist, than the Stoic from the Skeptic and the Epicurean. The Stoic, it is true, lacked the headlong zeal—the fanaticism of the Puritan, but he was scarcely less in earnest; and not only in the

porch and the market-place, but also in the senate, the forum and the army, was his voice heard and his example seen. Both were not only distinct from their contemporaries, but, in their peculiar ideas, both were superior to the masses amid which they moved. Both saw, condemned, and sought to rectify existing wrongs. They were reformers. They came into the world with missions to perform, and that they wrought something of the good intended, neither the Augustan age of Rome, in the one case, nor the nineteenth century, in the other, can fail to show. True it is that the sun of ancient Greece set, and set in clouds; yet the reformatory influence of Stoicism was, to some extent, felt immediately; and, centuries after Zeno went to Athens, we find that Stoicism operated at Rome to raise up good emperors, nobly to oppose the worst ones, and to effect beneficially the whole Roman polity.

The Puritan, it is true, was not speedily triumphant, but he laid

the foundations of liberty, and he builds thereon to-day. Puritanism did not pass away with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It lives to-day,—must ever live. “Wherever,” says Whipple, “wherever virtue resists temptation, wherever men meet death for religion’s sake, wherever the gilded baseness of the world stands abashed before conscientious principles, there will be the spirit of the Puritans.” This sentiment we echo. They were both heroes,—the Stoic and the Puritan. With all their faults, and these were not a few, we must pronounce them to be among the noblest characters in history. It is to the eternal honor of the Stoic, that, in an age of sensuality, he stood forth in bold, persistent opposition. It is to the eternal honor of the Puritan, that, in the face of ancient precedent, popular sentiment, and royal frowns, he dared speak boldly, act fearlessly, and suffer and die in the service of freedom and religion.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

FAREWELL.

WITH this number, we close our connection with the STUDENT and resign its control—not without some feeling of relief—into the hands of the incoming editors of '76.

The year past has been crowded with varied and we trust valuable experiences, many of them exceedingly pleasant, but one, at least, equally sad. Almost at the beginning of the year the STUDENT suffered an irreparable loss in the death of its chief editor; a loss which his successors have in vain attempted to make good. We have elsewhere expressed, as far as possible, our respect, and affection for Mr. Whitehouse, but we should feel that we were doing injustice to his memory did we not also express our conviction that the magazine has not been what it would have been had he continued to control it. Nevertheless, we have done what we could, and, as far as effort is concerned, no man could do more. We have at least succeeded in transmitting it to our successors, and, in the future, we hope to see steady and continuous improvement.

As far as this improvement depends upon the editors of '76, we

have no misgivings, knowing as we do both their ability and zeal; but we beg leave to remind the students, alumni and friends of the institution, that they are in a great measure responsible for the success of this magazine. Especially is this true of the class of '76. More immediately interested than any one else, if you fail to contribute to its columns, you are false not only to the editors, but to your own best interests. Send in your contributions, and, if the first is rejected, send again, and continue to send until one is accepted, if it be only to get rid of you. Above all, when you promise an article, never, in the name of all that is merciful, fail to fulfill that promise. It is the essence of all meanness, to allow an editor to think that you are preparing an article, and then, when he calls for it, to coolly inform him that you shall not be able to write it. If a man is ever justified in the use of strong language, it is that editor. Seriously, the STUDENT will never attain its rightful position until both students and alumni feel a personal interest in its success, and are willing to contribute to its columns unsolicited.

We have received, during the year, a number of unsolicited con-

tributions. Some of these, we were compelled to reject, principally because they were written upon subjects unsuitable for a college publication; but, as a rule, we are certain that our best articles have reached us unasked. The reason of this is evident. A person who writes voluntarily for publication usually does so because he is interested in his subject and naturally endeavors to do his best. This of course produces lively and well written articles, and in this way alone can we expect BATES to be completely successful in journalism. We repeat it, then, send in your contributions without stint, and be neither offended nor discouraged if the first one be rejected. Practice alone makes perfect. If these remarks be deemed uncalled for here, we can only say that they are prompted by our strong interest in the future of the STUDENT and our earnest desire for its improvement.

In closing our connection with the magazine, we congratulate '76 on her happy choice of editors and assure them of our most hearty support; and carefully wiping our editorial pen, we bid all our readers and supporters a grateful farewell, and step quietly into the background.

THE DECISION AT BOWDOIN.

The following is clipped from the *Orient's* account of the game of base ball between the Bates

and Bowdoin nines at Brunswick, Oct. 10, 1874:

"During this inning (5th), a decision of the Umpire was disputed by the Bates; but afterwards, much to their credit, it was agreed to.

These are the facts of the case: The bases were full, and a ball was struck into left field and lost. The man that was on third, in running the others round, forgot to touch home base until all the others had touched it. As soon as the ball was found, it was thrown home, and the base and the man were both touched, and he was declared out, in accordance with Rule VI., Section 1:—

'The order in which players shall run bases shall be the same as that observed in going to the bat, and after the ball has been hit fairly the bases shall be run in the following order, viz.: from home to first base, thence to second and third bases, to the home base. [No variation from this order is allowable and should a player run ahead of another and touch any base before the base-runner preceding him in order has touched it, the former must go back to the base he has left, and which alone he had a right to; and in such case he can be put out by the ball being held there before he reaches it.]'—*Hadwick*.

And as he was the third man out, the runs of the others could not be scored."

The reporter for the *Orient* does not quite state the facts. There were but two men on bases, Hall on third, and Oakes on first, when Burr made a magnificent strike, giving him a home run. Meanwhile Hall came in, passed over the base, (which, by the way,

is only a circular plate, six or eight inches in diameter) and claims he touched it, but that in returning to his seat he thoughtlessly touched it a second time. When the ball was returned from the field. Whitmore went into the crowd, and touched Hall with the ball; whereupon the Umpire declared him out, saying that he did not touch the base the first time, but touched it after Oakes and Burr, and was therefore out of order according to the above rule. Admitting that he did not touch the base until after Oakes and Burr, by this rule it was impossible for him to be put out since he had touched the base (no matter when) before he was touched by the ball, and he could not run ahead of another, being on third himself. Now, according to the Umpire, Oakes and Burr ran ahead of Hall, since they touched the home plate before he did; they could have been put out by the above rule, but were not. Hall's score counts, and but two men were out that inning by rule. We did not "agree" with the Umpire's decision, but after much discussion concluded to submit rather than withdraw from the game. We were treated in a very gentlemanly manner by the Bowdoin nine, but trust that the next Umpire they furnish will not be so ignorant of the rules, as to have to be posted by their captain just before the beginning of the game.

W.

HAZING.

For the first time since its foundation a case of hazing has occurred at BATES. The excitement has been great, both in the college and in the city, and so many exaggerated and untrue reports have been circulated, that we desire first of all to give a correct statement of the facts.

It appears that a portion at least of the Sophomores thought that they had been insulted by Mr. Hussey of the Freshman class, and determined to resent it by breaking into his room during the night and clipping his whiskers. This programme they attempted to carry out upon the morning of the 31st of October, and succeeded in accomplishing their object; but upon attempting to leave, they were followed by Mr. Hussey, and a struggle took place in the hall, during which Hussey received several injuries about the head, and, as near as can be ascertained, was quite severely handled.

The clumsy manner in which the whole affair was conducted shows that the hazers were new at the business. Articles were left in the room by which the owners could be identified, and they were so imperfectly disguised that a number were recognized by Mr. Hussey.

The course of the parties concerned upon learning the condition of Mr. Hussey is much to their

credit. They at once acknowledged their connection with the affair, apologized to the Faculty and to Hussey, and paid the latter the sum of one hundred dollars as a compensation for the injuries received by him. Four of the offenders were promptly suspended for an indefinite period, and the remainder placed upon probation.

It is a matter of deep regret to all connected with the institution that an affair of this kind should occur within our walls, and we hope and believe that it is both the first and last that will ever take place. Under no circumstances and for no provocation is hazing justifiable. It is a foolish, absurd, disgraceful, barbarous custom, a relic of the dark ages which ought to have been abolished long since. Because a man is a Freshman, is he any the less a man? Then use him like a man. If he insults or imposes upon you or your class, treat him precisely as you would any one else. Either show him the contempt which he deserves, or knock him down upon the spot, but never be unmanly enough to enter his room by night and attack him unawares. We do not wish to read those connected with the late case a lecture, for we believe that no one more sincerely regrets it than they, but we do desire to express our emphatic disapprobation of the custom and to do our best to prevent its establishment at BATES.

Undoubtedly the authorities were actuated by the best of motives in their treatment of this affair, but, in our opinion, a great mistake has been made. We do not refer to the sentence passed upon the offenders, but to their course since. This course we do not propose to indicate here, it being sufficient for our purpose that it is known to all connected with the institution. If the Faculty had refused to consider any request upon the part of the students, nothing could have been said, but after the favorable reception of our request, the encouragement held out, and the more than half-promises that were made, it is not surprising that many of the students consider themselves unfairly treated. We say this in view of the fact that it is generally known that the Faculty did not expect, and did not desire, that the students comply with the terms proposed. This may be considered a politic course, but we beg leave to differ. Such a course was never yet productive of good, and we fear that the Faculty will yet realize that there is such a thing as too much policy.

MANAGER'S NOTE.

As our connection with the *STUDENT* closes with the issue of this number, we would offer thanks to all who have aided us in any manner during the year.

To the class of '75 we desire to say that we wish we had been able to do better for them, in regard to the STUDENT, than we have; we think it very probable that mistakes have been made, but we have always endeavored to do the best thing possible. We thank the class for the confidence they have placed in us, and for the assistance they have rendered.

It is with a feeling somewhat akin to relief that we give up the management of the STUDENT to "the manager" of '76. We recommend him to the sympathy and good will of his class; advising them to assist him all in their power, and not to find any more fault with him than is reasonable.

We wish the incoming "Manager" much success and pleasure in his work, and hope the STUDENT may improve much under his care.

J. H. H.

EXCHANGES.

One of the pleasantest things connected with our editorial duties is our exchange table. At first we were somewhat discouraged at their number, but as their forms became familiar we began to have our particular favorites, and to abstract them instinctively from the general pile. We liked, too, to plunge into the whole number and take a sort of bird's eye view of the college world, gleaming here and there an idea as we progressed.

To-day, we open our exchanges for the last time, and we can not help lingering over each, reluctant to bid them farewell. In doing so, we can only hope that each and all will, in the future, improve not only in ability, but in influence and prosperity as well, and conduce to the interests of their respective colleges even more than in the past.

The *Williams Athenaeum* claims the first attention at our hands. The managers of the *Review* and *Vidette* have done well in consolidating those two papers. The *Athenaeum* is printed upon excellent paper in a convenient form, and typographically is one of the best of college publications. The matter is also excellent as we might expect when we notice that the old editors of the *Review* and *Vidette* are in charge. The *Regatta* in particular is treated in a happy though somewhat sarcastic manner. We are glad to welcome it.

The *Alfred Student* has always been a favorite. Ably edited, well supported, and admirably managed, it deserves and has achieved a marked success in college journalism. We regard it as one of our ablest exchanges.

The *Chronicle* is another journal of which we never weary. It confines itself to questions of the day and always has something worth saying.

The *Brunonian* has undergone

a complete transformation. It is now a neat, able, well conducted, live paper, which deserves and no doubt will achieve the highest success.

The *Bowdoin Orient* still lives, but, judging from its contents, must have a hard struggle. When a college paper can obtain no better articles than the "Silurian Ball," of which the following is a specimen:

"Next sweeps in the festive Clam,
Early to escape the jam.
'Tis her intention to avoid
The company of the low Crinoid;"

or such a bundle of nonsense as "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," together with a few pointless jokes

and uninteresting college items, it has ceased to interest outsiders, whatever may be its standing at Bowdoin.

We have just received a number of the *Oxford Undergraduate's Journal*, and have perused it with much interest. It is a large sized, sixteen paged paper containing, besides its editorial matter, reports of the Oxford Pulpit, Societies, Athletic sports and prospects, University Items, Reviews, Correspondence, and in short almost everything of interest to Oxford men. We notice that the *Journal* has quite a large number of American exchanges.

COLLEGE PAPERS.—Cornell Era, Vassar's Miscellany, Harvard Advocate, Cornell Review, Trinity Tablet, Brunonian, College Journal, Central Col, egian, Magenta, College Argus, Cornell Times, Amherst Student, The Owl, Aurora, College Chronicle, The Dartmouth, College Olio, The Chronicle, Nassau Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, The Tyro, Packer Quarterly, Madisonensis, University Herald, The Targum, College Spectator, Index Niagarensis, Bowdoin Orient, Yale Literary Magazine, College Herald, Denison Collegian, Alumni Journal, The Annalist, Dalhousie Gazette, Irving Union, Hesperian, Student, University Press, Williams Athenæum, Alfred Student, High School, Oxford Undergraduate's Journal, McKendree Repository, Lehigh Journal, School Record, The Crescent, Students Mercury, College Courant.

OTHER PAPERS.—American Newspaper Reporter, American Journalist, Weekly Gazette, Old and New, Daily Graphic, Herald of Heath, Brainard's Musical World. .

ODDS AND ENDS.

PRIMARILY.

—Pass up the pledge.

—Whiskers are now selling for one hundred dollars per set.

—A Senior defines metaphysics as a science in which the listener does not understand what the speaker means, and the speaker does not know himself.

—Send in your subscriptions. Don't, for heaven's sake, compel us to start the chromo business.—*Index Niagarensis*.

So says '76.

—Prof.—“What is *tautology*?”

Senior (very promptly)—“A superabundance of sense.”

Prof.—“Then there is very little tautology in this class. Excused.”—*Ex*.

—Scene—recitation in Mental Philosophy.—Time—ten minutes after bell rings.—Prof. “Mr. R.—in discussing the question of conscious or unconscious mental states, which side should you prefer?” Mr. R. “I should prefer to go home just now.”

So say we all of us. “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens.”

—Scene—Recitation in Chemistry.—Prof. “Mr. A—, what kind of fabrics are bleached by sulphurous acid?” Mr. A. “Vegetable fabrics, such as straw, wool, &c.—Prof. “Do you regard wool as a vegetable production?”—Mr. A. “Yes, sir. Does not the Bible say that all flesh is grass?”

—The excuse of a young lady to her minister, who caught her napping, was, “Don't you think ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake?”—*Ex*.

—If the young gentleman who asked, if “Iceland was inhabited,” had subscribed for the *Mercury* last year, he would have saved himself two dollars worth of mortification. But then you can't expect much from one who does not subscribe for his college paper.—*College Mercury*.

—Experimental Chemistry. — Student: “Professor, does corrosive sublimate always coagulate the albumen of an egg?” Prof.—“Yes, sir.” Stud.—“If hens were fed on it, would they lay boiled eggs?” Prof.—Leave the room, sir.”—*Targum*.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

TERM closes the 24th. Vacation of six weeks.

Written examinations at the close of the term.

Nearly all the students are to teach during the coming winter. Some have already commenced.

Fred. Douglass delivered his celebrated lecture on John Brown at City Hall, Nov. 17th, under the auspices of the Senior class. It is the general opinion that the Seniors did not get rich on account of it.

The second division of the Freshman class, declaimed in the college chapel Friday evening, Oct. 30th, before a large and appreciative audience. The committee gave the prize to Daggett with honorable mention of Brockway.

The class of '76 has selected the following gentlemen to take charge of the *Student* during the ensuing year: First Editor, C. S. Libby; Second Editor, E. Whitney; Business Manager, I. C. Phillips.

At the annual meeting of the Reading Room Association, held Nov. 5th, the following officers were chosen: Pres., A. T. Salley; Vice Pres., T. H. Stacy; Sec. and Treas. C. E. Brockway; Executive Committee, F. H. Smith,

B. H. Young, B. Minard, H. F. Rundlett.

A novel plan for accommodating students has been devised at the new University of California. The college buildings being insufficient to meet the wants of the students, the Regents have arranged for the building of cottages, each furnishing accommodation for twelve students.—*Cornell Era*.

Forty-eight American Students were at the University of Berlin last winter.—*Ex*.

The students of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, are talking of choosing Mr. Darwin for their next Rector. Mr. Huxley lost the last election by three votes.

Kansas is now the twelfth State with a compulsory educational law upon its statute books. The following are the States which have such laws: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Kansas, Texas, Nevada and California.—*Ex*.

The Freshman Class, at Marietta College, numbers 23; Williams has 60; Amherst, 117; Cornell, 125; Yale, 283; Wesleyan University, 51; Dartmouth, 80; Brown 100; Colby, 32; Wabash, 29;

Michigan University, 118; Lafayette, upwards of 100; Bowdoin, 20; Rutgers, 56.

Professor Guyot, of Princetown College, the physical geographer, has been requested by the American Association for the Advancement of Science to prepare a biography of Professor Agassiz. He is a native of Switzerland, and has been a personal friend of Agassiz from his boyhood.—*College Courier*.

CORNELL.—At a supper given by Goldwin Smith to the Senior class of Cornell, the famous Englishman said that, with regard to the subject of co-education, he belonged to that large and disinterested class of humanity who are "on the fence," and that for the present he was quite content to sit there and watch the "movements of the natives."

Among the 1,176 students at the University of Michigan there may be numbered ninety-two ladies in the several departments. When they are all assembled to hear a lecture in the college halls, the sittings assigned them are pointed out to strangers as the Art Galleries of the University.—*College Days*.

Amherst College has received

four car-loads of statuary for the College Art Gallery, containing two thousand works of art, purchased in Europe by Prof. Mather, who has been traveling eight months for that purpose. A hundred of them are casts of works never before seen in this country, many of them the full size of the originals.—*Chronicle*.

Whoever was second at Saratoga, says the Boston *Traveller*, Morrissey was first. After the race it was estimated that his bank, in one evening, took in from \$100,000 to \$150,000. His tables were splendidly laid, and every temptation to the appetite was offered; after that the green cloth was spread and the "Tiger" appeared. One young man from Cambridge, of wealthy parentage, is reported to have lost \$2,500; and another from the same place, \$2,100. Saratoga College races may be good for the development of muscles—but where are the morals?

The faculty of Williams College have become alarmed at the mania which prevails among the eastern institutions for boat and foot races, finding that they are of so absorbing and intrusive a character as to pre-occupy the mind and make other occupations distasteful. Measures have accordingly been taken to check it.—*Univ. Press*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Space will be given every month to the record of one or more of the alumni in the form of the following. Graduates will greatly oblige by forwarding the necessary material.—Ed.]

CLASS OF 1870.

Durgin, De Witt Clinton,—
Born,—. Son of the Rev. John
M. and Harriet Durgin.

1871,—Principal of High School
at Franconia, New Hampshire.

1872,—Took charge of the
Christian Institute at Wolfboro, N.
H.

1873,—'74,—Principal of Wolf-
boro Academy.

1873,—Began the study of Med-
icine.

Post-office address, Wolfboro,
New Hampshire.

CLASS OF 1871.

Libby, Jesse Miles. Born, March
28, 1846.—Son of S. and L. A.
Libby.

1871—'72,—Principal of the
Eastport High School.

1873,—Entered the law-office of
Strout & Holmes, Portland, Maine.

Married, Dec. 1, 1872, to Miss
K. E. Perkins, of West Poland, by
the Rev. James Libby.

1874, October,—Admitted to the
bar in Androscoggin County.

Post-office address, West Poland,
Maine.

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1874.



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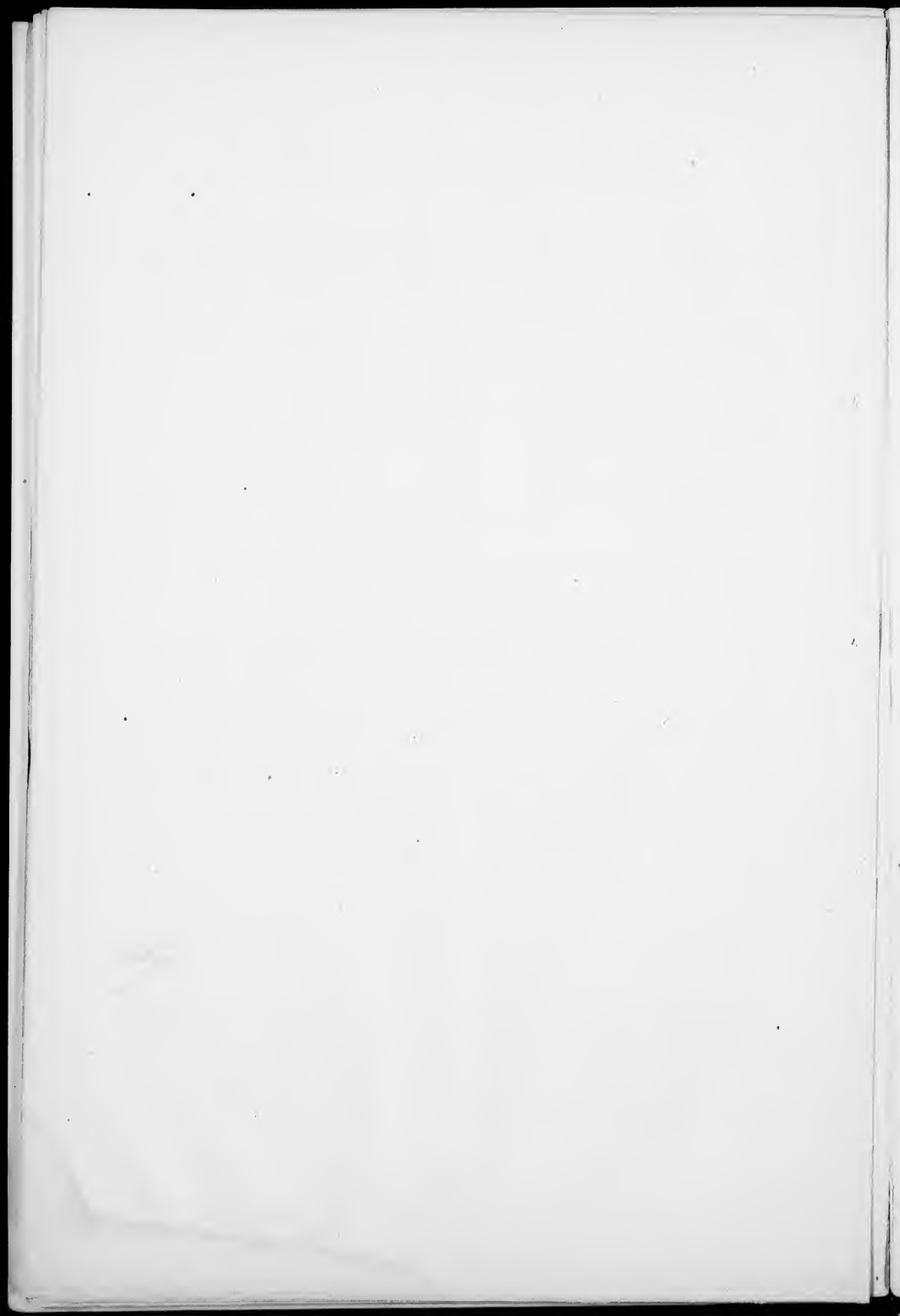
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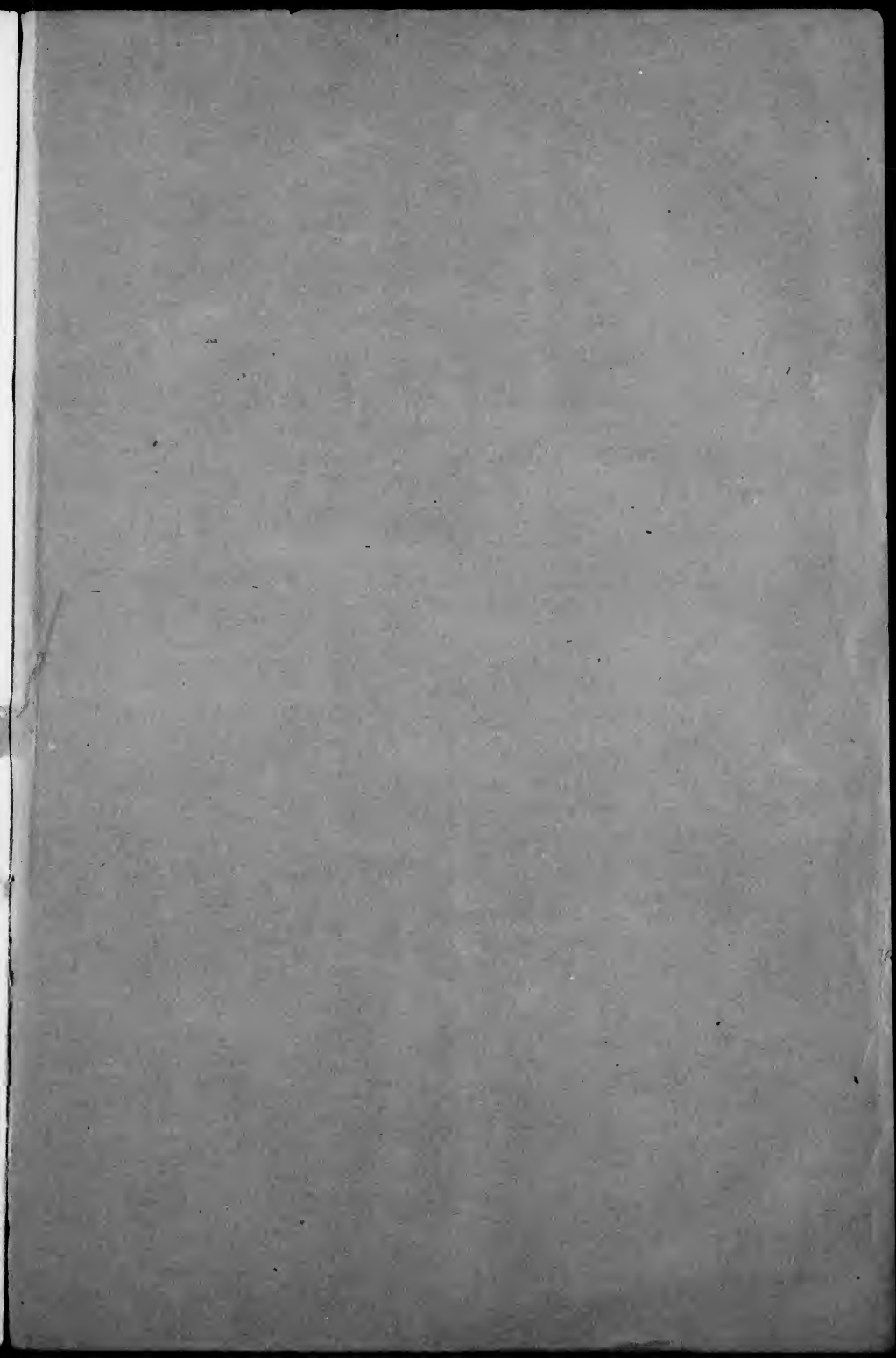
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